

*The Australian*  
**WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

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APRIL 18, 1956

PRICE



COMPLETE  
NOVEL ... **"A Woman Named Storm" by Hector Chevigny**



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APRIL 18, 1956

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### MAGNIFICENT MOUNTBATTENS

**N**O visitors could be more welcome to Australia than the Mountbattens, at present on one of their typically lightning tours.

There are a dozen good reasons why First Sea Lord of the Admiralty Earl Mountbatten and his wife, Countess Mountbatten, would be enthusiastically welcomed here.

Their enormous ability, for one thing, would make them distinguished visitors anywhere.

The war record of both is something this country remembers vividly and with gratitude. Lord Mountbatten's services with the Navy did an incalculable amount towards winning the war.

*Lady Mountbatten's tireless war work, particularly with hospitals, made her the darling of thousands of wounded servicemen who knew from personal experience how much her energy, influence, and determination did to alleviate their sufferings.*

The diplomatic skill of the Mountbattens, particularly in India, is something else for which the whole British Commonwealth gives them both admiration and gratitude.

Wealth, good looks, and noble birth are theirs. No film star can touch them for glamor. Though in their fifties now, they have a quality of youth and joyousness that makes a humdrum world seem a better, more exciting place.

*But most of all it's the humanity of the Mountbattens that makes them so welcome. Their birth, their wealth, and their honors don't stop Mountbatten from greeting an ordinary seaman as an old friend or Lady Mountbatten from barking her shins playing with children in Darwin.*

With the Mountbattens, everyone who meets them feels this common touch is no pose. It springs from the heart—the genuine humility of true greatness.

### Our cover:

● Monaro frontiersman Trevor Ferris, of Cooma, N.S.W., wears the fashionable Davy Crockett cap. His pet parrot is wondering whether it would make a good prefabricated nest. The picture was taken by Mr. Raymond Ferris.

### This week:

● Peter Scriven's animal puppets (see pages 16 and 17) are the first of about 100 he is making for a stage show which he expects to produce in England before the end of the year, probably at Christmas. The stage show, as well as the television film, will also be seen in Australia. Twenty-five-year-old Peter Scriven has a staff of nine making puppets under his direction. Of the film animals his favorite is the koala.

● Two Australian authors, Nance Donkin ("Miss Bessie's Americans") and Elaine Moon ("Glass House"), wrote two of our short stories this week. Both the writers are housewives and mothers. Nance Donkin, a Victorian, has a 15-year-old daughter and a 12-year-old son. Elaine Moon, who lives in N.S.W., is only 26 and has four children, the youngest just 12 months old. We commented to our fiction department about the energy of these two mothers who find time to write and were told very proudly that most of the successful fiction contributors are housewives with homes, husbands, and children. Which seems to show there must be something mentally stimulating about pots and pans.

### Next week:

● Queen Elizabeth II will be 30 on April 21. The end of her twenties is an important date for any woman, be she queen or commoner. How the Queen is facing this milestone in her life will be told in specially commissioned articles from London.

● A new and novel contest, with cash prizes, will be announced in our next issue. Be sure not to miss it, because it's a contest every member of the family will love doing. It's so easy and yet so entertaining.

● Our recent feature on "How To Go A Man" brought a huge response from readers. A collection of the prizewinning letters, filled with the most amazing true-life experiences of how love finds a way, is something else you'll really enjoy next week.

### THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

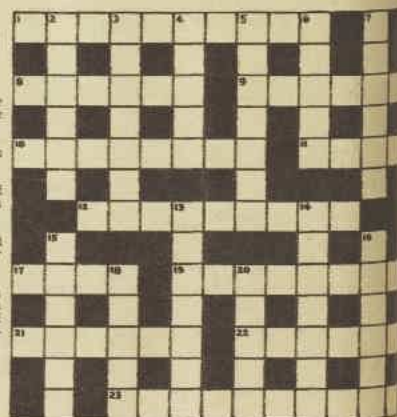
#### ACROSS

- Not a piscatorial royal sportsman; only a bird (10).
- Hateful and seemingly full of acknowledged indebtedness (6).
- Little Susanna in a small vessel used for seeing (6).
- Cut in rod (Anagr. 8).
- At a short distance in a Florentine arcade (4).
- His rightful place is between a poor man and a thief (9).
- If you go from there to the stern you see the whole ship (4).
- Flowering tree with a long aim (6).
- An ill-connected rage makes me lean (6).
- Deadly scattered heat between fifty fifty (6).
- Puzzles a lady in a convent between a small company and some musical instruments (10).

S I S S G T  
L I L L I P U T L O R D  
N L O I I O  
S G O S T A L E M A T E  
L B S T P  
B E S E T L E A S H E D  
T E S D I X  
I S O T O P E S N E A D  
H I B G C  
A T T O R N E Y S S T Y  
A V O R R O  
F R E E Z O O L A T R Y  
I N A N T S

Solution of last week's crossword.

Solution will  
be published  
next week.



#### DOWN

- This is an order for goods (6).
- Look in a dissected bulge and find a minute drop (7).
- A piece let into a dress in a collection (5).
- Aver her foolish talker (7).
- Exudes from fir tree (5).
- Sixty grains as stage plays (6).
- Beg me no usury (7).
- A red pot (Anagr. 7).
- Testify at trial (6).
- Disband Diana's weapon (6).
- Enchantment originating from the three holy men (5).
- Famous ancient doctor with stormy head (5).



# SPRIG MUSLIN

Third instalment of our  
charming Regency serial

By GEORGETTE  
HEYER



SIR GARETH LUDLOW, handsome and kindly man-about-town, has arrived at the EARL OF BRANCASTER'S country seat accompanied by a pretty young woman, AMANDA SMITH, whom he has met at an inn en route. He has taken her in his care when she confesses she has run away from home to force her grandfather to give his consent to her marriage to a young Army officer, NEIL. Sir Gareth has come to Brancaster Park to propose to the daughter of the house, LADY HESTER THEALE, a proposal which surprises everyone as Hester is regarded as a dowdy spinster. She refuses the proposal because she feels sure Gareth does not love her, that his heart still pines for his dead fiancée, CLARISSA LINCOMBE.

Amanda's arrival with Sir Gareth is regarded with suspicion by Lord Brancaster's family, but she is treated kindly by Hester, to whom she confides her story. She also concocts a story for the brother of Lord Brancaster, HON. FABIAN THEALE, an elderly philanderer, who is so taken with her that he promises to help her escape from Brancaster Park.

Amanda, eager to get away from Gareth, who is determined to return her to her grandfather, is surprised to learn that the purpose of his visit is to propose to Hester. However, she cannot guess from either his or Hester's manner if the proposal has been accepted or not. NOW READ ON:

AMANDA was by no means alone in wondering whether Hester had accepted Sir Gareth's offer of marriage. An even stronger desire to know what had happened in the morning-room burned in the breasts of all the residents of Brancaster Park. Nothing was to be read in either of the principals' countenances, but the Earl, trying unavailingly on several occasions to catch Sir Gareth's eye, was despondent.

It was not until some time after the ladies had retired for the night that the truth was out. Mr. Theale, mounting the stairs on his way to bed, reached the upper hall just as Lady Widmore, Hester's sister-in-law, her color considerably heightened, emerged from Hester's room, shutting the door behind her with a distinct slam.

Perceiving Mr. Theale, she ejaculated with all the exasperation of one whose worst fears had been realised: "She rejected him!"

"Tell her not to make a cake of herself!" recommended Mr. Theale.

"Do you think I haven't? Mind, I hold him entirely to blame! What possessed the man to bring that girl here?"

Mr. Theale closed one eye in a vulgar wink.

"You don't say so!" her ladyship exclaimed. "The devil take him! Upon my soul, if that ain't the biggest insult—yes, but she didn't believe it, Fabian. That's what puts me out of all patience with her. You needn't doubt I told her there was nothing in it, though from the way he kept his eyes on the little baggage—well! But Hester is such a zany! 'Take it from me, my dear,' I said, 'he's no more in love with her than Cuthbert is.' And what do you think she said to that? I declare I could have slapped her. You know the way she has of answering you as though she hadn't heard above half you had said to her! 'No,' she said, 'not yet!'"

Her ladyship gave an angry snort.

"I'm sure I don't know how I kept my temper, for if there's one thing I can't abide it's people who go off into a daze, which, let me tell you, is what Hester does! Not yet, indeed! 'Pray, what do you mean by that?' I asked her. So then she looked at me, as if I were a hundred miles away, and said: 'I think perhaps he will be.' You know, Fabian, there are times when I can't but wonder whether she's queer in her attic! Depend upon it, I told her pretty roundly that if that was what she thought she'd best snap the man up before the mischief was done. All she had to say to that

was that she didn't think she would, for all the world as though I had offered her a slice of cake, or some such thing. I've been talking to her for ever, but if she listened to anything I said it's more than I bargain for!"

This, Mr. Theale could well believe.

"Well, I've not patience with her," her ladyship rushed on, "and so I have told her! To be whistling Ludlow down the wind at her age, and affairs here in the case they are, makes me angry enough to burst my stay-laces! He was prepared to come down devilish handsomely, you know. Well, I don't say Hester hasn't often vexed me to death, but I declare I never thought she would behave so selfishly! What his lordship will have to say about it I hope I don't have to listen to! I shall have enough to bear from Widmore, for this news will be bound to turn his stomach sour on him, you mark my words if it don't!"

"You know what, Almeria?" interrupted Mr. Theale, a look of profound concentration on his florid countenance. "I believe she's more than half in love with him!"

Lady Widmore stared at him in contempt and suspicion.

"I suppose you are top-heavy," she remarked.

Not for the first time, Mr. Theale wondered what had possessed his nephew to marry this coarse-tongued and unattractive female.

"No, I'm not," he said shortly.

"Oh, beg pardon! But what made you say such a daffish thing, if it wasn't brandy?"

"It ain't daffish, but I daresay it may seem so to you. There isn't one of you here who can see what's dashed well under your noses. It occurred to me when I saw Hester look at Ludlow."

"I'll swear she has never given the least sign of such a thing!" she said incredulously. "What the deuce can you possibly mean?"

"Just a certain look in her eye," said Mr. Theale knowledgeably. "No use asking me to explain it, because I can't, but I'd lay you odds

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Amanda, hidden in the cart, heard the kindly Mrs. Sheet telling Joe to give his mother the jar of cherries.





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youngest feeling  
in the world



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## YARDLEY LAVENDER

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She had one love in her life . . . and that was Eleanor, her  
pretty great-niece . . . she had one hate . . . and that was Yankees.

# MISS BESSIE'S AMERICANS

MISS BESSIE was the last of the old Hattons, the only child left of that magnificent family of six sons and ten daughters which had once streamed in a bright, chattering Sunday tide into the little Anglican church that stood halfway between Hatton House and the township.

The small township had become a big one, its factories sprawling over the once-agricultural fields, industries eating up the orchards, houses for its fast-growing population continually encroaching on its bushland.

The acres of wood and garden which had once surrounded Hatton House had long been swallowed by housing estates until only a rutted lane down which Hatton carriages had once moved with elegance separated the house from the back fences of new rows of painted boxes.

Half an acre of weedy grass sloping down to the river was all that was left of beautiful garden beds and trees and exotic shrubs which had once been admired by visiting royalty. The house, a square blue-stone place which had stood on its rise by the river for 130 years, had been built on a grand scale. It had dwindled as the Hatton family dwindled, but it still had a shabby dignity which matched the dusty tapestries and massive cedar fittings inside.

To the people who made Hatton Park populous on summer nights, who attended concerts in the Hatton Memorial Hall, or drank from the fountain which Miss Bessie's father had placed at one end of the main street, the stringy old lady trotting down the main street with a shopping bag and an air of purpose was obviously a figure from the past.

"Who's the funny old duck?" someone might ask. Miss Bessie did not mind, nor did she mind hearing the comment "Pipe the old Duchess!" from someone watching her deal with impertinence in a telegram boy. But she did mind it when, from her chair on the upstairs balcony, she saw men working on the wasteland across the river. They had a jeep, theodolites, and kindred instruments, and their activities both annoyed and intrigued her.

The land there was very low, and with any rise in the river it was flooded. Even spec builders had rejected this place, which remained a pleasant patch of gums and willows, a haunt for dogs and children and something green and pleasant for Miss Bessie to look out on.

Watching this work going on, she was worried. She called to Jeannie, the eccentric, devoted old Scotswoman who, with her husband, Alec, had been Miss Bessie's guardian for more than forty years.

"Jeannie, bring me the binoculars. I don't like the look of this. What's going on? Have you heard anything?"

"Aye. It's said there's to be a big new factory, this TV thing they're all squawkin' about. It's to make bits and pieces for it, they say, and an American gentleman is going to do it all."

"Yankees! Huh. I might have known!"

Miss Bessie, tolerant, wise, understanding, loving alike black, unchristian savages and dirty white slum babies, had always maintained a snappish aloofness towards Americans, which puzzled people. When the streets of the town had been filled with Americans during the war, when the homes and churches and the young women had offered enthusiastic hospitality, Miss Bessie alone had held back.

For Poles or Hungarians or Dutch or any others, the doors of Hatton House would be open; there would be a welcome, with a bed, food, good conversation, but to Americans the house remained shut.

This fact was talked about, dismissed as "eccentricity." "She's getting on, old ladies have odd ideas!" Only a few people, mostly bedridden, could remember a time more than 60 years ago when pretty, young Elizabeth Hatton had been engaged to an American, a most charming young man drifting his way around the world and temporarily halted in the town.

She had worn a fine ring, had acquired a magnificent trousseau, they were to be married in a month in the orchard of Hatton House. The young man left on a business trip to Melbourne and had never come back.

Elizabeth had hidden her ring, had put away her trousseau and her gay thoughts and at nineteen had decided that, for her, love was finished. The older Hattons, even the youngest of them fifteen years older than the deserted bride, had been sympathetic until their own affairs immersed them again. They had drifted away, had gone with their wives or husbands, several to England, one to Brazil, one to China as a missionary.

Elizabeth stayed on with her father and her three ageing spinster sisters. She looked after them and the family affairs,

sold a bit more land, another silver tray, the Georgian salt cellars, a mahogany suite and more land, until she was left with her house, her half acre, and Jeannie and Alec.

For two days, Miss Bessie sat on the balcony in the sun, watching the activity opposite through the binoculars. She could hear the voice of the man in charge, a red-headed fellow, talking through a contraption which Alec said was called a "walkie-talkie." It was interesting to watch. Though she deplored the prospect of a factory, it was interesting to be in at the beginning of the monster called television. She had periodic little snoozes and was awakened from one of them by a shout.



"Anyone at home?"

Shaking herself awake, she looked down over the rail and was astonished to see the red-headed man get out of a boat on her side of the river. He was an enormous fellow, good-looking, too, thought Miss Bessie, who had always liked young men to be big and good-looking in this rugged, trustworthy looking way. She smiled as she went downstairs and across the grass to greet him, but the smile faded as he spoke.

"Excuse me for barging in like this, ma'am, but . . . why, what's the matter, ma'am?"

"Nothing at all," she said sharply. "You sound like an American!"

"I certainly am. Would you have any objection to that, ma'am?"

"I don't like Americans, young man, unreliable I've always found 'em. But as you're here, I suppose you'd better come inside. I presume you're wanting something. What is it?"

"Well, it's like this. My firm is aiming to build a factory right across there. Television sets and spare parts we make. And believe me, ma'am, when TV really gets going in this country, we're going to be a pretty big concern. We're draining that ground first, then we aim to build it up a bit, won't take long, we've got our labor force pretty well organised. But once the building really gets going and we start production, we're going to have to build houses, lots of them. We'll maybe need a couple of hundred houses."

"We'll get a bridge put across that river, of course, and it seemed to me this would be a pretty good spot here for an administrative block or maybe an apartment group for our official staff. Would you like to sell us this land?"

"I certainly would not. And I won't. And you're wasting your time."

He smiled. "You sure sound definite, ma'am. I'm prepared to make you a very handsome offer, Miss Hatton."

"Oh, you know my name?"

"Can't be many people in this town who don't. I'm kind of interested in local history and I've been reading up on this place at your library. My dad's folks were pioneers in the West back home, Miss Hatton. I guess your dad and his people were in the same kind of business. That makes you and me kind of related."

He was a very pleasant young man, Miss Bessie, who had not willingly spoken to an American for sixty years, felt her prejudices slipping away. She smiled.

"I guess it does. No, I won't sell my house to you, but I will ask you in for coffee, and you need not be scared to drink it. It will be good coffee, Mr. er . . ."

"Bennett. Sam Bennett."

The coffee-drinking became a daily ritual. At 11 each morning and at three in the afternoon, Sam would row himself over to partake of coffee, served with Miss Bessie's own melting spice bread or Jeannie's Scotch oatcakes. At the end



# A charming short story By NANCE DONKIN

of the first week, he was asked to stay for dinner; after three more days, he was invited for the weekend. The beaming Jeannie began thinking over her special recipes and Miss Bessie sent a telegram to her only close relative, great-niece Eleanor, in Sydney, ordering her presence.

Delighted and curious, Eleanor arrived the next morning.

"Hello, Jeannie, you look as young as ever. Hello, Alec, how's the rheumatics? I've brought you a bottle of a new miracle cure. Aunt Bessie, darling Aunt Bessie, it's wonderful to be back again! I've been pining for Hatton House for weeks. You look very pleased with yourself. What's brewing?"

"Coffee. We'll have it on the side verandah. Take your things upstairs, Eleanor, and take off that city suit and get yourself into something gay. And comb your hair out, that style is too severe, makes you look about thirty."

"I am thirty, darling, remember! I'm catching up on you every minute, but I'll be young and girlish for you."

She came back, her dark hair in a pony-tail, her eyes sparkling with the rapture of an exile returned, wearing yellow moccasins and a vivid cotton frock.

Miss Bessie snorted. "H-m, pretty dress, but not practical. Skirt's too big."

Eleanor held out the skirt between her hands and twirled around.

"Isn't it wonderful. Uncrushable, Aunt Bessie. And NO ironing. You wash it and it dries dry without a wrinkle. One of our modern miracles. Thank goodness for Americans, they're wonderful people. Oh, sorry, I forgot, you're prejudiced!"



Sam was beckoning her frantically from the boat, so Eleanor ran down the slope as quickly as possible to the beach.

"Not any more, I've changed my mind. I've met a nice one, and here he comes. Sam, I want you to meet my niece, Eleanor Hatton."

Sam grinned, held her hand a little longer than necessary, and said, "Hello, Eleanor, good to see you again."

Eleanor sounded exactly like Miss Bessie as she said dryly, "Is it? Well, thank you for saying so. Extraordinary though it is, Aunt Bessie, I've met your American before. We used to go to the same parties in Sydney, oh, a long time ago. Still chasing success, Sam?"

"I guess so. It's our national characteristic, remember? You told me so yourself. But I've got myself a stake in the future of this town now, Eleanor. I'm building a factory right across there. TV sets. It's going to be a big thing and pretty soon, too. If only I can persuade your aunt to sell me her house, I could get going on a really big development project."

Eleanor laughed. "You won't do that! You won't sell, will

you, Aunt Bessie? You couldn't. Not after all you've said. Anyway, Hatton House is my stake in the future, Sam. Some day I'm going to live here, too. If my new book is a success, it won't be long before I'll feel able to shift up here, Aunt Bessie, to be with you all the time. Then there'll be two Hattons to cock a snoot at progress over the river!"

Aunt Bessie gave her niece a sour grin. Since Eleanor's eighteenth birthday, she had been itching to see her married, but all of her long succession of eligibles had been written off with a laugh by this pernicky young woman.

In Sam she had felt she might have produced the real thing. She had been looking forward to their meeting. He was such a sound young man, she felt, interested in the background of a place, in its roots.

She liked him so much she had forgiven him almost at once for his nationality. It had even seemed a good thing that Eleanor might take on where she had left off. In Eleanor might be just the quality which that other American so long ago had found lacking in Elizabeth Hatton, that something missing which had been big enough to make a man ride away and never come back.

After sixty-three years, Miss Bessie's heart still ached when she remembered it, and this meeting between Eleanor and Sam had somehow augured a new beginning. To find that

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*Smartest  
outdoor  
look this  
Autumn*



*"BEIRE" — in suede or calf with medium low stacked leather heel, in new, wanted colours.*

## SPECTATOR STYLES BY BEDGGOOD

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*"LIDO" — in sleek calf, Black or Autumn shades, with high stacked leather heel, newest colours!*





# GLASS HOUSE

By ELAINE MOON

GRAEME REYNOLDS heard the voice of the trunk-line operator through the receiver at the same time that he saw the couple shrink up to the glass door of his office. The switchgirl said:

"I'm sorry. Can't put your personal call through. Mrs. Reynolds is not at that number."

And his secretary said: "Take a seat, please. I'll tell Mr. Reynolds you're here."

His mind clattered like one of the office typewriters. Where would Margery be this afternoon if she wasn't home? And he faced the only possible answer he could give. He didn't know. He didn't know anything about Margery now.

Aloud he said: "Keep trying, will you, please?" And: "Tell them to come in, please, Miss Pitt."

Resolutely he threw a cover over the unusual disorder of his mind, and, with the easy, informal smile that he'd learnt in the profession, contrived to set at ease the awkwardness of his two clients.

"Please sit down." His tailored efficiency sliced across the room, pulling two chairs close to his own. It was his method. He'd learnt through long years as a psychologist that the informal atmosphere gave people warmth and confidence.

He glanced quickly, unobtrusively at his appointment book. "Mr. and Mrs. Bridges, is it?"

He beamed, revealing the slightly uneven white teeth that had cost such a fabulous sum to have made.

"Yes." The man's voice rumbled like a train in the underground. His rounded plumpness seemed to spin on the flat chair like a gently rocking pumpkin. His pale eyes kept away from his wife's face; he looked defiantly at Reynolds.

"It wasn't our idea to come here. It was that smart-aleck solicitor we went to."

"Oh, Ted, he wanted to help." The woman, thin-faced, tried to flutter black eyelashes that were like moth's wings. Reynolds noticed that her hands, red and rough, were clenched tightly around limp gloves. "Mr. Collins rang me," he said smoothly, helping them out. "You went to him for divorce advice."

"Yes, that's it," she said eagerly. "He said we haven't a leg to stand on for divorce as it is. He thought maybe you could help us patch the marriage up instead."

"I could pretty soon arrange grounds for divorce," said Bridges gruffly.

"Then there's no third person in your lives?" asked Reynolds delicately.

She shook her head.

"Well," he said encouragingly. "That's a good start. What do you do for a living, Mr. Bridges?"

"Run a fruit shop and milk bar."

"That's the trouble," said the woman angrily. "There's no residence behind it. We live in the suburbs and Ted's away from eight in the morning till ten o'clock at night. That's no life for me."

Graeme nodded his sleek head, encouraging more. He swerved his eyes away from the phone. Where on earth could Margery be? She'd always kept Wednesday afternoon free for the little things she liked doing at home. And he'd driven home last Friday as he always did. Surely she could have told him about altering arrangements.

His mind flickered back to last weekend. There'd been the usual round of parties, visits. He'd played a full day's golf with Dr. Ernest. But he decided, resentfully, that Margery could have made time to tell him about this.

"Can you blame me if I have a

little drink with the boys?" Bridges twirled his hat around his finger. "I close up shop at half-past nine, then I go in for a schooner at the Wintergarden. I work hard all day. I'm not a real drinking man myself, either, but I like a bit of fun."

"What about me?" Her mouth was like a bitter rose. "I stick at home all day. No one to take me out. I sit around and listen to the racing form on Saturday. Sunday I take the boy to the park."

"You have a child?" asked Reynolds.

He remembered with a guilty start that it was Phillip's birthday next week. Away at school. Shame Margery's house was in that little village. Nowhere for him to practise and no school for Phillip. He'd send a cheque. He knew where it would go—to the grand passion, cricket. That was his big link with Phillip—their shared love of the game.

Funny Margery hadn't reminded him about the birthday last weekend. He shrugged, annoyed. If she wasn't so orderly and efficient, he thought, I wouldn't worry about her not being at home. He clutched at the possibility that the operator could have made a mistake.

"We've got Bill," said the woman, and a faint smile lifted the drooping mouth. "He's five. But I sent him over to my mother last week. He got frightened the night Ted lost his block."

"Shut up, can't you?" yelled Bridges, and Reynolds watched him keenly. His hand crashed on the soft crown of his hat. "Nag, nag, nag. That's all she did. From the time I hit the place, for a solid hour. Then I saw red. So what? Just proves that we're wasting our time here. We'd be better off getting a divorce."

"What happens about Bill, if you get a divorce?" asked Reynolds quietly, and he saw the sudden fear in the woman's eyes. Then the harsh jangle of the phone beat the silence like a cymbal.

"Hullo," he said, and the strange voice thudded heavily, disappointingly against his ear. "Yes. Your appointment's tomorrow morning. All right." He swivelled around in his chair again. "Ah, yes," he said. "Bill. Who will get Bill?"

"I will, of course," said Mrs. Bridges, her mouth open like an angry bird. "You do the trick and I divorce you. I get custody of Bill."

"Take it easy," snarled Bridges. "It's not as simple as all that. He's my boy, too. I want to be able to see him sometimes."

"You frightened him. You gave him nightmares. He doesn't want to see you again."

The man crumpled. He screwed up his face and great sobs seemed to grind from his throat.

"I didn't mean it," he blubbered. "You nagged at me."

Reynolds sat quietly until the shuddering sounds ceased. He felt the tension dissolve into a vacuum.

"You see," he said, "you're bound together by Bill. He's part of both of you. I know people have to separate sometimes, but their mistake is always the child's tragedy. If I give you some advice, will you try and pull together? Think of Bill."

"What's your advice?" Bridges' voice squeaked.

"First of all, go and see your doctor. The nerves of both of you are in a pretty bad state. A good course of treatment should fix that up. And how long since you had a holiday? Together, I mean."

"Five years." She wiped her eyes and black mascara streaked through the rouge. "Ted took me away after Bill was born. Then he bought into the business."

"Well, I think a holiday is called

"Look," said Reynolds smoothly to Bridges and his wife, "what's worth more to you — your business or Bill's happiness?"

for." Reynolds put up his slender white hand firmly. "Please don't say you can't do it. If there's nobody to look after that shop, close it. Give the customers a week's notice. You won't lose many of them. And what's worth more to you? Bill or your business?"

"Bill," Bridges said simply.

"Now, what about doing a few things together, especially at weekends? Do you play tennis, golf?"

"We used to play tennis," Bridges lifted his flabby arm ruefully.

"Join a Saturday club. Or there's plenty on Sunday. Do anything you like. But just make sure that you do it together. And if the business interferes too much—sell it."

Bridges smiled wryly.

"I get the ticket," he said. "And the answer's Bill."

"That sounds better," Reynolds slapped the man on the back. "And if you find things aren't working out too well, come back and see me before you start arranging 'hows' and 'whys' for that divorce."

When they'd gone he reached out a hand to the phone, then forced it away. No use putting another call through. The girl would call him back when Margery was home.

He pulled out the crumpled letter from his pocket, incongruous against the neat efficiency of his office, and he read the decisive writing again.

"We can't go on living like this. I haven't really talked to you properly for two years. You forced a choice between your career or me. Apparently I lost. I don't know if you ever think of Phillip, but I will want him when the divorce comes through. You'll have to let me divorce you, so I can have custody. All the usual regrets. Margery."

(Copyright)

Page 7



# Right Kiss — WRONG MAN

TACEY ABBOTT pressed her already uptilted nose against Kramer's delicatessen window. Her small cry was for a large frozen goose, elegant in a swathe of pink cellophane, sitting in the middle of a bed of shaved ice.

She saw not a mere goose but a golden egg, a glass slipper, a key to the future all rolled into one. Like trick photography, her mind superimposed on the fat goose a vine-covered cottage surrounded by miles of picket fence. There followed a bright montage of Tacey herself baking a lemon pie, picking roses, adjusting a froth of white curtain at the window of a cherry-red kitchen.

A man seemed to hover in the background, pruning the lilacs, but he was shadowy. To bring him into focus, front and centre, that was Tacey's aim: to woo him and win him with this goose in Kramer's window, home-cooked by herself.

Tacey loved New York. But lately, after three years of it, she had begun to look back with a certain wistfulness to Somonauk, Indiana. "Madge," she had summed it up one morning at work some months back, "the big city is a snare and a delusion."

"Nonsense," Madge scoffed. "You have more dates than anyone else in the office."

"Dates, pooh!" Tacey retorted. "Not a single man I've met in New York has offered me anything but"—she gestured vaguely—"glamor and romance."

Madge rolled her eyes heavenward. "Not that I object to romance," Tacey amended generously, "but it doesn't seem to lead anywhere. What I want is a nice, solid, old-fashioned marriage."

"Say," Madge frowned, "you wouldn't by any chance have a small concealed torch that you're still carrying for Tom Markle?"

Tacey shook her head. "No torch; not even a faint, luminous gleam. I guess I never was really in love with him. Anyway, he's exactly the sort of strictly-for-laugh bachelor I've sworn off."

That was Tacey Abbott's sole quarrel with New York City. Some of the men she dated had the idea that marriage meant people going home in pairs after an evening on the town. Some of them had the idea that home was a two-burner hot plate and a roll-away bed—a place to change clothes between parties. Some of them (like Tom Markle) had ideas she liked even less. She wanted a cinnamon-toast and clean-sheets-on-the-line kind of life, and a husband with nice earthy evening projects like mulching.

So she had learned to weed out as hopeless the men who ordered their Martinis very, very dry and their vichyssoise very, very cold, the men who wouldn't know a mulch from a rabbit hole. Unfortunately, this weeding out left a sparse field indeed.

That was why it had seemed like

the long finger of fate when Bert Hunt, from the Actuary Department, leaned over her desk one noon and said, "Miss Abbott, I couldn't help noticing those gluten biscuits on your desk, and I was thinking, well, I usually eat at the health-food cafeteria down the block and, well, maybe you'd like to join me?"

Tacey gave him her most radiant smile. He was holding his hat awkwardly, twisting it in his hands, which Tacey found appealing. Not brash, she decided; almost tall, broad of shoulder and jawline. She noted happily that his necktie, pushed slightly awry, was the ready-tied variety. The very-dry-Martini type wouldn't be caught dead in one.

"I'd love it, Mr. Hunt," she said, and gathered her purse and gloves.

Tacey's first impression of Bert proved sound. He was precisely what she'd been looking for—the substantial type. The only flaw was that Bert was not a rapid man with a proposal. Six months of hand-holding at the movies and his most impassioned plea was that Tacey dine with him at the Automat!

But the goose would fix that, she felt sure as she watched Mr. Kramer wrap it up. Bert had remarked only recently that it was a shame restaurants never seemed to have goose on the menu.

He had entertained Tacey for an hour or so with stories about his mother's cooking, which she filed mentally under C, for Chink in Armor—Home Cooking, Esp. Rst. Goose.

Bert Hunt obviously needed only a shove in the right direction.

"Be sure you keep him on ice, lady."

Tacey blinked. "Till eight-ten hours before you wanna stick him in the oven," Mr. Kramer said.

"Oh, the goose," Tacey murmured. "Sure. He's a big one—slow to thaw."

"The goose, I hope," Tacey said, and took the bundle.

It would have to be the reddish-haired, freckled young man from the flight above who reached the door of the apartment building just in time to hold it open for Tacey. He was always bounding ahead to open doors for her, trying to catch her eye with such an engaging grin that it took real effort for Tacey to thank him with merely a nod.

But she had learned to distrust men with freckles. They looked so wholesome—disarmingly so; that was the trouble. Tom Markle had had freckles, too.

Tacey reached her kitchenette and opened the door of her tiny refrigerator. She laid the goose on the kitchen floor and sat down beside it glumly. Keep you on ice, indeed! That freezing compartment holds two ice-cube trays—if they're not filled too full.

With a sigh she started emptying the refrigerator. She took out the top

two shelves, set the dial to the coldest reading, and wedged the goose in on his back. There wouldn't be room to put back any of the bulky food. "Eat a balanced dinner, I always say," she muttered, setting out a cantaloupe, a grapefruit, a whole head of lettuce, and half a lemon pie.

Sleepily next morning Tacey made her way to the refrigerator, took out the plastic jar of tomato juice, and tilted it over a glass. Nothing happened. She frowned, shook the jar, and tried again. This time a solid cylinder of red slid out, hit the table, rolled off, and broke wetly over the toe of her white satin slipper. Frozen tomato juice! She jerked the refrigerator open. Milk, butter, everything solid!

She rapped on the goose's chest. He was still frozen, at any rate. Then her fingers slid over his nether portions. His back, the part away from the coils, was softening. She pulled him out and turned him soggy side up, hoping he'd defreeze. No longer could she think of him as an it.

One thing was sure: four more days of nurse-maiding him was out! She rapidly framed an announcement on the grocery pad:

Desperately need to rent several square feet of freezer unit until Saturday.—T. Abbott. Apt. 2-D.

She'd stick it up over the mailboxes in the hall as she left for work. Some of the apartments had large kitchens. Surely someone would have a freezer with a little room to spare.

At five o'clock that afternoon Madge covered her typewriter and called to Tacey, "Like to have dinner with Alice and me? Movie afterwards?"

Tacey had already clapped a little turquoise velvet cap on the back of her blond head, pulled her coat around her, and covered half the distance to the door. She shouted back over her shoulder:

"Thanks, but I can't. Have to go home and turn over my goose. His stomach's probably thawing."

Mr. Cogswell, head of sales, gave her a reproving look and one of the typists giggled.

At least her note was gone from over the mailboxes and another put in its place:

To let, half a freezer. Reasonable rates. Apply Apt. 3-C.

The goose cradled in her arms, Tacey knocked with her elbow at 3-C ten minutes later. The door opened. "I hope I'm the first to answer your note," she began earnestly. "He's getting to be almost an emergency. I—" She broke off short. It would be the man with freckles.

He took the goose from her, weighing it in her hands. "So this is my new tenant. I'm Alec Kimball."

"Tacey Abbott," she admitted grudgingly.

As he led her through the living-

room she couldn't help noticing the six-foot marble slab that served as a coffee table and the cubist painting that looked to her like two square fried eggs riding a sea serpent.

He showed her into the kitchen and opened the freezer. Then he gave the goose a long, musing look.

"You know"—he turned to Tacey, his forehead wrinkling slightly—"somehow he reminds me of my Uncle Arnold."

Tacey tried to hold the corners of her mouth still, but part of a giggle escaped. Maybe some men with freckles really were wholesome. Then as she helped lower the bird into the freezer her eye caught on part of the contents. Caviare—jars and jars of it—turtle meat, and packages with imported-looking labels.

Well, that, with the living-room decor, typed him—the Eternal Bachelor-Sophisticate. He probably created horrible scenes in restaurants over mixing his own salad-dressing. She knew his kind, all right.

She bent over to shove the goose as far as possible into one corner.

"I suppose you realise that your hair is the color of antique gold," Alec remarked.

Tacey paused. It must be having her head in the freezer that had made her suddenly go so queer all over. It couldn't have anything to do with this impertinent young man's comment, even though his voice was deep and warm like a thick-pile woolly blanket. She made herself look at the caviare. She straightened up. "I believe your note mentioned reasonable terms," she said.

He tried the lopsided grin. "I just thought that sounded businesslike. I have plenty of space to spare, and, after all, what are neighbors for?"

Tacey narrowed her lids. She knew all about the neighborly approach. "I prefer to keep it businesslike. Oh, yes, and I'd like to get him out early Saturday. My . . . fiancé is coming to dinner."

It was hardly a lie, Tacey thought guiltily on her way back to her apartment. After Saturday, if the goose played his part well, she and Bert very likely would be engaged. And in the meantime it would settle any neighborly ideas Alec Kimball might be harboring.

Bert was due back at the home office next day after an upstate trip, and Tacey approached him as soon as he'd turned in his reports.

"A roast-geese dinner—why, Tacey." His eyes had a famished glint. "I don't know when I've heard a better idea."

"Saturday about six, then?"

His face clouded. "Saturday? Well, as a matter of fact I meant to tell you before, but I didn't want to worry you. I'm having that adenoids operation on Saturday."

Me and my exquisite sense of timing, Tacey thought on her way home.

A sophisticated story by MARNIE ELLINGSON

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 18, 1956



What Tacey yearned for was a nice, solid, old-fashioned marriage in a cottage with roses round the door.

She wished she didn't have to tell Smart Alec. She could just picture his next cocktail party with somebody opening the freezer and Alec explaining, "Oh, I'm just giving it shelter while its papa has his adenoids out." Big joke, adenoids.

In her indignation, Tacey's eyes deepened to a most improbable shade of blue as she flashed along at such a velocity that she nearly bowled over a man in front of her building. When she saw it was Alec she didn't apologise. She straightened her hat and glared at him.

"Do you work off your rent tending the door or something?" she demanded.

He merely grinned and said, "Just wanted to ask you what time Saturday you'd like Uncle Arnold back."

Tacey bit her lip. It was really too horrid of him to bring it up now and make her ask him a favor right after she'd run into him and been nasty about it.

"Could you—could you make it the next Saturday?" she stammered slightly.

He opened the door. "With no trouble at all. Glad to help out if your plans have been changed."

It seemed to Tacey that a question hung between them. "The fact is," she began, "Bert has an operation scheduled—ah"—she fully intended to say nose, but somehow, under the pressure of Alec's intent look, it came out all wrong—"a business operation, that is."

"You'll probably want to cook him Sunday, then."

"Oh, no," Tacey said hastily. "Bert won't be able to leave the"—she hesitated—"the yacht all weekend. He does a lot of his business that way—he's crazy about boating."

"He must be," Alec said and Tacey wished he wouldn't look right into her eyes that way. She was only trying to keep him from making fun of Bert.

Alec took her arm as they went towards the elevator. "Since that leaves you free Saturday night, shall we make it the Mocambo?"

Tacey's red lips parted. "Well, I certainly didn't mean to imply that I was a public charity case simply because Bert is tied up one weekend!"

"Don't be coy," Alec admonished, his hand firm on her elbow as the brass doors shut behind them.

Tacey snapped, "I meant that we don't actually know each other."

Alec took her key from her and put it in the lock. "What do you mean we don't know each other?" He leaned with one hand against the doorjamb behind her. "You have a goose that looks like my Uncle Arnold, haven't you? That makes us practically kin."

Furiously Tacey felt a pink stain rising from her throat up to her cheeks, because for one ridiculous moment she had thought he was going to say "kissing kin." Which was absurd, because it was a perfectly common expression any-

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 18, 1956

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## Letters from our Readers

### WEEK'S BEST LETTER

**HOLIDAYING** in the city I frequently heard variations of the old theme "Go west, young man." People were saying, "ALL the opportunity is in the west, nowadays. If young folk want to get ahead and have some fun out of life at the same time, the thing for them to do is go out west to live." Yet in the far country districts the young men and women are leaving for the city every day, seeking a fortune, adventure, fun, opportunity.

It just shows how reluctant we humans are to admit that all these things are right at hand if we only realised it. It is our own thinking that needs changing, not our surroundings. It is our attitude to living that determines what kind of life we live.

Not that it isn't a good thing for youth to look for change and variety. New eyes can see possibilities where those dulled, perhaps, by over-familiarity see only the same old round. But next time I hear it said that one must go west to succeed, or to the city to achieve anything, I shall think, "Yes, it is best you go. Somebody else will come and make use of what you're by-passing here."

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. A. Gollschewsky, Bundaberg, Qld.

**THERE** is too much unfair criticism of hillbilly singing and yodelling. To me, western artists have a style of their own, singing their simple songs in that carefree, country-style manner. Unlike most entertainers, they do not put on any false airs or graces. Although I am 16, I would rather listen to hillbillies than all the Johnnies and Frankies in the world.

10/6 to Miss Faye Hillard, Dapto, N.S.W.

**WOMEN** are always complaining about not being offered seats in public conveyances by young girls and men. But when they are given a seat it is very seldom they return a word of thanks or even a smile. I have often given up my seat, only to be told, "About time you had some manners." As a country person I noticed this disgusting lack of manners in city women immediately.

10/6 to "A Bushman" (name supplied), Springsure, Qld.

**I REALLY** think the cause of much unhappiness in married life these days is the lack of knowledge among girls about cooking, housework, how to make a home comfortable, and the ways and means of making money go a long way. And the best way for young girls to get this training is by giving help in their own home.

10/6 to Mrs. L. Sauverain, Miriam Vale, Qld.

**RECENTLY** I read a plea from bakers requesting housewives not to nag or abuse breadcarters about the quality of bread they deliver, and I agree heartily with them. Why abuse the carters when it is not their fault we get inferior bread? I suggest the bakers should supply us with superior-quality bread that does not go mouldy over a weekend and then there will be no more abuse and no more shortage of carters, either.

10/6 to Mrs. S. Black, Yagoona, N.S.W.

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as 10/6 for every other letter published on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

**THE** long list of unclaimed articles at any police station demonstrates on one hand our sad lack of faith in the honesty of our fellowmen and, on the other, just how wrong that lack of faith really is. I have never failed to retrieve a lost article, but I have often not located owners for things I've found. If you inquire at your police station or advertise in a local paper you will be pleasantly surprised to find how many people are as anxious to return your property as you are to receive it.

10/6 to Mrs. L. Watson, Bendigo, Vic.

### Advice for husbands, too

**TO** "Goose" (The Australian Women's Weekly, 14/3/'56)  
I give my thanks. She has put into very good words something I have thought of so often lately. The point about all the advice published on how to hold our husband's love is that most of us don't receive any co-operation in striving to help each other, and so we just aren't interested in wanting to hold his love. I, for one, am too tired trying to keep my three babes and myself well and tidy and in seeing to things which should be done but which the man of the house doesn't get around to doing to mind whether he loves me or not. I suggest a few articles on how a man can win back the respect of his wife, or how to help a wife live also instead of serving only as an underpaid housekeeper.

10/6 to "Nagger" (name supplied), St. Marys, N.S.W.

### Family affairs

• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

**AS** my husband was a shift-worker when our children were young, most of their bringing-up fell to me. This was all right while they played happily, but when they squabbled, as they inevitably did, my problem was how not to take sides, especially as I was never sure who was the culprit.

I solved it, when things got too tough, by using a good old Navy plan of giving them a window to clean, with one child on the inside and one on the outside of the same window.

At first they would sulk and keep their eyes down and away from each other's, then one would look up and glare at the other. After a little while they would both burst into laughter and the quarrel would be over.

By the way, I never did get that window cleaned.

£1/1/- to Mrs. B. Bancroft, Beverly Hills, N.S.W.

## Ross Campbell writes...

**I ALWAYS** like to hear how titled people live.

So I was interested to come across this item in an English paper:

*Lady Camrose, widow of the first Viscount, has a way for quieting the fears of the superstitious when there are 13 at her dinner table. She has an extra place laid.*

*On the 14th chair she places a large doll dressed in a girl's clothes.*

Lady Camrose's problem is one that I have never had to face myself.

The reason is we haven't got a table big enough to hold 13 people. At our place we have what they call a dining nook.

We installed this nook because the builder said it was economical. Also, it seemed nice and cosy.

But I have been rather disillusioned about nooks.

They are all right when there are just the two of you. At meal-times you feel as if you have ducked into a coffee shop.

### THE 14th DOLL

But when the tots start coming, the nook fills pretty fast.

I'm sick and tired of feeling the patter of tiny feet across my back as they climb in and out over me.

There's nothing I would like better now than an old-fashioned dining-table.

I don't want one as big as Lady Camrose's, though, so I would have to quieten the fears of superstitious guests at dinner parties for 13.

That would only be getting out of the frying-pan into the fire.

One way for Lady Camrose to solve her problem would be to sell the dining-table and build a nook.

Still, that mightn't suit her. She seems a sociable lady, who likes to have lots of people around.

That stunt of setting a 14th place for a doll is very ingenious.

Yet I wonder if all her guests take it in the right spirit.

I can picture the short-sighted Duke of Tumshire seated next to a great big beautiful doll.

After talking to her about politics he remarks: "You are really a most charming, intelligent gel. Do you mind if I ask your telephone number?"

Then he discovers the truth. Leaving in a huff, he says: "That's the last time I come here, Lady Camrose. I can find better dolls elsewhere."

If I were in Lady Camrose's position I don't think I'd go to the trouble of dressing a doll at all.

I'd just ask someone extra to the party.



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## THIS IS AUSTRALIA

AUTUMN, and fallen leaves make a rustling carpet near the Cotter River, a few miles from Canberra, in the Australian Capital Territory. This is Australia . . . though it could almost be England, for trees which came originally from Great Britain and Europe flourish in many southern parts of the Australian continent. Some of them were planted by homesick early settlers, and oak, ash, beech, and poplar have grown side by side with the sturdy native gum. But while the gums stay evergreen, unchanging year by year, the deciduous trees shed their leaves to hail the approach of winter. Then the sun filters through the bare branches, stripped by the wind of leaves, as Shelley said, "like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing." This picture by Bruce Minnett of Sydney.



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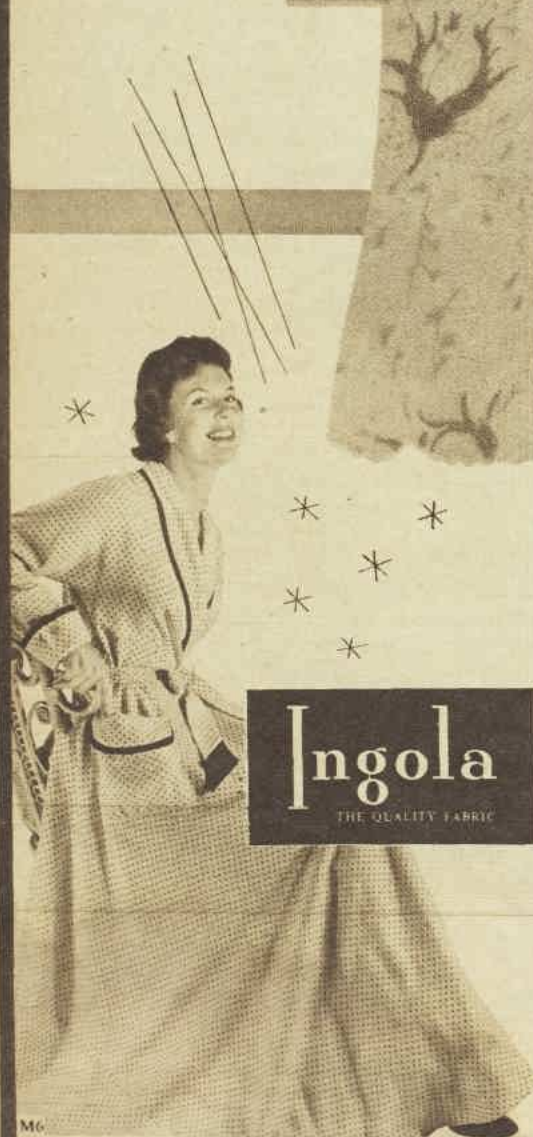
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# CLOCK FANCIER . . .



**SURROUNDED BY TIME** at their home at Essendon, Victoria, are Mr. and Mrs. Bill Park. Some of the valuable clocks in Mr. Park's collection are shown in the picture. At left, beside Mrs. Park, is her husband's favorite—a grandfather clock made 200 years ago. At right is a grandfather clock made in England, and sent to China to be lacquered.

## Collector is maestro of music made by timepieces ticking in concert

By SHEILA  
McFARLANE,  
staff reporter

Life at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Bill Park, of Essendon, Victoria, is conducted to the musical sound of one hundred and six clocks and timepieces ticking merrily in unison.



**MASTERPIECE** from the Black Forest in Germany is this handsome, heavily carved clock made from one solid piece of wood, and surmounted by two deer. The tiny wooden flautist at the base plays a tune on the hour.

**T**HE Parks' house is filled with a fascinating collection of antique clocks that is believed to be the finest in the Southern Hemisphere. The clocks are of wood, ormolu, iron, and alabaster.

Their owner, Mr. Bill Park, retired salesman and former Mayor of Essendon, began the collection 20 years ago.

A connoisseur of fine clock-works and cases, he has sought and found them all over the world, very often in auction-rooms. Putting them in order and keeping them in perfect time is his hobby.

Seventy-one-year-old Bill Park said he began gathering clocks because they are "alive." "Some people hoard pewter and china, but those things are dead, unfeeling objects compared with clocks.

"As I wind up a clock I wonder who last wound it before me, where he acquired it and why he sold it.

"My first timepiece was bought not to tell me the time but to keep me company when I was alone in London many years ago."

Mr. Park still has this small,

white enamelled clock hanging on the wall of his entrance-hall.

"But what really set me to collecting clocks was being asked by my brother, who dealt in antiques, to bring back six antique grandfather clocks from overseas.

"From then I haven't stopped looking for interesting old models.

"Before we go any further, now," he said to me, "you must learn to call clocks 'clocks' and timepieces 'timepieces.' A clock is a clock only if it chimes, otherwise 'timepiece' is the correct name."

Mr. Park doesn't like admitting he owns a modern timepiece. "They're terrible things. Someone gave me this horrible alarm as a joke."

Another "joke" is a cuckoo clock that is banished to a dark corner of the dining-room.

It would be hard to find a home more richly endowed with valuable and historic timepieces, all of which are ticking away, telling not only the hour of the day but the day of the week and the month of the year.

It takes Mr. Park half an hour to do the winding-up rounds through his home. All the keys are kept, without labels, in a small box, and he



# His household has plenty of time



**CONNOISSEUR OF ANTIQUE CLOCKS.** Mr. Bill Park is shown above with some of the one hundred and six pieces in his collection, which is believed to be the finest in the Southern Hemisphere. It includes a modern alarm and a cuckoo clock, given to him as a joke. The French clocks are the most ornate. English clocks are noted for quality.

knows immediately which one to pick out for each clock.

With him it is a matter of "love me, love my clocks."

His wife, fortunately, shares his enthusiasm, even to dusting cheerfully every one of the 106.

"I can tell at a glance whether visitors appreciate my clocks," Mr. Park said. "And if it's nay, I just usher them out again as quickly as possible."

"It's no use having someone who doesn't care a hoot for interesting timepieces sitting in a room literally lined with them."

His oldest treasure is a Dutch "hooded" clock made more than 300 years ago, and his most valuable piece is a 200-year-old French Buhl wall clock. It was among the first lot of Buhl work ever produced.

Named after the man who created it, this material is filigree brass inset with tortoise-shell.

These early French clocks were made in casts and after each model came out the cast was broken, so no two were made alike," Mr. Park said.

"This is my favorite," he said, showing me a 200-year-old grandfather clock in walnut and mahogany, surmounted by a figure of Atlas. It is the most stately of his fascinating collection.

Its most favorable point in his eyes is that it is a weight clock, which, he assured me, could outdo in accuracy any spring-worked timepiece. It gives the days of the week in Dutch, and the phases of the moon for good measure.

On a lively conducted tour of this private clock museum

we found a 4ft.-high bracket clock of ormolu and Buhl, reputed to have belonged to Marie Antoinette; a tiny French mantel clock of ormolu and Sevres china, on top of which revolved a globe of the world; a 100-year-old musical alarm complete with alternative record discs; a lady's 200-year-old travelling clock, which, with the press of a button, strikes the time to the nearest quarter-hour; and an old grandfather clock on which the hour hand goes anti-clockwise.

## Some star exhibits

An old Dutch "wag o' the wall" clock is eye-catching, adorned with original Dutch paintings of windmills, sailing ships, and a quaint little church. A little brass Dutchman stands, hands in pockets, on the top.

Mr. Park paused to tell me about the wandering artists who used to call at wealthy homes in Europe (in those days only the wealthy could afford clocks) and would either touch up the paintings on clocks or wipe them off and give the clocks "new looks"

with entirely different pictures.

Eight melodious bells chiming the half-hour drew my attention to a huge English oak mantel clock heavily carved with dolphins, acorns, and Crusader shields.

"Old English clocks are the best in the world," Mr. Park said. "They are the Rolls Royces of timekeeping."

Farther along the avenue of kindly clock faces I noticed a 1720 model, a grandfather timepiece with separate faces for seconds, minutes, and hours, a French bracket timepiece showing the face of Louis XIV, and a novel water-clock of 1691 worked by the dripping of water from a small cylinder into a tank beneath. This, like an ice-chest, is emptied each day and the cylinder refilled.

One of the prettiest of the collection is the French Court clock with its jet-velvet face, and next to it stands an unusual French Buhl clock, hung between four mahogany "barley-sugar" columns.

Beside an old American iron wall clock inlaid lavishly with mother-of-pearl was a German clock made in the shape of a Chinese pagoda.

"They must have been hard up for original clock designs when this was made 100 years ago," said Mr. Park, showing me a "skeleton" clock. It was glass-encased, so the fine works were plainly visible.

In spite of all this time round his home, Mr. Park, when he wants to know the hour, always refers to his pocket-watch, given him 50 years ago on his 21st birthday.



**MR. BILL PARK** holds the small white enamel clock he bought in London many years ago to keep him company, and which was the first in his collection. On the wall is one of his beautiful clocks that shows both days and hours.



**OLD FRENCH WALL CLOCK** is the most valuable in Mr. Park's collection. It is in Buhl work, and is decorated lavishly with scrolls. Outside the hour figures is another circle of figures showing the minutes.





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Little loops of fast-grab "SCOTCH" Tape, sticky side out, will fasten décolletage to your skin and help control gaps. Fasten a flower to your bare skin with "SCOTCH" Tape—it's a knockout!



### TRIMS FRINGES

Fix fringe to forehead with "SCOTCH" Tape and cut across top of tape. Fringe cuts straight, hair trimmings stick to tape—won't fall in eyes. "SCOTCH" Brand Cellulose Tape is your handiest household helper.

### Tape a feather to his finger

He will stay enchanted! There is no limit to the ways you can use "SCOTCH" Tape, the original transparent, adhesive tape, and the world's largest seller. "SCOTCH" Brand Cellulose Tape sticks six times tighter—unrolls easier. Keep "SCOTCH" Tape in every room. In the gay plaid metal dispenser, 1/6. Handy refills, 1/-. Buy them by the dozen!



### TRAIN IVY

"SCOTCH" Tape that broken stem and it will heal. "SCOTCH" Tape certainly is your handiest household helper!



### EMERGENCY CLOTHES BRUSH

Wrap "SCOTCH" Tape around and around your fingers, sticky side out. It will remove particles no clothes brush can shift.



### COVER CORNS

There is certainly no limit to the uses of this handiest of all household helpers!

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**Scotch** SOUND RECORDING TAPE  
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The choice of radio-stations the world over and the world's largest-selling tape for all sound recorders.





# HER GRAND TOUR NEVER ENDS

● This is the second and final instalment of a frank study by noted English writer Ursula Bloom of the Duchess of Windsor, who is 60 in June.

By URSULA BLOOM

ALONG the pleasure roads of the world travels a disappointed Duchess of Windsor in search of diversion. Paris. New York. The Bahamas. Rapallo. Capri. Austria. Baden-Baden. Paris again. New York again.

It is the grand tour which now does not include England in its itinerary.

Originally, as Mrs. Simpson, she trod the romantic path.

She had won the admiration of a future King—any woman would have been flattered—naturally she saw that her future might hold the earth.

Today the tongues have ceased to wag, the interest has died, for other things have come to replace it, but at the time all England chatted.

Even the most rigorous hostess was forced to recognise that if she invited the Prince of Wales she must also include the lady.

At King George V's funeral the Imperial crown resting on his coffin grew uneasy and part of it wobbled down into the roadway. Was that an omen?

Mrs. Simpson broke omens and traditions, or thought she did!

Watching his proclamation with the new King, she walked along the wider romantic road signposted to the Throne.

Now she must look back and wonder about it. Was there something in tradition, after all?

## Famous cruise

WHEN Lady Yule's yacht Nahlin cruised in the Mediterranean with the new King and Mrs. Simpson on board, the newspapers of the world began to take notice.

There were exciting photographs. Mr. Simpson did not accompany his wife; they said he would have made the party 13, which would have been unlucky. Already her luck was out!

The autumn continued on the dancing heels of summertime. Now—in her own autumn—the Duchess must remember what happened with a sick distaste, as she still pursues the road she chose.

The storm broke. Just when she had believed that everything was at last hers, the Press brought out their headlines. They stared in bold letters above the face of a woman who had been too sure. Maybe she had thought there would be a time when the same photographs would carry the words, ENGAGED TO MARRY THE KING! That was not what they said now.

From the window of her home in Cumberland Terrace, London, she saw a hostile crowd waiting. For the first time she must have become

aware of the bitter resentment of the English people.

The Elysian road had reached a barricade, and England called "Halt!" Even if she answered "Friend," that was not the association with which they accepted her.

She started on the nomadic trail the day that she left England to escape to her friends the Herman Rogers, who had a villa above Cannes, on the French Riviera.

But a few hours later her effigy was on show at Madame Tussaud's. That is fame!

Five months later she and the abdicated King married. The marriage made it possible

not the Duchess say that she must make a home for the Duke, "for he truly loves a home of his own!" A few years ago she shared secrets of her housekeeping with the readers of a U.S. magazine.

"My forte — if so pretentious a word applies — is a small, intimate dinner party," she wrote. "Any dinner of more than 16 people I consider enormous."

"More than eight persons means no souffle, always a melancholy omission."

The Windsors did indeed buy the mill at Gif-sur-Yvette, which is situated conveniently 15 miles out of Paris, and they

staged—the Coronation of Her Majesty Queen Elizabeth II.

This is a compelling photograph and the camera cannot lie. The Duke stares as one fascinated, but the Duchess has closed her eyes and clasped her hands as though she could bear no more.

In that hour did she visualise that Coronation which could never have been, though once, perchance, she had thought it possible?

The social round of fun which she always pursued with such spontaneous gaiety is a tragic skeleton of its former self. It has become a treadmill, of which any woman might well be tired but which she cannot quit, because already it is too late.

It is reputed that, referring to her romance and the abdication, she said: "So many lies were told at the time and we were powerless to deny them." Which must be true. Women sympathise with her and honor her for that.

## Leads fashion

"I HATE publicity," she said, which, if a fact, is something she has not been able to avoid. "My dresses do not matter; they are not the real things of life." Then why was she so proud to lead fashion?

Still ambitious, for she was born that way, maybe her greatest tragedy is that she has no goal left on which she can pin that ambition. There is little behind her, nothing ahead.

For if 60 is harassing, 70 is 10 years worse!

She has written her book of memories—"The Heart Has Its Reasons." What can she have to say that the world does not already know?

The Duke's book, "A King's Story," was of historic value. The trouble is that this is not a Queen's story. It is impossible to mix paste with the jewels of the Imperial Crown.

Emotional love should develop into the beautiful companionship and home life which is so magnificently portrayed by the Royal Family in England today. The nation appreciates this exquisite pattern of life.

This is the jewel in the crown with which paste could not vie.

One cannot blame the English people who turn from a disappointed Duchess who has failed to hold their interest in her.

She is treading a path which ends in obscurity, for today there are more interesting matters in the world.

Time marches on. New milestones mark the side of life's roads, and the fabric of this story has grown threadbare.



"The grand tour which does not include England in its itinerary." The Windsors on holiday in Venice last year.

for all the smart Alicks to turn a quick penny.

A racket began at the Baltimore home where the Duchess had lived as a girl.

They charged 2/6 to go inside. One of the stunts was that good luck would come to those who sat, fully clad, in the bath, and thousands availed themselves of the opportunity.

Perhaps the ducal honeymoon has lost something of its original pattern, for the Windsors started off with a couple of Cairn terriers, and today the world sees them with two pug dogs. But the route is ever the same. Paris, New York, Palm Beach, Florida, The Bahamas, Rapallo, Capri, Austria, Baden-Baden. It seems to be eternal.

One always hoped that they would settle somewhere. Did

spent a fortune on it—a king's ransom.

It is a luxury abode, but they go there only for casual weekends when they happen to be in Paris—no more than that.

Since their marriage the Duke has held only one appointment.

During the war they went to the Bahamas, where the Duke became Governor.

On the first day—so the story goes—the Duchess sat down to write a letter home. She drew out a sheet of note-paper headed Government House, and, crossing it out, substituted the one word—Elba.

There is a picture of her sitting on a sofa by the side of her husband as they watched the most wonderful programme television has ever



# UNCLE TOBY'S OATS

the satisfying breakfast

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## another new RECIPE

### DANISH CHEESE SLICES

2 cups Uncle Toby's Oats, 1 level cup sifted S.R. flour, 1 cup finely grated dry cheese, 1/2 cup butter, 1 egg, salt, cayenne, paprika. Rub butter into flour, add oats and cheese and season with salt and cayenne. Moisten with beaten egg, press mixture into buttered Swiss roll pan and cut into oblong slices. Brush surface with milk or beaten egg, sprinkle with paprika and bake in moderate oven (375° F.) for 25 mins. Serve cold, with celery or salads.

UTO31

## Career Housewife



A COSMETIC DEMONSTRATOR must know the secret of good make-up, have a ready flow of conversation and very nice hands.

Interviewed at work in a big Sydney perfumery, attractive Mrs. Moylan (above), of Oceania Crescent, Newport, says: "Hands are always prominent in this job—for one thing, we always demonstrate lipstick shades on the back of our hands. So you see how important it is to keep them soft and smooth. That's one of the reasons I prefer to use Persil on washday. I think we career housewives are particularly lucky to have Persil—not only does it give wonderful washday results, but it is kind to your hands."

P.316.WW42g



# DINKUM AUSSIES ARE TELEVISION STARS



**STUPENDOUS NEWS.** Wagner P. Wombat receives a letter delivered by Postman Kookaburra appointing him producer-director of the Dingo Dell Television productions. Visiting Mrs. Kangaroo is ecstatic about the news.



**AUDITIONS** are a serious business, and Wagner Wombat and Cameraman O. Possum take infinite pains in choosing their cast for "Hansel and Gretel," the famous fairy story beloved by children all over the world. At last the cast is chosen. Starring in the television show are Perce Wombat, Krumpy Koola, and Susan O. Possum.

"**ENTER THE PUPPETS,**" the first of a series of films to be made especially for television for Australian children, has recently been completed.

Pictured here are scenes from the film, which introduces puppets in the form of Australian native animals. Famous Australian puppeteer Peter Scriven, who created the animals, is producing the television film, which was directed by Doc. K. Sternberg.

*Puppets and settings were designed by Wilfred Asplin. Pictures by staff photographer Clive Thompson.*



**PICKING THE STORY.** Wagner consults his friend Professor Platypus—the most learned gentleman in the Dell—about a suitable story for first production.



**FIRST SCENE SHOT.** Rehearsals completed, and the cameras start rolling. The scene shows the two young children, Hansel and Gretel, lost in the forest.





**PLOT THICKENS.** At the gingerbread cottage, the witch, played by Perce Wombat (son of the director), startles the two children as they come upon the gingerbread cottage after being lost in the forest. Cunningly, the witch lures them in to taste the gingerbread.



**TENSION MOUNTS** when Witch Wombat has the children inside the cottage and puts Krumpy in the cage while preparing the fire to roast him and Susan. The children turn the tables and roast the witch instead.



**FINALE.** The stars take their bows while Cameraman O. Possum exclaims, "Bravo! Bravo!" Old Wombat is delighted with the results of his first television production at the new and costly studios at Dingo Dell, and Mrs. Koola is proud of her son, Krumpy.



AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COUGH OR COLD . . .

# LISTERINE Quick!



## Listerine Does What Non-Antiseptic "Cold Remedies" Can't Do—Kill Germs Instantly—By Millions

When you feel a cold coming on, go right after the germs that can cause so much of the misery . . . with Listerine Antiseptic! Non-antiseptic "cold remedies," nose drops, and aspirin don't kill germs the way Listerine Antiseptic does. Listerine kills germs, instantly, by millions! So, remember, no matter what else you use for a cold, you need an antiseptic to kill germs.

Tests over a 12-year period showed that those who regularly reduced germs on mouth and throat surfaces with Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and sore throats than those who did not. The minute you feel a cold coming on, gargle Listerine Antiseptic early and often.

### NO MATTER WHAT ELSE YOU DO FOR A COLD, YOU NEED AN ANTISEPTIC to kill germs like these!



These and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

- (1) Pneumococcus Type III
- (2) Hemophilus influenzae
- (3) Streptococcus pyogenes
- (4) Pneumococcus Type II
- (5) Streptococcus salivarius



# Listerine

... the most widely used antiseptic in the world!

#### FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"When the thirty bob in my pocket is gone, fellows, I'm through for the evening."

#### MOTHER



"We only wash one side so that we only have to dry one side."

## It seems to me

IN order to conduct life with reasonable enjoyment it is best to turn a deaf ear and a blind eye to pronouncements and predictions in the field of warfare.

But lately I've been unable to avoid noticing some striking statements.

The United States Defence Secretary, Mr. Charles Wilson, remarking that atomic stock-piles were reaching the point where either the United States or Russia could wipe out the world, said: "Within a number of years we are almost bound to get a condition sometimes known as atomic plenty."

"Atomic plenty" is a grisly phrase for a grisly fact.

There was an earlier reference to U.S. development of atomic weapons for use in "small wars," a term which is becoming a favorite.

To be in the middle of a small war doubtless feels much like being in the middle of a big war.

Addressing the Boston Chamber of Commerce, the U.S. Air Force secretary, Mr. Donald Quarles, speaking of ballistic missiles, said, "We have scared our people to death about something that is, to be sure, a horrifying weapon, but which does not kill you any quicker than a bomber does with an atomic bomb."

This is possibly the nearest thing to a cheering note, though I use the term cheering in its comparative sense.

Not long ago the optimists were pointing out that an atomic bomb made one no deadlier than an ordinary high explosive.

One might add that a bow and arrow, expertly aimed, will accomplish the same end.

★ ★ ★

THE lighter side of scientific advancement produces the forecast that rockets which ferry workers to space stations will be hitched to other rockets and used as housing.

Mr. Darrell Ronick, a research worker at a U.S. aircraft factory, says that about three years after the space station is begun families should be allowed to join workers in residence.

The idea of gathering up the children and setting forth for outer space seems at first fanciful and unlikely.

And yet, thinking about this, I remembered a train journey in Japan in 1950. The carriage was full of American Army wives and children being moved to a new base.

They were like a flock of bright birds, living in a world of their own, and continually bullying an amiable Army sergeant into finding extra comforts for their young.

It is easy enough to picture the same scene on a rocket ship.

The new generation of mothers will be aboard, harrying the space movements officer and demanding particulars of baby-food supplies and laundry facilities, preoccupied, whether on earth or in space, with the real business of life—raising a family.

By



Dorothy Drann

IN a recent paragraph I mentioned an English magazine feature article describing how a girl could build a boat in her bedroom.

Since then the manager of a boat-plans firm in Sydney has sent me a copy of "Build a Boat," a publication which any woman would be well advised to hide from her husband if she wishes to keep his mind on domestic carpentry.

This book does not exhort girls to build boats in bedrooms, but it offers relevant advice under a picture of two men heaving a boat down a ladder from a window:—

"When building inside a dwelling with small door or window openings, don't overlook possible complications when you want to get the boat out."

Being fond of boats in an uninformed way, I spent a pleasant hour reading the hints on how to build one, and I am pleased to report that the names of some of the plans show that, nautically, the old-fashioned girls are still afloat.

Among them are "Bertha, the knockabout launch," "Susan, the outboard cruiser," and "Emma, the racing runabout."

★ ★ ★

BOAT-BUILDING, by the way, can not only wreck a home, it can blight a romance.

A girl I know had a young man who divided his affection between her and a yacht he was helping a friend to build.

The friendship lasted 18 months.

He was never available at weekends for a picnic. "I have to go and help old Jim with the job," he used to say, disappearing from dawn to dusk.

His money, naturally, went on timber and paint. There was hardly ever anything to spare for the pictures.

Just as the boat was nearly finished, his partner in the enterprise met a girl and abandoned the boat. In no time he'd followed her to England and married her.

My friend's admirer became disheartened about boats and returned to courting.

She, however, had learned a lesson. She married someone else.

The boat is still in a backyard lacking its final coat of paint.

★ ★ ★

THREE hundred miles south of Hobart, fishermen sighted a ten-foot turtle swimming. They said that the turtle, which immediately dived out of sight, had a head larger than a man's. "It's quiet down here," said the turtle, "And it suits me extremely well, Though I rise now and then to the surface And bring back a tale to tell. I like to observe the creatures On top of the water line, Which reminds me, I saw some this morning Whose heads were as big as mine!"



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sixpence to five guineas.



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Compounded in Australia to Coty, France, ingredients and formula.



LEFT: Grace Kelly, surrounded by pressmen, waves goodbye to New York from the deck of the liner Constitution as she leaves to marry Rainier in Monaco. ABOVE: Judy Kantor (left), who will be one of Grace Kelly's bridesmaids, and Rita Gam, who will be a matron of honor. Rita was recently married to T. H. Guinzburg.

## Garters in her fanmail

### A variety of gifts for Grace Kelly

From ART BUCHWALD, in New York

Rosaries, prayer books, pot-holders, and a hundred books on how to be a good wife and happily married have arrived in film star Grace Kelly's mail since she announced her engagement to Prince Rainier of Monaco.

IN addition to religious gifts, the most popular item in her mail was garters. Her film fans sent them in by hundreds.

She has also received many cook books, her favorite among them being "Cooking for Two."

Grace told me about her fanmail when I spent a half-hour talking to her before she left for Monaco to be married to Prince Rainier on April 18.

It will be a "simple" ceremony with only 450 invited guests and some thousands of working Press men and women.

Grace said her mail has been "quite heavy" since she announced her engagement.

Ninety per cent. of the letters expressed delight about the wedding, and the other 10 per cent. were against it.

"Most of the 10 per cent. are in the strain of, 'You be-

long to us. Don't marry a foreigner.' They believe I should be marrying an American."

She said she has also been receiving many requests for money from missionaries, priests, and nuns. She handed these over to her father.

"Millions of people have written asking for invitations to the wedding. If the letters are nice we try to answer them explaining that it can't be done."

Grace's wedding dress is still a big secret. It has been made for her by Helen Rose, Oscar-winning designer of Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer studios in Hollywood.

Her wedding slippers, of white satin appliqued with lace, are said to have a special low heel. Grace is five feet seven and a half inches high and slightly taller than her fiancé.

New York designer David



MRS. FRANCIS C. GRAY will be one of Grace Kelly's matrons of honor at the wedding. Mrs. Gray is holding her daughter, Elizabeth, who is Grace's godchild.

Evins, who made the shoes, has sunk a bright new penny deep in the sole of one shoe "for luck."

Gifts were of the utilitarian type when some of her friends gave her a shower tea in New York. She received a beach hat, a fancy belt, lots of lingerie, and a shower curtain from English film director Alfred Hitchcock and his wife.

Miss Kelly said she wasn't quite sure what arrangements had been made for the Press at the wedding, but she expressed surprise that so much interest was being shown in her nuptials.

"Why did Prince Rainier ban the showing of your films in Monaco?" I asked.

"I think that news report was false," she said. "I know he'll forbid my pictures to be shown after we are married, but I can't believe the Prince would do it now."

Miss Kelly said she was giving up her Hollywood house but would still keep her New York apartment.

The Prince maintains an apartment in Paris and a house on the Riviera.

"I'm not going to bring over any of my furniture until I get settled," she said. "It

has been quite frustrating because there has not been enough time to get ready for the wedding.

"I am excited, but events have been moving so fast."

What made her happiest was the fact that her new film, "High Society," was finished on time.

"In making 'The Swan' we were four weeks behind time. I don't know what I'd have done if this new picture had not finished on time."

I asked Miss Kelly whether she had been studying Royal protocol since the announcement of her engagement. She said no, but she was sure there would be someone at the Palace who could tell her what to do.

A stamp with Miss Kelly's picture on it is expected to be released in Monaco on the day of her wedding. She said she was satisfied with the original reproduction, but she thought the newspaper reproduction was not so good.



MRS. GEORGE L. DAVIS, of Germantown, U.S., who is Grace's sister, will be another matron of honor. Mrs. Davis' two daughters, Mary Lee (left) and Margaret, will be flower-girls with the two nieces of Prince Rainier.



Always look for the name

**MORLEY**

UNDERWEAR AND KNITWEAR

MS3



# Famous flier to touch down here

## General Doolittle on first Australian visit soon

"Oh, yes, sir! Is that THE General Doolittle you are ringing?" responded the woman operator at the New York exchange when I telephoned to Washington to ask the General about his visit to Australia this month.

ASSURED that it was the operator fluttered: "Oh, he is one of my favorite heroes. Please tell him for me that he has at least one loyal fan in New York."

Famous U.S. General Jimmy Doolittle and his wife will arrive in Sydney by air on Friday, April 27, to spend three weeks in Australia as the guests jointly of the Australian American Association and the Commonwealth Government.

They will visit Sydney, Brisbane, Canberra, Melbourne, Adelaide, and Perth — in that order — for a few days each, and will also travel to Newcastle for a day.

The official welcome planned to greet them at Sydney's Mascot airport will be the first of a long list of events in their honor.

One of the highlights of their stay in Sydney will be the Coral Sea Ball, to be held at the Trocadero on Thursday, May 3. This annual ball is always one of the most glamorous events in Sydney.

As I waited in New York for the dashing Doolittle to come on to the phone I

thought how remarkable it was that people remembered the leader of the first air-raid on Tokio and countless other aeronautical exploits in spite of the fact that he has been out of the headlines now for more than a decade.

As vice-president and director of the huge Shell Oil Company, the stocky little airman insists on plain "Mister Doo-

From  
**GEORGE MCGANN,**  
of our New York staff

little," and delights in the comparative obscurity of his business activities.

Only in his capacity as part-time technical consultant to the United States Air Force does the ebullient Doolittle use his full title of Lieutenant-General.

Doolittle was briskly cordial in discussing his trip to Australia.

Rather astonishingly, it will be Jimmy Doolittle's first visit to Australia, the only continent on which he has never touched down during a busy lifetime of air travel.

"I don't know how I ever missed Australia," Doolittle said with a laugh. "But I never

managed to 'wangle' my way there before.

"I can tell you this, though. My wife, Jo, who is going along, and I are delighted with the thought of this trip. We have many good friends in Australia and have long wanted to go down there."

The Doolittles, who recently moved to San Francisco after 10 years' residence in New York, will fly from California to Honolulu on a commercial airliner, accompanied by a military aide, Colonel John "Pete" Taylor.

"An Air Force plane will pick us up in Hawaii," Doolittle told me. "We will fly to Sydney in it and use it during our stay in Australia. We are scheduled to leave on May 18 for South Africa, and then home."

Although Jimmy Doolittle will be 60 years old on his next birthday, his friends say he has not slowed down a bit.

"Jimmy can still do the work of three men every day," one of his business associates told me. "He is wound up like a steel spring and has the keenest mind of anyone I have ever known."

The many-sided Doolittle



**GENERAL AND MRS. DOOLITTLE, who will spend three weeks in Australia. They arrive on April 27.**

has been a professional boxer, stunt pilot, aeronautical engineer, dedicated scientist, highly successful business man, and a three-star General — "Jack of all trades and master of all," as one biographer noted.

Doolittle has distinguished himself in three separate careers, any one of which would have satisfied a lesser individual.

In the field of aviation, Doolittle has an impressive record, not only as a daring pioneer flier, but also as an aeronautical scientist.

He became a noted speed flier after learning to fly in World War I. In 1922 he was the first man to fly across

the United States in one day, and was the first man to fly over 300 miles an hour in a land plane.

He was the first flier ever to undertake to do the hazardous "outside loop," when it was popularly believed the manoeuvre would destroy a plane.

Doolittle was the first pilot to take off in a hooded cockpit, fly a set course, then land by instruments without seeing the ground, thus pioneering the science of blind flying.

### Varied career

AS an aeronautical student, Doolittle was equally remarkable. He fought as a professional boxer and performed hair-raising aerial acrobatic stunts to finance himself at the University of California.

Later he earned the degrees of Master of Science and Doctor of Science in Aeronautical Engineering at the world-renowned Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

Gaining the D.S. degree one year after his M.S. degree is still regarded as an academic feat in this institution.

As a wartime commander Doolittle electrified the world by planning and personally leading the daring strike of 16 B-25 bombers from the heaving deck of the carrier Hornet, a few hundred miles off the Japanese coast.

This unexpected raid on Tokio, in April, 1942, not only struck consternation into the hearts of the enemy but gave the Allies a much-needed psychological "shot in the arm."

Doolittle, who was at that time, a Lieutenant-Colonel, was made a Brigadier-General and given the Congressional Medal of Honor, America's highest military award, for this brilliant operation, from which the majority of participating airmen returned safely.

Later, Doolittle added to his military laurels by imaginative leadership as commander of the 12th and 15th Air Forces in Europe before assuming command of the 8th Air Force, the world's largest and most powerful strategic bombing force, which prepared the way for the Allied landings on D-Day.

After VE-Day General Doolittle moved his 8th Air Force headquarters to Okinawa. He

was on the deck of the Missouri when the Japanese surrendered.

Soon afterwards, Doolittle, who is not a professional soldier, was back at his executive's desk in the Shell Oil Company's skyscraper headquarters in New York City.

Doolittle joined the company in 1930 to take charge of its growing aviation activities.

Jimmy Doolittle was born in 1896 in Alameda, across the bay from San Francisco, California, the son of an itinerant carpenter who moved his family to Alaska a few years later during the great gold rush.

Jimmy spent a lively boyhood in the frontier city of Nome, where his father, unfortunately, failed to "strike it rich."

His mother took her children back to California and settled in Los Angeles, where the future General attended high school, developed into an expert gymnast and boxer, built a home-made glider which almost killed him, and began the study of mining engineering at the University of California.

When the U.S. entered World War I, in 1917, Jimmy interrupted his education to enlist in the primitive Air Corps section of the Army. As a flying cadet he met and wed pretty Jo Daniels.

In spite of his crowded and much-travelled life, Jimmy has always been a devoted family man. The Doolittles have two sons, both Army officers, and, at last count, six grandchildren, whom Jimmy dotes on.

Jimmy will reach the compulsory retirement age of 60 this year and relinquish his duties with the Shell Company. He and Jo have bought a lovely home outside San Francisco, but it is a sure bet Jimmy will not spend much time in it.

As technical consultant to the Air Force he has recently been spending much of his time in the Pentagon, the U.S. Army administration building in Washington, and looks like spending most of it there after this year.

## Gary likes to sing "big" in the bath

American visitor Gary Crosby, who is almost an exact replica of his celebrated father, Bing, says he never sang high enough to be a boy soprano or low enough for a basso, "but I sure do sing big in the bath."

GARY CROSBY, eldest of Bing Crosby's four sons, is a 22-year-old, suntanned young man with a shy smile and a lilt in his voice.

He came to Australia for a two-States visit with Louis ("Satchmo") Armstrong and 11 other American entertainers. The show opened in Melbourne on April 5 and begins the Sydney season at the Stadium on April 12.

The 13-strong troupe have no superstitions about the number. Gary said he hasn't any superstition in his make-up. This is in contrast to his father. Bing can't see a hat tossed on to a bed without believing he's going to be unlucky.

Gary is his father's most enthusiastic fan and places Bing at the top of his popularity poll for singers.

Although he has been told often that he sings very much like his famous father, Gary insists that "nobody sings like Bing but Bing."

Both Bing and Gary attribute their lilting voices to Bing's Irish ancestry. Bing is of New England Puritan

ancestry on his father's side, but Irish on his mother's.

Gary began his singing career only six years ago — his first professional solo broadcast was singing on Bing's C.B.S. radio programme at the age of 16.

Since then he has become a seasoned performer on radio, TV, and stage. He's a regular star in Edgar Bergen's weekly radio show, and during the summer has his own "Gary Crosby Show."

He made his TV debut with

Jack Benny, and since then has appeared many times. His first theatre engagement was a little less than a year ago with Louis Armstrong.

His Australian trip is really the result of that stage appearance. It all began when Gary and Louis recorded a double-sided disc — "Struttin' With Some Barbecue" and "Ko Ko Mo." The record sold, and sold, and kept on selling.

This resulted in a promoter organising the stage show

By ANNE BRADLEY,  
staff reporter

which is now in Australia. From here it will go to London for a two weeks' season at the Empire.

A singer, Gary said, works just as hard as anyone else. "But, boy, isn't it great to work at something you really enjoy, as I enjoy singing."

Gary said recording is the singer's easiest way of making a living, because if he makes a mistake all he needs is another tape. TV is a difficult medium and the hardest in which Gary has had to work.

Singing on stage is different again. "You can really feel your audience — you can get at every single guy and girl and feel them with you."

When he was told the Sydney Stadium holds 14,000 people, Gary's jaw dropped a little and he gasped, "I haven't sung to quite THAT many people before — I'll get stagefright."

First outstanding success in Gary's singing career was a shared triumph with Bing. Together in 1950 they recorded "Sam's Song" and "Play a Simple Melody." The disc sold over 1,000,000 copies.

"I should have quit then when I was ahead," drawled Gary with a quiet grin.



SINGING A DUET with himself is Gary Crosby, son of Bing Crosby. The record is "Lazybones."



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P. 119, 140WW

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 18, 1956







SOME OF THE WORKERS outside the Camperdown workshop of the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association in their motor-chairs. From left, Bob Markkanen, Roy Arnold, Marie Maidment, and Jim Boland.

## Hope lies in a shabby lane

● Wedged between a dilapidated row of buildings in a lane behind Sydney's Royal Prince Alfred Hospital at Camperdown is a shabby workshop with a row of motor-chairs parked in its doorway.

IT is the home of the Civilian Maimed and Limbless Association, where 16 physically handicapped men and women rehabilitate themselves by binding fishing-rods.

Here the handicapped are sheltered from industrial conditions in surroundings suitable to their disabilities.

To the handicapped still on the outside, the building's cracked and peeling paintwork and tired wooden floor are bright with hope.

To them the success of the experiment being made within means a chance to attain self-respect as independent workers.

In fact, it means more than that. It means a new circle of friends and the happiness that only a useful occupation can give.

The task of fighting for sheltered workshops in N.S.W. has been undertaken by a tiny, frail, little woman, Mrs. Hazel Bedwin, and her co-administrator husband, Hugh.

Both have been crippled since birth.

Their aim is to help rehabilitate those with greater disabilities — paraplegics, hemiplegics, spastics, and severely injured accident victims.

(Paraplegics are paralysed from the waist down and hemiplegics are paralysed on one side only, usually as a result of a stroke.)

Those who are least likely to get outside employment, or who have insufficient means of support, are the first that the Bedwins help.

"For example," says Mrs. Bedwin, "a person on a pension of £4 a week who lives with his parents is reasonably

well off, but the man who has no one to care for him and has to pay for rent, food, and clothing with his £4 is the man we are helping first.

"We make an exception to accident cases who need immediate help for psychological reasons.

"If a man is a licensed plumber who has lost a hand, we will train him in an industry where only one hand and two feet are needed, so that in time he is qualified to seek employment in his new industry."

Several of the early members who were previously unemployable have since been able to get outside work as library assistants, leather cutters, machinists, packers, and so on.

Mr. Bedwin explained the business side of the workshop. "Binding fishing-rods — our first contract—is the only industry our limited 1000 square feet of floor space allows, because as well as work benches we have to park our motor-chairs.

"We don't ask for charity in our contracts," said Mr. Bedwin. "In fact, if this is to be the success we hope, it must be kept on a solid business basis.

### "A release"

"A NORMAL man would find the work dull and mechanical, but to us it is a release, and for that reason we probably do it better than our competitors.

"The workshop is conducted on a co-operative basis. Workers are paid according to the amount of work they do.

"We keep one-ninth of their earnings to cover overhead expenses . . . the other eight-ninths is theirs.

By  
**PAT SOBEY,**  
staff reporter

"One member, Jimmy Boland, was able to buy himself a £50 collapsible house-chain with some of his savings."

The Bedwins are modest about their achievements.

"We can supply the opportunity but our staff must have the will," said Mr. Bedwin.

"Some physically handicapped haven't the will, and there is little we can do for them.

"The only answer to this problem is to educate parents to teach crippled children independence right from the start."

Mr. Bedwin wheeled himself round the workshop, stopping at every bench to introduce me to the staff.

The first was Miss Marie Maidment, the forewoman, who spent three weeks learning to bind the 23 types of fishing-rods and then returned to the factory to train other members.

She is an accomplished needlewoman, and makes all her own clothes.

I met Roy Arnold, who raised £500 for the association's fund, and Jim Boland, one of the workshop's "old-stagers."

Florence Turner, a blitz bomb victim, who came from Lancashire six years ago, is among the many who were disappointed to find Australia lagging 10 years behind England in protected workshops for the physically handicapped.

"This workshop is only an experiment," Mr. Bedwin told me as I left. "If it is a success we shall in time be able to establish similar workshops in several widely spread districts throughout the metropolitan area, and in larger country towns.

"Maybe then associations in other States will do the same."

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and DISTAFF pillowcases too! DISTAFF Pillowcases enjoy all the advantages of DISTAFF Sheets—the quality control at every stage of manufacture, the unconditional guarantee, and they are available in the same qualities and finishes. They're "Cellophane" packed in pairs too, to make them ideal for gifts.



# SEA LORD'S VISIT

● The visit to Australia of the First Sea Lord, Admiral Earl Mountbatten, of Burma, and Countess Mountbatten was a high-pressure affair of official engagements. Appointments were often at half-hour intervals throughout long days—in Sydney, Lady Mountbatten's first appointment one day was for breakfast at the Royal Prince Alfred Hospital at 7.45 a.m.—but despite this the Mountbattens, who have been described as “the friendliest couple who have ever come here,” have captured everyone with their unhurried charm. Always, the brief, official visit has been marked with warming and spontaneous friendship.

**TIRED SEA LORD.** Lord Mountbatten relaxes at Essendon Airport, Vic. Their Commonwealth naval tour is, Lord Mountbatten said, to establish personal touch with Service Chiefs of Staff.



Hawaii



**THE FRIENDLY MOUNTBATTENS** insisted on meeting all the guests at the State reception given by the New South Wales Government during their Sydney visit. Crowds cheered as they arrived.



**GEORGE**, the four-year-old koala, was the guest of honor at a naval reception given by Rear-Admiral Buchanan. Sir Edward Hallstrom sent the bear after hearing Lady Mountbatten had never seen one.



**LADY MOUNTBATTEN** with Second-Officer Joan Hodson, of the W.R.A.N.S., who was assigned as Lady Mountbatten's personal assistant and secretary during her visit. “I'm the most envied officer in the service,” she said.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 18, 1956



Illustration of man trying to catch a cold—so that he can enjoy the soothing relief of Allen's delicious double action Butter Menthol cough drops! The butter soothes the throat. The menthol clears the head.

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F.960—(Right): Recognised as Australia's finest... a Doeskin Cardigan in pure Merino wool. Haze Blue, illustrated, also Mid Grey, Kasha and many others.



Swank sweaters  
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Always take the one with the SUTEX label



F.961—Doeskin Zippered Sports Jacket in pure Merino wool. Desert Fawn, Frost Blue, Sky, Jade, Haze Blue and four others.



F.555—Swadeknit Pullover in pure Merino wool. Sky Blue, Frost Blue, Jade, Canary, Mineral Blue, Pearl Beige and nine others.



F.553—Swadeknit Slipon in pure Merino wool. Jade, Sky, Desert Fawn, Canary, Frost Blue, Donkey, Juniper and eight others.



F.603—Slipon with self-colour, hand-knit effect. Pure Merino wool. Canary, Sky, Desert Fawn, Jade and seven other shades.



F.912—Quality for Junior, too! Regulation College Pullover; one of many styles. Rib knit in College Grey, Mid Grey, Navy... 3 others.



# Kid with the barefoot feel



Did we overhear you saying, Ma'am, that you wanted a really *comfortable* shoe — a fashionable shoe that's pretty and fashionable as well? And you, Sir, was it you who was wanting a good looking shoe that would keep its shape and keep your feet happy into the bargain? Then it's shoes of kid — glove-soft kid — we suggest you both look for this season. When you try them on we know you'll say, as others do: "All this — and comfort, too!"

Kid is such very *good* shoe leather, with a hard-wearing suppleness, a mellow softness all its own, combining to give it a very special texture that yields and flexes to every wiggle of your toes — whether you're rushing about all day or just standing for hours at a stretch. Baby-soft, baby-smooth, designed for barefoot comfort — that's kid, quite the richest, and the most comfortable shoe leather in the whole wide world. Yet kid costs no more than ordinary leathers!

Treat your feet as you do your hands: Treat them to glove-soft leather — kid leather! It's so easy to find the best kid shoes nowadays.

Just look for The Kid Tanners' Guild seal of recommendation on the shoes themselves — at shoe stores everywhere.

THE *Kid* TANNERS' GUILD

## G.P.S. REGATTA AT PENRITH



ENTHUSIASTIC NEWINGTON SUPPORTERS (from left) Ron Attwell, Kerry Mechaelsen, Suzanne Robertson, and Ron Trevallion barrack for the school at the G.P.S. Regatta, held on the Nepean River. The Head-of-the-River was won by the St. Joseph's eight — the first time they have won since 1936.



FROM THE RIVER BANK teenage spectators Carolyn Kershaw and Stephen Vidler watched the Kings School crew win the Fourth Fours at the Regatta.



BARRACKING FOR GRAMMAR CREWS were Reuben Dobson and Christine Lynch. Reuben used an old klaxon car horn to cheer on the Grammar boats.



PERCHED ON THE BACK OF A CAR (from left), Ray Scott-Findlay, Peter Parrett, Clifford Cowdroy, Murray Baldwin, and Robyn Rolle barracked for Shore at the G.P.S. Regatta.





**GUESTS OF HONOR** Lady Mountbatten (left) and Lord Mountbatten talk with their hosts, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. H. J. Buchanan. Admiral Buchanan, who is the Flag Officer in Charge of East Australian area, and Mrs. Buchanan gave the party for more than 180 guests at their official residence, "Tresco," Elizabeth Bay, in honor of the Earl and Countess during their Sydney visit.



**BRIDAL GROUP.** Dr. and Mrs. Max Elliott wait to greet the guests at their wedding reception, watched by Mrs. Elliott's attendants (from left) Mrs. Scotty Barnes, Faye Elliott, and Marianne Stenstrom. The reception was held at the Australian Golf Club, Kensington, after the wedding ceremony at St. Mark's, Darling Point. The bride was formerly Rosemary King, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. L. King, of Vaucluse.

## SOCIAL JOTTINGS

**THERE'S** lots of excitement ahead for Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Parker, of Bellevue Hill. Their eldest daughter, Mrs. Geoffrey Fairbairn, arrives from Singapore early in May and the youngest daughter, Virginia ("Twink"), will be married in June.

Twink and her fiancé, Henry Angas, of South Australia, have chosen June 6 for their wedding at St. Mark's, Darling Point . . . and Twink's nephew, three-year-old Andrew Fairbairn, will be pageboy.

Mrs. James Russell (who was formerly Susan King, of Edgecliff) will travel up from her home in Victoria for the wedding. She will be one of Twink's attendants, with bridesmaids Barbara Potter and Henry's sister, Sara Angas.

Henry is the son of Sir Keith and Lady Angas, of Lindsay Park, Angaston, South Australia, where the young couple plan to make their home.

**NOTEWORTHY** fashion accessory: Mrs. Clive Carney's large white handbag, which came from America. The handbag looks as though it's made of thousands of tiny white beads, but "it's plastic . . . and washable," said Mrs. Carney.

**THEY'RE** engaged . . . Nancy Wood, of "Runleigh," Brewarrina, to Bill Parkins, of "Coorallie," Cryon . . . Mary Reece, of Kensington, to Peter Wilkins, of "Boniface," Billiga.

**FROM** "Wallah," Boorowa, Ken and Sue Kelly and their baby son, Kensit, came up to town to spend a few days with Sue's mother, Mrs. Joyce Snelling, of Neutral Bay. The Kellys gave a small party early last week before going out to the Showground to watch Ken's brother, Dick Kelly, play in the final match of night polo at the Show.

**AFTER** three weeks' holiday at the Barrier Reef, newlyweds John and Betty Bridge will settle into their new home at Tamworth. Betty is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alan Youdale, of "Yarrowitch," Walcha, and John is the son of Mr. and Mrs. Wallace Bridge, of Bellevue Hill.

**WONDERFUL** tour overseas has begun for Dr. and Mrs. Mervyn Elliott, of Bellingen. They sailed on board Oronsay last week for eight months in England and Europe. Dr. Elliott is a golfing enthusiast, and one of the highlights of their trip will be a game of golf in Scotland at the famous St. Andrews.

**THERE'LL** be two weddings later this year in the family of Mr. and Mrs. Stewart Burt, of "Lockerbie," Wallendbeen. Their daughter Jan and her fiancé, John Stratton, of Cootamundra, are planning a wedding in June. Three months later, in September, Jan's sister Margaret will marry Tony Buckingham, of "Moonbar," Newport.

**FASHION** notes . . . Mary Whitney's charred-green wool suit contrasts with her teal-blue feathered cap . . . a "four-fingered" curvette of pomegranate-pink tops Julia Arnott's back-belted grey tweed dress.



**FASHIONABLE RACEGOERS** at Randwick on Ladies' Day. Left: Mrs. Bill Adams wore a fringed scarf slotted at the neckline of her stone-grey wool dress. Right: Mrs. John Minter chose a fitted, beltless dress of caramel wool.



**WELCOME-HOME** parties for Anne Gibbs, of Vaucluse, will have to be postponed for another three months. In a letter to her mother, Mrs. K. C. M. Gibbs, Anne says that she and another Sydney lass, Anne Clift, have decided to visit Spain "just as soon as the weather warms up." The girls had a wonderful ski-ing trip to Austria and hope to see a lot more of Europe before sailing for home.

**BRIEFLY** . . . Recently married Donald and Jill Evans will live at Artarmon until their new house on Donald's property, "Springvale," West Wyalong, is completed . . . Neta Kemp, of Moree, leaves in the Southern Cross on April 16 for six months' holiday in England, Europe, and the United States . . . pretty Shirley Cannon will celebrate her coming of age at Romano's on April 14.

**AT YEARLING SALES** during the luncheon break are (from left) Mr. Richard Hyles, of "Yamba," Canberra, Mr. Patrick Rowe, of "South Gundebri," Merriwa, Mr. Rowe's seven-year-old son David, and Mrs. Hyles. The sales were held over four days at Newmarket Stables, Randwick.



**LADIES' DAY RACES.** Mrs. Patricia Garvan (left) with Mr. and Mrs. Sam Osborne, of "Redbank," Harden, at Randwick. Mrs. Garvan wore a beltless, powder-blue tweed dress and Mrs. Osborne's ensemble was made of silk.



# Gary Hosderus

In Paris this season every fashion house has its own interpretation of the dress-coat ensemble. Basically the dress is flexible and slender; the coat softly voluminous and often fur trimmed or lined, or both.



● Madeleine de Rauch's new, short, easy-fitting coat (above), with a high-to-the-throat collar, is finished with four patch pockets and worn over a frock in contrasting color.



● Christian Dior's classic tweed suit (left) has a matching seven-eights-length coat. The suit jacket is collarless. The coat is finished with revers and a large collar.



● Fath uses bold brown-and-white herringbone tweed for this ensemble (right). The slender frock is beltless, the matching coat is finished with a cape-like collar.



# Paris Notes.



● Hermes' single-breasted mustard-yellow wool top-coat (above) is finished with two pockets and mortingale belt slung low at the back.

● Jean Dessès chooses olive-green for his Empire-line frock and coat (above). The coat is trimmed with panther to match the draped muff.

● Chanel's enchanting rose-pink frock and matching full-length coat (right) is lined with grey caracul. The high lez is made in matching fur.

*Dorothea Johnston*



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### IN THE BATHROOM

#### MALLEYS KEROSENE BATH HEATER WITH SHOWER

It's hot water in a minute when you instal the famous Malleys Kerosene Bath Heater—supplied with or without shower. A shower or a bath costs only pennies from this compact, efficient, easy-to-operate heater... and installation costs are practically nil—there's only one pipe to connect. Here's special news for country users—the Malleys Kerosene Heater operates just as quickly, just as easily from high or low pressure water supply systems. Models available in gleaming chrome-plate or attractive cream and bronze baked enamel. See these modern Malleys Kerosene Appliances at your favourite hardware or department store.

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## DRESS SENSE by Betty Keep

● New autumn duet is the slender-line skirt and separate, willowy jacket-top.

THE fashion flash above answers a teenage reader's fashion problem.

Here is her letter and my reply:

"COULD you give me a style and pattern for some wool jersey given me by my mother, who is making the outfit? I want one of the new unbelted styles, as I am just starting teenage modelling, and want to look smart. I have only a 30in. bust, but I am tall. I will be looking forward to seeing the design you choose."

I suggest a two-piece, slender skirt and unbelted separate top. Notice the design I have chosen (at right) is pared down to ultra simplicity. That is the way it is smart to look this season. A paper pattern is obtainable for the design in sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Lines under the sketch will give you further details and tell you how to order.

"I AM coming to the city to take an office job and would like advice about clothes to help me look correctly dressed. I have not got a lot of money to spend."

I advise you to buy casual tailored clothes rather than elaborate or frilly ones, because casual clothes can be worn on many more occasions. Avoid conspicuous colors that you (and other people) tire of easily. Don't buy, or at least think twice about buying, a garment because it is high fashion and everybody is wearing it. Invest the largest part of your money on clothes that are going to stand the longest, hardest wear, i.e., suits, coats, skirts.

Buy good accessories. One set of carefully chosen accessories worn with different outfits is far better buying than a set of cheap accessories for every ensemble you own.

D.S.189.—Two-piece suit in sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3yds. 54in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.



"I DON'T know if you could help me with the following problem. It is about washing a wool sweater. I always wash woollens carefully, roll them in a towel to remove excess moisture, and dry flat, but should I iron the sweater?"

You certainly should press a wool sweater. When the sweater is dry, press it with a steam iron, or with an ordinary iron and a pressing cloth.

"WOULD you plan me a suit for autumn that I could wear later under a dark brown topcoat? I want the suit in an unusual color and would also like you to plan the accessories. I have dark hair and a pale complexion, age 18, size SSW."

I suggest creamy apricot tweed for the suit, and for the accessories I like the idea of a white blouse and gloves, and bamboo beige for handbag and shoes. Have the hat in the exact shade of the suit. Have the suit made single-breasted, hip-bone length, and semi-fitted. Have the skirt straight and slender, with a kick pleat in the centre-back.

"I HAVE a piece of glen plaid; it is pale grey and white on a darker grey ground, in a very fine smooth wool. My problem is a style for this material suitable to wear right away. I am slim and very fashion-conscious."

I suggest a one-piece, beltless sheath that falls uninterrupted from shoulder to hem, finished with short, uncuffed sleeves and a high-to-the-throat neckline collared in white. The waistline on this type of dress is barely indented; but the dress could also be worn belted with tawny calf leather.

"I WANT to look bridal when I am married, but our wedding is only small and informal. What shall I wear?"

You will look most bridal if you wear a white dress with a waltz-length skirt, a simple wreath of orange blossom, and a brief veil.

## Beauty in Baths and showers

By CAROLYN EARLE

● For most people, the time of the day as well as the time at their disposal is the deciding factor on whether to take a plunge-bath or to have a shower. Usually the preference is for baths in the evening and showers in the morning.

HOW hot should the evening bath be? It can be quite hot if you bathe before dinner or before an evening party. Such a tub will send you off for the evening alert and sparkling, especially if you follow it with a cool shower.

But hot tubs are too stimulating at bedtime, and may keep you awake. Warm, lazy baths, on the other hand, are relaxing.

The evening bath should include a

good scrubbing and soaking, with a clear rinse of some sort to follow.

Bath oils and foam baths are ideal water-softeners, and the fragrance imparts a wonderful sense of luxury.

As for the morning shower, its real function is to wake you up, to stimulate and freshen you for the day ahead, and to give that day a good start.

You may have noted the cheerful demeanor of morning shower-takers. Many of them sing in the shower.

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*Jean Simmons*

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In addition to the VITAMINS present in the rich, natural foods, OVALTINE is fortified with additional VITAMINS providing a balanced daily intake of VITAMIN A, B<sub>1</sub>, D, and NIACIN. With every cup of OVALTINE you get many more VITAMINS and therefore greater health benefit.

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FAMILY SIZE 5/3**

O.F.P.M. 10



# Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

One of the things a girl has to do early in her teens is to learn to wrestle with the telephone. Don't be tempted by it when you know you shouldn't use it.

THERE are occasions when it is a good idea for a girl to telephone a boy, but when he has said he will ring you, leave it to him. If he wants to get in touch with you he will.

First out of the mailbox this week is a letter from a girl who is having an unhappy time because the telephone doesn't ring.

"ABOUT a month ago I met a boy at a dance and I was drawn to him at once. He took me home that night and I saw him quite often from then on. I learned that he was looking forward to a trip to England late next year, and for that reason he did not want to go steady with any girl. I kept on seeing him and found that I was falling in love with him and, although I knew I had no chance, I

could not stop myself. As I have been hurt very badly once before I did not want to find myself in a similar position, so I decided I would end this friendship and forget him. He was very upset and told me he would ring me at home to see if I had changed my mind. I am so unhappy at what I've done and I don't know how to rectify the situation. He hasn't telephoned and I want so much to see him

again. What can I do? I want to telephone him and yet I'm afraid it might be the wrong thing to do and I may make matters worse."

"Hopeful," Earlwood, N.S.W.

One of the things girls are very bad at is letting the future take care of itself. They will meddle with it and take a lot of fun out of life by imagining every new man they meet as their husband-to-be and clearing the way for a non-stop run to the altar. I bet you are the type who spoils the greater part of any date by worrying about the next time he'll ask you out. I cannot imagine why a trip to England would make you try to stop falling in love or make you think you were going to be hurt again. People who go on trips do return, you know, and, in any case, it is quite possible that you might meet someone you like better while he is away. Next time there's a boy about, enjoy the moment, don't get mentally involved in what-might-be. I don't think you should ring up. You've said your piece and the initiative is now with him. If he wants to continue the friendship he will get in touch with you.

"TWO years ago, when I was attending high school, I went steady with a boy for a year. At the end of that

—BERNARD FLETCHER



## A word from Debbie . . .

• You must . . .

Learn to deal firmly with people who ask tactless questions. If, for instance, someone says to you, "What do you think of Sarah Sminkelhoff?" say: "She seems nice to me. Oh, listen, they're playing 'Always'." In other words, change the subject quickly, and make it quite plain that you have no intention of settling down to a bit of candid psychoanalysis or indulging in a gossip-fest.

• Impress the crowd by making a scone plait next time you cook something for the crowd. Add three-quarters of a cup of mixed fruit to the usual 8oz. flour mixture. Divide the mixture into three portions and shape into long rolls. Plait together carefully. Put plait on a greased tray, glaze with milk, and sprinkle with nuts. Bake in hot oven for 20 minutes, serve, and watch the butter fly.

• Mildewed after the humidity and the long rainy spell? If you have mildew on anything that cannot be treated with a laundry bleach, try rubbing the stains with common soap, then ordinary white chalk. Put the treated garment in the sun for an hour or two, then launder as usual. Repeat if necessary.

time we stopped going together because we were both too young. I have always liked this boy and recently we met again at the beach. Now I know that I would like to go steady with him again. Whenever we meet he is always very nice to me and our conversation nearly always drifts back to when we went steady. But he has been going out with another girl for four months and, strange to say, we are very much alike. Lots of his friends tell me that he takes her out because she

reminds him of me; whether this is true or not I do not know. Do you think I should try to win him back and if so could you please tell me how to go about it without making it obvious?"

"Mistaken Once," Brisbane. Leave it to him; if he wants you back it is a very simple matter. This story of his friends—that he takes the other girl out because she is like you—sounds phony to me; or are you completely unapproachable? You don't sound as if you are.

WHILE every collector of popular light music knows Kern, Berlin, Rodgers, and Porter, the name of Vincent Youmans doesn't always ring such a melodious bell. Yet, before he died at the early age of 48 in 1946, he had composed such evergreens as "Tea For Two," "I Want To Be Happy," "More Than You Know," "Carioca," "Orchids In The Moonlight," "Sometimes I'm Happy," and "Time On My Hands."

All of these tunes, as well as "Hallelujah," "Without a Song," "Great Day," "Through The Years," and "Drums In My Heart," have been arranged and beautifully played

by Andre Kostelanetz on the 12in. long-playing record, 33SX.1039. The blend of the familiar and the not-so-well known produces a disc which you will find just right for that intimate party or quiet dinner date.

I enjoyed it so much that I also acquired a companion disc, again by Kostelanetz on 33SX.1037—"Musical Comedy Favorites." Two of the melodies by Youmans are heard again, "Time On My Hands" and "Tea For Two," but that shouldn't discourage you, because the remainder of the record is the cream of musical hits, a veritable cavalcade of tunes that will never

grow old—"Begin The Beguine," "Smoke Gets In Your Eyes," "Falling In Love With Love," "A Pretty Girl Is Like A Melody," "I See Your Face Before Me," "All The Things You Are," "I Got Rhythm," "Night And Day," "The Touch Of Your Hand," "Somebody Loves Me," "With a Song In My Heart," "Easter Parade," "Dancing In The Dark," and "I'll See You Again." As you see, both platters are packed with good things. They should appeal particularly to anyone who is just beginning a collection and who wants value for money.

—BERNARD FLETCHER

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**PERFORMANCE:** The O.H.V. engine provides brilliant acceleration, a high top speed. Drivers, on the average, say they get more than 32 miles per gallon.

**COMFORT:** Luxurious, deep-cushioned seating for six. Wide panoramic windows. Highly efficient in-built ventilation heater unit. (Did you know the Morris Oxford won 1st prize for comfort in the 1955 Monte Carlo Rally.)

**STYLING:** Beautiful flowing lines that stand out in any company. Colour harmonised interior styling.

**SUSPENSION:** Adjustable, torsion bar independent front suspension gives a cushion-like ride over the roughest roads. Makes for wonderful cornering, too.

**LUGGAGE SPACE:** Large 16 cu. ft. capacity boot with plenty of room for all the family's holiday luggage.

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HAS THE  
NO-SLIP GRIP**



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TAPERED HANDLE  
TEKON SUPER  
NYLON

# Worth Reporting

**H**ARDLY a day passes at the farmhouse home of Bundaberg's Lucke Quads without the postman bringing letters and gifts for the four babies.

The round-the-clock job of personally caring for her famous foursome leaves Mrs. Lucke with no spare time in which to answer the letters or to write thank-you notes for the gifts which unknown friends send the children.

She has asked us to pass on her warmest appreciation to these people for their kind thoughts.

Recent "surprise parcels" received by the quads include sets of clothing from a Brisbane children's clothing firm, snappy hand-knitted booties sent by an American woman who describes herself as "Aunt" Laura Miles, of Ohio, and fluffy woollen coathangers with hanging hooks forming the arched neck and beaked head of a stork.

The coathangers were made by an 80-year-old New South Wales woman.

## Seeing the country on wheels

**J**UST over a year ago four Sydney girls, Joan Behn, Joan Phillips, and Norma and Valda Webb, bought a second-hand car, announced that they intended to drive it round Australia, and set off—with Joan Behn the only one of the four to hold a driver's licence.

By the time they reached Atherton, via Cairns, the other three had had enough practice, went for their licences, and obtained them.

Driving and working their way around Australia, they took jobs as housemaids, waitresses, and barmaids. At Atherton they graded peanuts.

At Darwin, where Valda Webb left them, coming south to be married, they went hunting crocodiles, buffaloes, and out in pearling boats. Joan Behn tried her luck diving in Darwin Harbor, and came up with a few shells but no pearls.

Given a pearl as a souvenir, tall, suntanned Joan is now having it made into a ring by a Sydney jeweller.

Making the journey from Katherine to Wyndham—"none of us knew the first thing about mechanics"—the girls got lost on one desolate stretch, had to pile rocks and branches on the road ahead to make it trafficable.

Their road journey ended at Perth, where they shipped the car to Adelaide, resuming the drive to Sydney.

"And the whole way round," added Joan Behn, "we didn't have a puncture."



*"How can we have a marriage based on trust when you insist on keeping that food taster in the house?"*

**B**ANKING has gained a new dimension in New York. New Yorkers can now do their banking underground—in the subway on their way to and from work.

The Bowery Savings Bank has opened—right on the subway platform—a two-teller window unit with bullet-proof glass, a locking-bucket system to rake in the deposits in safety, and a two-way loud-speaker to raise the conversation of teller and client above the noise of the trains.

The windows are open every banking day from 8 a.m. to 6.30 p.m.

## Smile for the ladies, please

**W**OMEN are holding their own in the first international exhibition of photography to be held in the Southern Hemisphere.

The exhibition opens in the Melbourne Town Hall on April 9 and continues until April 18.

About one-seventh of the 500 exhibits chosen from the 2500 entries are by women.

Color photography is the field in which women seem to shine. Mr. Allen Gray, one of the exhibition judges, suggests that possibly this is because there is no printing to be done.

For the first time in Australia the public will be able to see a selection of the world's best color slides.

One of the women exhibiting in the color section is Helen Manzer, of U.S.A., who is listed in the Photographic Society of America's Who's Who in Color Photography as one of the world's most successful color-slide exhibitors.

She had more than 90 slides accepted at the top international shows in the past year.

International photographic exhibitions take place in most of the major cities in the world as an annual event. The Melbourne Camera Club chose the Olympic year to inaugurate Melbourne's full-scale international exhibition.

The most successful country exhibiting is Hongkong.

## No cooking for him

**R**USSIAN-BORN concert pianist Benno Moiseiwitsch, now 66 years old, must be one of the world's greatest commuters.

He is now making his seventh concert tour of Australia. His first was in 1920, but since then he has played in practically every country in the world.

"There is a story I like to tell about this country of yours," Mr. Moiseiwitsch said. "If someone were to waken me from my sleep at night and say 'Quick, I've got a taxi waiting, we're going to Australia,' I would be out of bed like a shot."

"But if they said: 'We're going to Africa or America,' I would say, 'Wait till the morning,' and I would turn over and finish my sleep."

Unlike many visiting artists, the pianist is not a cook in his spare time.

"I cannot cook," he said. "I do not even know how to spell it. I play poker and bridge for relaxation."

"When I do a tour of France I always include Monte Carlo in the itinerary. They pay me for my recitals, but they get it all back later on the roulette wheel."

## Book News

By HELEN FRIZELL

**G**ERALD KERSH is like a sideshow spruiker for his latest short stories "Men Without Bones."

"Roll up, roll up," intones Mr. Kersh. "See the Siamese twins, have a look at Jolly Jumbo's Carnival—brrrr, it'll scare the daylight out of you."

"Meet a couple of hangmen. See the gladiators fight again."

"Hear me give my impressions of Stradivarius making a violin, Shakespeare inventing King Lear."

Mr. Kersh is a good spruiker. In the past his acts have been exciting. So we pay our money and go inside.

However, Kersh's freaks have been on the sideshow circuit for a long while. We find that we've seen them, or people like them, before. They're not frightening now. They're dull.

Published by William Heinemann. (Our copy from Angus and Robertson.)

By RUD

## IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY



**First choice  
of mothers for  
eight generations**

# Finlay's sheets



Mothers really know the value of Finlay's Sheets, for their fame has been passed from Mother to Daughter for over two hundred years. The inherited skill of eight generations of weavers and modern machinery have combined to make Finlay's Sheets and Pillowcases the perfect product they are to-day... in plain or twill weave; they're famous for their strength, beauty and long-wearing qualities! Choose her favourite colour from blue, primrose, apricot, nil green, rose, dark rose or sparkling white!

## IN WHITE AND DECORATOR COLOURS

Sheet beauty you must see to appreciate; and, remember, it's an old Scottish custom to date your Finlay's Sheets to see how long they'll wear!

Also ask for Finlay's genuine Scottish Window Hollands—they're guaranteed indestructible!

MADE IN SCOTLAND **FINLAY'S FAMOUS SHEETS**

Page 35



Your winter wardrobe

is not complete without a . . .

# "969"

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Tailored Fit  
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Yes, You'll Feel Fine in "969" by

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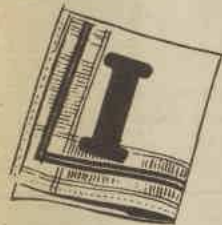
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**When Kidneys  
Work Too Often**

Are you embarrassed and bothered by too frequent elimination during the day and night? These symptoms, as well as bladder irritation, backache, swollen ankles, loss of appetite, nervousness, dizziness, lumbago, pain, hemorrhoids, constipation, and interrupted sleep, often under the eyes and a generally run-down feeling, are usually due to germ-caused kidney and bladder troubles. The very first dose of Cystex, the scientifically compounded medicine, goes right to work overcoming these troubles in 3 ways. 1. Quickly kills germs causing troubles. 2. Cleans out of poisonous acids. 3. Strengthens and reinvigorates the kidneys and bladder. Get Cystex from your chemist to-day under the guarantee of complete satisfaction or money back.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 18, 1956

## Candy Hardy FROCK SERVICE

Wonderful from-now-into-winter teenage fashion investment for you to buy — a Paris-inspired wrap-around blouse and separate bouffant skirt.



THESE figure-flattering teenage separates are designed for daytime and date-time. The blouse and skirt can be worn together as illustrated above, or divided to mix with other garments.

We called the blouse "Alva" and the skirt "Enid." The separates are obtainable ready made for a very special price, and cut out ready to sew for even less.

"Enid" is made in corduroy velveteen. We photographed it in black, because black with emerald-green is in high fashion.

If black is not your dish you can make a choice from a superb range of new autumn colors.

The range includes pale blue, red, royal-blue, American-beauty, mid-green, and black.

Ready to wear: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30 and 32in. waist,

73/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra. Cut out only: Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 63/9. Postage and registration 3/- extra.

For "Alva" we offer a double material and color choice—cesora and poplin. The colors are vivid and varied.

The blouse photographed is made in poplin.

The design really does

something for young figures and we don't mean maybe. It is as easy to care for as it is to wear. Both materials offering are color-fast and crease-resisting.

The color choice includes pink, blue, lemon, cream, and black cesora; also white, black, emerald-green, pale blue, and lemon poplin.

Ready to wear (in cesora): 32 and 34in. bust, 72/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 75/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 51/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 53/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Ready to wear (in poplin): Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 62/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 64/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

Cut out only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 41/3; 36 and 38in. bust, 43/9. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

### How to order

• The separates are on view and can be purchased at Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

They can also be ordered by mail.

Address orders to: Candy Hardy Frock Service, Fashion Patterns, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

Please make a second color choice and state name of garment and size required.



"Tell me salesman,

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Will Cordiva stay

like new?"

"Yes, it's rub proof,

guaranteed,

Thirty times longer\*

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\*It's easy to see why most people prefer Cordiva — they appreciate the best. A secret patented process gives Cordiva 30 to 50 times more resistance to wear than any other corduroy velveteen of equivalent weight. Look for the name on the selvedge.

In fashion's favourite colours 15/11 yard. (36" wide) everywhere. Pin Wale and Wide Wale.

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*Invisible Net*



Press the button — and instantly a fine mist of GOSSAMER sets your hair with an "invisible net." Gossamer makes curls "springier" . . . waves deeper . . . banishes wandering wisps.



GOSSAMER — for the longest-lasting pin curls ever! Spray it on after a shampoo and set. Fix a new hairstyle in a jiffy before a special "date." Use it to settle a new perm.



GOSSAMER is good for your hair. It's not a lacquer; not oily; not sticky. Lanolin Esters in Gossamer keep your hair silky, lustrous. And Gossamer is delightfully perfumed.

GOSSAMER only 13/11 at cosmetic counters everywhere.

Made in Australia by the Pressure-Pak Company A division of Samuel Taylor Pty. Ltd.





# AS I READ THE STARS

by Eve Hilliard  
For week beginning April 10

## Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p><b>ARIES</b> The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in a personal interview.</p>	<p>★ The enthusiasm with which you carry on your job will be reflected in results. If you are dissatisfied, analyse the position. Try to reorganise methods.</p>	<p>★ You may be too busy chasing rainbows to be home at all this week. Take your home for granted, and decline to worry over scratch menials and untidiness.</p>	<p>★ Many of you find the great love of your life now. Should there be no open declaration this week, your relationship may remain at a standstill for several months.</p>	<p>★ Because you are keen to start out on that new stunt, look before you leap. Don't commit yourself to a crowd, or an activity, which you will soon be bored with.</p>
<p><b>TAURUS</b> The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, purple. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. There is luck in playing safe.</p>	<p>★ The pay envelope plays a big part in your practical affairs. You are naturally an excellent manager, but don't attempt the impossible.</p>	<p>★ Inclined to stay home and sulk because you have had a row with a social clique? It isn't worth it, but while you're in the mood you could accomplish domestic tasks.</p>	<p>★ Unless the circumstances are exceptional, it is better to come out and be frank about the love you have kept secret due to opposition from your family.</p>	<p>★ A quiet plan that you have as yet communicated to nobody due to be put into operation soon. Shyness, doubt of ability could keep your secret a while longer.</p>
<p><b>GEMINI</b> The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, three combined. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Your luck lies in team work.</p>	<p>★ Avoid putting yourself under obligation to people who will not hesitate to demand unreasonable favors in return. Friendship on a cash basis is a better bet.</p>	<p>★ You simply adore novelty, and at times you are bored by looking at the same old scene. Try shifting the furniture; you may discover a better arrangement.</p>	<p>★ Your sign at times can be very cold, even to those it loves. When a prospective love affair fades out, you wonder why. Failing to show fondness, you seem indifferent.</p>	<p>★ If you've accepted responsibility as an office bearer or as a member of a sporting team in order to improve your skill at some pastime, you'll be busy.</p>
<p><b>CANCER</b> The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck through an older person.</p>	<p>★ Your work right now is likely to bring you more prestige than money. Praise is pleasant, but bread and butter should be your first consideration.</p>	<p>★ Does your work take more time than it should because your place of residence is cluttered up with souvenirs which have lost their charm? Make a clean sweep.</p>	<p>★ Be willing to remain in the background if that can best serve the one you love. Life can never be just a love story, so play second fiddle just now.</p>	<p>★ You make a final bid this week to establish yourself in a position which yields considerable influence in your little world. People will ask favors.</p>
<p><b>LEO</b> The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, silver. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. There's luck in looking ahead.</p>	<p>★ Brains will win any battle for you just now. Keep your emotions in a compartment separate from your business affairs. Plan always one step ahead.</p>	<p>★ Those settling into new quarters should take thought, study magazines for ideas, go window shopping, and gain effects at little cost, making use of present possessions.</p>	<p>★ Your sign represents the Great Lover; you have so much to give and you are loyal to itself, but you want to rule. Allow the beloved to have a life of his or her own.</p>	<p>★ Classes of all sorts are likely to dish just now for acquiring skill in a dozen different ways, but all of you will be eager to learn and will enjoy studying new methods.</p>
<p><b>VIRGO</b> The Virgin AUGUST 23—SEPTEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, green. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in an official communication.</p>	<p>★ Quite a few of you will be asked to perform extra tasks, spend longer hours at them, and, if in paid employment, find a reward in extra money for overtime.</p>	<p>★ Unwelcome visitors who come at inconvenient times and difficult elderly relatives who require much attention can be a real problem. Be tactful with them.</p>	<p>★ Your fastidiousness may be upset this week. The one you love says or does something which irritates your sense of fitness. Let this blow over without comment.</p>	<p>★ Business and pleasure seem to be mixed up together, particularly if you are on a fund-raising committee for charity. Otherwise, you engage in a sideline with friends.</p>
<p><b>LIBRA</b> The Balance SEPTEMBER 23—OCTOBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, light blue. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in a chance encounter.</p>	<p>★ If a voluntary worker, you will be called up at short notice. If you hold down a job, there will be staff changes. If a homemaker, you'll be asked to entertain.</p>	<p>★ If a parent, you and the marriage partner hold a consultation on the subject of the children's future. Teenagers bring their maids home. Gaiety about.</p>	<p>★ Boy or girl friends in the pal stage, young lovers, married couples up to, and not excluding, grandparents all experience romantic exuberance.</p>	<p>★ There will be plenty of glamorous events, probably including very important evening. You are likely to spend much thought on the dress you will wear.</p>
<p><b>SCORPIO</b> The Scorpion OCTOBER 23—NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, gold. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in watching and waiting.</p>	<p>★ It looks as if you'll have to keep your nose to the grindstone just a little longer, but after this week the pressure should ease off and the going become smoother.</p>	<p>★ A member of the family may have a minor illness and be in bed for a few days, or extra work may result from a decision to make additions or repairs at home.</p>	<p>★ You are fundamentally patient and long-suffering. You may now be asked to hang on a little longer. The beloved may have problems of which you know nothing.</p>	<p>★ It's a tight schedule that you have before you, and some of it appears as a duty to be endured. Old loyalties can trap you into time-wasting projects.</p>
<p><b>SAGITTARIUS</b> The Archer NOVEMBER 23—DECEMBER 22</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, purple. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Fortune will sit on your doorstep.</p>	<p>★ Some niche for which you have been secretly longing will be offered you under particularly favorable conditions. Grab it while the going is good.</p>	<p>★ You are determined to make an autumn splurge. Whether this will be a party, a new gadget, or some desired improvement, it will keep you alert.</p>	<p>★ Happy days for lovers are slowly passing. If you've met the one and only, express your regard in every way by those small attentions which win hearts.</p>	<p>★ Chance is certain to play its part in your present activities. People around you hope you suggest for spur-of-the-moment amusements find a ready hearing.</p>
<p><b>CAPRICORN</b> The Goat DECEMBER 23—JANUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy-blue, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in cutting short a venture.</p>	<p>★ Some of you will be required to choose between your home and outside work; others find a part-time effort the solution. Keep home arrangements sound.</p>	<p>★ If you cannot find the house or flat you are seeking this week, prepare to wait a month or two for more favorable stars. Tidy up cupboards at home.</p>	<p>★ Headlong romance is not your style. You want a practical foundation before you are prepared to establish future plans. Why not discuss possibilities now?</p>	<p>★ This is in between chapters. You're finished with summer friends and scenes, yet cannot get settled into a new groove for the winter. Try some new ideas.</p>
<p><b>AQUARIUS</b> The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, off-white, brown. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in being a good listener.</p>	<p>★ Anything which takes you out among people should be given preference just now. If the opening does not materialise, go and create it, using your talents and skill.</p>	<p>★ There is a possibility of locking up your home and buzzing off to a job, temporary or permanent, paid or voluntary. It will absorb your energies from domestic affairs.</p>	<p>★ You go along with the crowd, but keep your eye on what is for you the big attraction. You may be singled out by the one you love as a partner on an outing.</p>	<p>★ Before coming to a decision you may interview people who know the best way for you to start on a project. Don't attempt too much at the start.</p>
<p><b>PISCES</b> The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20</p> <p>★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Monday, Sunday. Luck in a crowded store.</p>	<p>★ Be careful of earmarking too much of your income for assorted purchases, or a big opportunity will find you with not enough money.</p>	<p>★ After a number of ups and downs you are at last getting your home organised after your own ideas. You'll win approval from the family.</p>	<p>★ Should you have decided that a certain young man, or girl, interests you, get a mutual friend to introduce you, tactfully suggest a date, or issue an invitation.</p>	<p>★ Deterred from a plan because of the rather high expense involved, you can find a substitute that should be good fun, and bring you into contact with new friends.</p>



IT'S A JELDI AUTUMN SPECIAL

# Starlight

SENSATIONALLY LOW-PRICED AT **£6.19.6**

★ THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA NEW ZEALAND AND THE SOUTH-WEST PACIFIC

This is a top-quality Jeldi Chenille bedspread with a pretty new "star" pattern. You'll love its rich, deep, ripple chenille. Yes, this bedspread washes, but you'll never need to iron it—it's Jeldi Chenille—it can't crush. You'll use it, too, as an extra blanket in winter—yet it's selling for only £6.19/6. Go to-morrow to your nearest store and ask to see "Starlight."

"Starlight" (design No. 332) is coloured off-white, champagne, mushroom, rose, blue, green, gold, beige, also pastel blue, green and pink. Double and 3' bed sizes (obtainable in 3' 4" and 2' 4" sizes if specially ordered). Tailored to fit all sizes.

**Jeldi**  
THE BETTER CHENILLE

SPECIAL THICK, DEEP, CHENILLE TEXTURE  
WARM AS AN EXTRA BLANKET  
BEAUTIFUL NEW "STAR" DESIGN

**Actually grows lovelier with use!**



## SPECIAL FEATURE

# Clever Curtains

**The right curtains can make any window.**

**no matter what its shape, more attractive**

IF the architectural lines of your windows are lovely and graceful, curtains enhance their beauty; if the windows are too small, too narrow, or too high, they can gracefully camouflage the fact.

Here and on the following six pages we prove these points, and many more, with clever new window treatments. And, what's more, all the curtains are the kind you can make yourself.

When making your own curtains, the first question to be decided is how much material you require. To discover this you must know:

### HOW TO MEASURE

Carefully measure from the top of the rod wherever it is placed, on the frame, above the frame, or on the ceiling. Windows vary slightly, particularly in old houses, so measure each one. The curtains may hang to the sill, the bottom of the apron, the floor, or at any in-between lengths. After you decide the finished length, add the depth of the bottom hem, top hem (casing wide enough to hold rod), and heading (usually a minimum of 6in.).

If you do not know whether or not the material has been treated to control shrinkage, allow 1in. per yard and make double hems.

For the average window, two widths of 36in.-wide material or one width of 50in.-wide material are sufficient; but if the window is oversized, measure the width and make the curtains two to three times as wide.

The sheerer the fabric the fuller the curtain and drapery should be.

However, before deciding on the required width of the drapery, you will have to know the width of the window and decide what type of pleating you'll use in the heading. It is advisable, especially with sheer fabrics, to measure the rod-area the curtain is to cover and double for fullness.

If material is patterned, allow one to two extra yards.

● This feature has been made available to us exclusively in Australia by "Good Housekeeping."

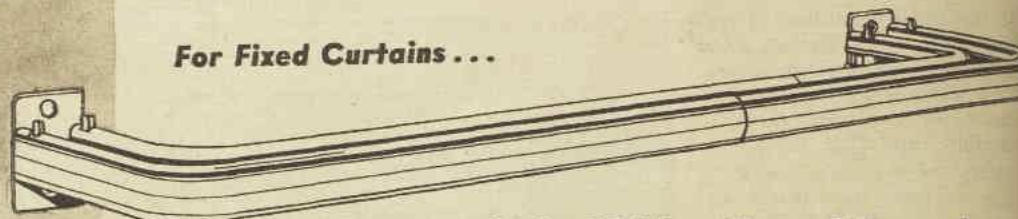
HERE'S a refreshing treatment of a dining-room window. A built-out canopy at the top has the effect of an awning; the draperies are hung inside it. The fabric is yellow-and-white striped polished cotton, and the whole is edged with a coarse white cotton fringe.





# To hang beautiful professional looking curtains you must have the right Kirsch rod!

For Fixed Curtains...



## Kirsch GOLD SEAL adjustable rod

Fine curtains shirr easily onto smooth ivory-finished Kirsch rods. Curtains stay fresh because the rod cannot twist or sag. Curtain headings stay upright. For curtains with a valance or swag there is a Kirsch Gold Seal Double rod — two rods on a single, easily fixed bracket. Sizes are adjustable — no cutting required. 18" to 28", 28" to 48", 48" to 86". Extension pieces can be used to make the rod any length required.



For Draw Curtains...



## Kirsch EMPIRE adjustable traverse rod

Curtains on Kirsch Empire rods are opened or closed by a concealed drawcord. They can pull to left, to right or toward the centre. Curtains are attached to the rod by Kirsch hooks. All working parts are concealed inside the rod — in use you just see the neat ivory-coloured bar. Adjustable sizes: 28" to 48", 48" to 86", 66" to 120", 86" to 150". If greater sizes are needed they may be obtained "Cut-to-Measure".

For Cafe Curtains...

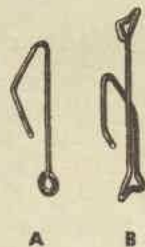


## Kirsch sash rod

A Kirsch Sash Rod is ideal for this popular type of curtain because it does not project from the window frame. Curtains can be attached by ornamental rings, fabric loops or small Kirsch hooks over the rod. Use Sash Rods also for tight curtains on doors or windows. Adjustable sizes: 12" to 20", 20" to 36", 28" to 50".

### There are two Kirsch hooks

Hook A is used with Kirsch Empire rods when a valance or pelmet covers the top of the curtain. Hook B is used with pleated top curtains on Kirsch Empire. It holds the curtain heading upright. When you buy your Kirsch rod, be sure you get the required number of Kirsch hooks.



# Kirsch

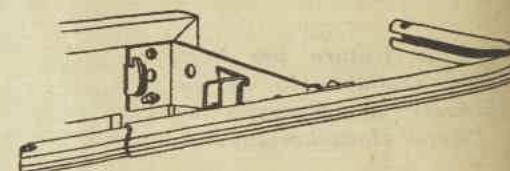
PACKAGED CURTAIN RODS at leading furnishing stores



A product of Wormald Brothers Industries



## For Side Curtains and odd-shaped windows



## Kirsch Drapery Extender rod

If you want fixed side curtains choose the Kirsch Drapery Extender. Its bracket has provision for a Kirsch Gold Seal or Kirsch Empire rod to carry glass curtains in between the side curtains. If your window is too narrow the Drapery Extender can be made to carry curtains beyond the edge of the window without marking the wall. Adjustable 14½" to 23".

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 18, 1956



# Two basic methods for making curtains

● Though there are many different types of curtains, certain basic principles apply to the cutting out and making of all of them.

HERE we give you, in easy, illustrated steps, the basic methods of making glass curtains and side curtains.

By glass curtains we mean those which actually cover the glass of the window. They are generally made of net, nylon, or similar light material.

By side curtains we mean those which hang at the sides of the glass and are generally made of heavy, patterned material such as linen or damask.

## GLASS CURTAINS

1. Pull thread and cut to length. Add 10in. to length for hems, Fig. 1.
2. Cut off selvedge (sides of fabric), Fig. 2.
3. Turn over edge of fabric, press, fold, pin, press, and sew, Fig. 2.
4. Turn over bottom edge, press, fold, press again (baste or pin, if desired); sew by machine, Fig. 3.
5. Turn over hemline, pin, press, hand-sew with a loose running-stitch, Fig. 3.
6. Measure for finished length at both sides and in the middle. Draw straight line, allow for 2½in. top hem. Measure 1½in. from hemline for rod-pocket, and machine-sew. This leaves 1in. heading, Fig. 4.
7. Gather all material on

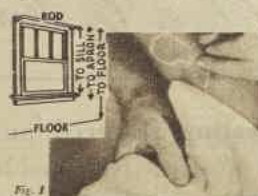


Fig. 1

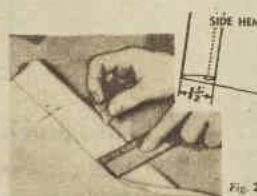


Fig. 2

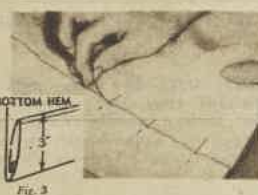


Fig. 3



Fig. 4



Fig. 5



Fig. 6



Fig. 7



Fig. 8

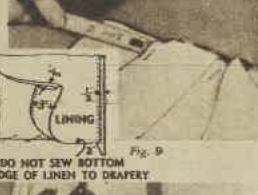


Fig. 9



Fig. 10

## Clover Curtains

CONTINUED...

outside (larger) section of rod first, join the two sections, then distribute fabric evenly.

8. Hook rod on brackets and arrange curtains in attractive folds.

## SIDE CURTAINS

1. Measure and cut one length. Allow 10in. for hems and heading.
2. Cut additional lengths, as above, matching fabric pattern.
3. Trim selvedge.
4. Measure for bottom hem, Fig. 5.
5. Fold and press, Fig. 6.
6. Fold double for 3in. double hem, Fig. 7.

## BOTTOM HEM

7. Press.
8. Pin down (do not sew until step 18), Fig. 8.

## LINING

9. Place fabric right side up. Place lining right side down (face to face). Pin along both sides, Fig. 9.
10. Machine-stitch both sides of lining to fabric, Fig. 10.
11. Turn material right side out. Press, allowing wider hem at front of drapery, Fig. 11.
12. Measure for finished length of drapery. Mark

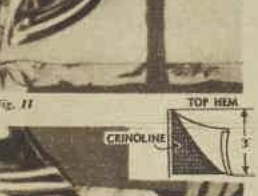


Fig. 11



Fig. 12



Fig. 13



Fig. 14



Fig. 15



Fig. 16

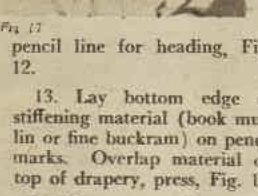


Fig. 17



Fig. 18

## FINISHING

15. Pin and sew, by hand or machine, Fig. 15.
16. Mitre corners of bottom edge, Fig. 16.
17. Attach lead weight or weighted tape under hem, Fig. 17.
18. Hand-sew mitred corner and bottom hem, Fig. 18.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY - April 18, 1956

wake up to the blind that has  
**EVERYTHING!**



all-metal

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non-slip tilt control

Luxaflex materials are manufactured by Hunter Douglas Australia Pty. Ltd., 32 Barcoo Street, East Roseville, N.S.W.



# No problems with pleated draperies

*Clever Curtains*  
CONTINUED...

● The pinch-pleating featured on the curtains on this page gives a most professional-looking finish and yet is comparatively easy for you to do yourself. Full instructions for it are given on the opposite page.

**MACHINE EMBROIDERY** (left). The lovely pattern of embroidery round the edges of these graceful semi-sheer curtains was done on a sewing-machine. Those skilled with a needle could do similar embroidery by hand to give extra elegance. Floor-length curtains of this type are a perfect foil for a period room like this charming 18th-century one.



**DELICATE DESIGN** of the Chinese print used in the casement-cloth curtains affords a pleasant contrast to the monotone decorating scheme used in the modern living-room pictured at the left. Colors are cool.

**EXTENDED WALL SPACE** is given by the heavy draperies (above) which cover an unused door as well as the windows. The draperies are pleated and run on a track. Their colors blend with the furniture.



# Embroidery and pleating

● The pleated headings and embroidered border shown on the opposite page are easy to do if you follow the simple directions and illustrations here. Embroider on plain materials.

THE embroidered border on the charming dining-room curtains was done with a sewing-machine, using a special embroidery attachment, which is available for most types of sewing-machines.

If you have such an attachment the simple de-

*Clever Curtains*  
CONTINUED...

signs at right are both easy to do and effective to look at on your curtains.

If you prefer hand embroidery the suggestions at left will give you good results on your hangings.

They will also give them that distinction which handwork achieves so beautifully.

## PLEATING INSTRUCTIONS

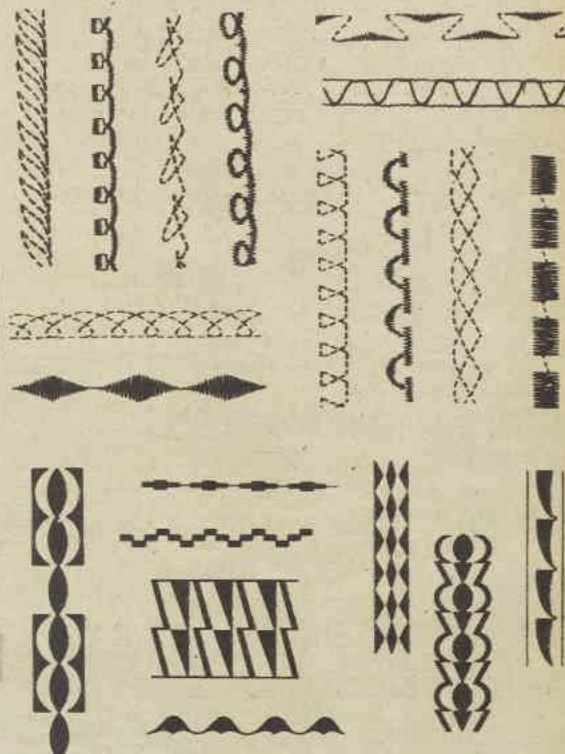
THERE are various types of pleats suitable for curtain headings. Fig. 1 shows the most popular types.

The first pleat should start three inches from front edge and there should be four or five inches of plain material at back edge.

Decide the amount of material for each pleat — usually about three or four inches. As an example we will use three-inch pleats.

After deciding width of pleat, plan space between pleats. Now you are ready to spend a few minutes figuring, to make sure pleats are at regular intervals, with same amount of space between each one.

Mark the first three-inch pleat and fold in half (Fig. 1A); pin. Continue marking and folding pleats across top. Then stitch each pleat from top to bottom of heading. This will make a flat, or knife, pleat. A box pleat is made



by folding this pleat in half and catching it at top and bottom of heading.

The pinch, or French, pleat is one of the most popular types. Make the pleat as shown in Fig. 1A; then fold pleat in three parts and crease (Fig. 1B). Sew pleats together at base (bottom of heading), using firm over-and-over stitches. Let pleat flare

open at top (Fig. 1C).

Cartridge pleats, Fig. 2, are another variation. Make smaller pleats, either grouped or spaced evenly across width of hanging. Stitch each one the depth of heading. Then insert wooden dowel, skewer, or heavy cord to round out pleat. This is removed, of course, for washing or dry-cleaning.

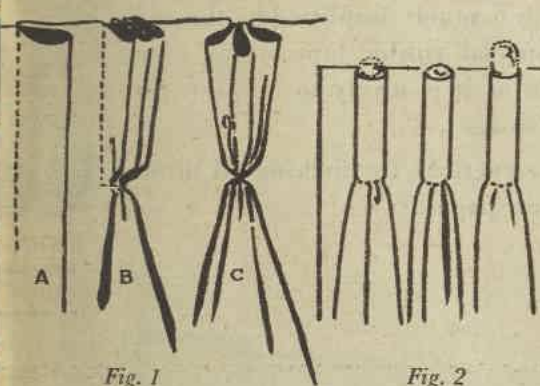
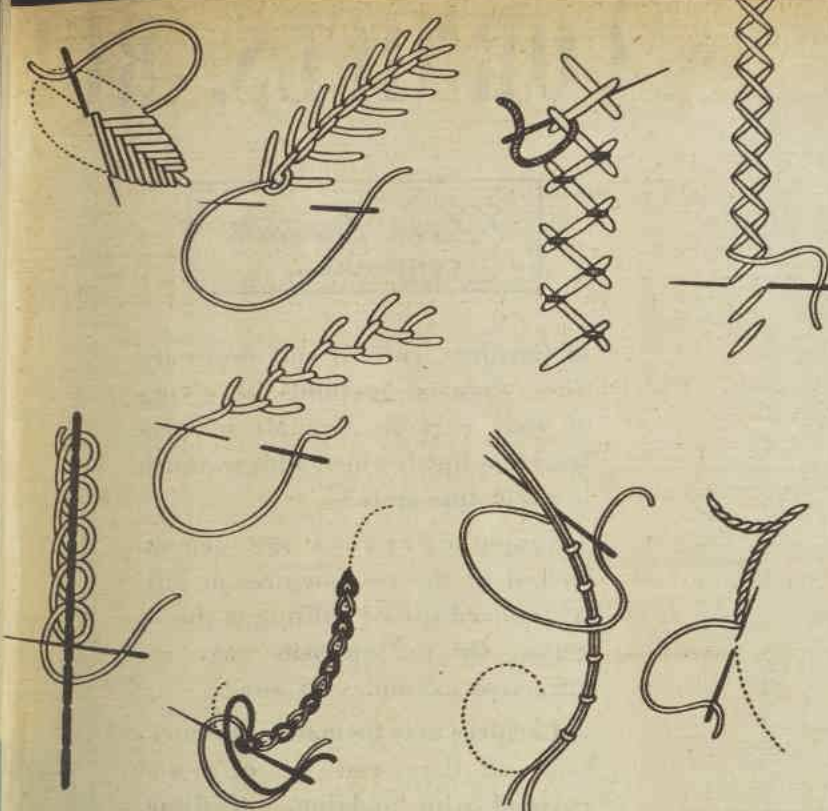


Fig. 1

Fig. 2



*Versatile*

**VENETIAN BLINDS**

with **ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND** advantages.

IN WINTER venetians shut out the bleak outdoors. They screen off big, cold window areas with cheerful colour and reflect indoor warmth. Venetian Blinds, with all-the-year-round advantages, do more than any other home fitting to add colour and cosy comfort to the home.

IN SUMMER venetians shut out glare and ensure the free circulation of air. Slats can be adjusted to direct the flow of air upward, downward or straight through. Venetians prevent the fading of fabrics and furnishings.

Specify **CONCAVE** slats. "Concave" is not a brand name, it is the slat shape scientifically designed to give you better Venetians.

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AUTHORISED BY THE VENETIAN BLIND MANUFACTURERS' FEDERATION OF AUSTRALIA IN THE INTERESTS OF BETTER LIVING.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 18, 1956

Page 43



# CORNICES, RUFFLES

## *Clever Curtains* CONTINUED...

● Cornices, ruffles, and swags are three favorite methods of giving to your curtains that air of professional finish which adds so much to their appearance.

Simple cornices are demonstrated in the two pictures at left. A standard use of ruffling is shown below. On the opposite page are attractive examples of swags.

Cornices may be made with buckram or they can be of wood covered with padding. Ruffling, which is much simplified by the use of special ruffler tape, is as easy to do as it is lovely to look at. So are swags.

Instructions for making all three are on page 46.



TWO FRINGED BEDSPREADS (above) are used to make the curtains which give importance to the window wall of a small bedroom. A third matching bedspread covers the bed, and a pillow to match gives a day-bed effect. Cornices give the curtain valance its tailored look. The venetian blinds add elegance.



LEFT. An interesting documentary print makes the focal point of the wide window. The cut of the valance cornice follows the pattern of the fabric for a neat finishing.

DEEP RUFFLES edge the crisp glazed chintz curtains above. They are draped back with wide ties. Their floral pattern is repeated in the wallpaper dado and panelling.



# LES, AND SWAGS



**EL DRAPED SWAG**, in deep, triple loops, gives a graceful finish to these curtains for a bed-sitting room. In a heavy silk in shades of pink, white, and gold, the draperies tone perfectly with the otherwise contemporary setting. The hanging Cupid holding the vase is an unusual decorating innovation.



**ROSETTES** of the material decorate the top corners of these filmy white voile curtains (left). They are further adorned by a pretty tasselled fringe and metal clasps holding back the side drapes. The clasps are fern-shaped.



**ELEGANT SIMPLICITY** is achieved by this graceful window treatment. It consists of cream cafe-type curtains of opaque casement cloth hung on brass rings from a brass rod. A long, straight, single piece of the same cloth makes both the side curtains and the beautifully draped swag, which also hangs from a brass rod. A multi-colored ball fringe gives the finishing touch to the curtains.



**ABOVE.** Striped swags give the final touch to these smoothly falling curtains. The side drapes and the little shirred valance are of antique satin, and the central curtains are casement cloth. Note the moire wallpaper.



YES... the cat's out,  
thanks to



the flexibility of



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## Instructions for three treatments

Follow these directions if you want to make beautiful curtains like those in the color pictures on pages 44 and 45.

### SWAGS

A SWAG VALANCE has long been popular to give windows a more formal decorative treatment. It is tacked to a lin.-thick board, about 4in. deep, attached to window frame with angle irons. Swags may match or contrast with drapery fabric and are framed with a decorative trimming to emphasise color and grace of line.

#### MEASUREMENTS

For swag, measure the overall distance between the sides of your window frame and add 18in. Add approximately one-third drapery length for each cascade. Lining may be attached to overall swag or just to cascades.

#### CUTTING SWAG

Fig. 1: Smooth material flat, notch top centre. Centre window-frame area and add 9in. either side. Draw chalk line from point 9in. in at top edge to side edge 7in. up from bottom. Draw another line from that point to 9in. in from bottom edge. Repeat on either side and cut along chalk lines.

#### MAKING SWAG

Fig. 2: On right side of fabric, fold first pleat to point 7in. from top edge. Overlap 3 more pleats, about 2in. apart, for a total of four pleats. Material will overlap top edge. Cut off overlapped portion.

Fig. 3: Fabric will be jagged. Fold material at centre notch and cut other side to match.

Attach lining to wrong side if necessary, as if making pillowcase, leaving top edge open. Otherwise make double 4in. hem on all but top side. Press smooth. Add a decorative

trimming to the bottom edge, if desired.

Fold back into pleats with indent edge centre of pleat. A joining A, B joining B, etc. (See Fig. 3.). Baste pleats in place at top edge and make double 4in. hem across top.

#### CUTTING CASCADES

Fig. 4: Each cascade should be about 25in. in width and 27in. long. For long window, cascade may even be 36in. long and 34in. wide. Smooth material flat. Draw diagonal chalk line from point 12in. down side to bottom of opposite side. Cut along chalk line. For other cascade, draw reverse diagonal.

#### MAKING CASCADES

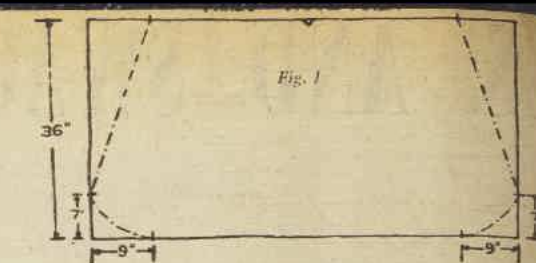
If lined, attach wrong side of lining to wrong side of cascade and stitch together on three long sides. Invert to right side and overstretch remaining end together. If unlined, make double 4in. hem on all sides. Sew trim along short side and diagonal.

Fig. 5: Fold 3 pleats into each cascade. Fold over towards long edge with first pleat about 4in. from long edge. That 4in. will fit flat around sides of valance board. Fold over 2 remaining pleats, one on top of the other. Baste and stitch 4in. double hem.

### CORNICES

THE striking yet elegant and simple cornices shown on pages 44 and 45 can be made of wood or buckram, lined and interlined.

To make cornice, cut stiffening the exact size of finished cornice; cut interlining and fabric 1in. larger on all sides; then cut lining 4in. larger on all sides than stiffening. Pin interlining to fabric, allowing



1in. on all sides. - Stitch and press. Place stiffening on interlining to fabric, allowing 1in. on all sides. Stitch and press. Place stiffening on interlining and fold back edges over stiffening. Clip notched edges on outside curves and edges at inside curves, Fig. 6. Catch edges to stiffening. Fold under edges of lining and baste. Pin to back of cornice and stitch together.

If you want scalloped cornices you'll find them easy to do following these steps:

1. Measure width of window and add enough length to go around both ends of rod.
2. Cut buckram this length and the depth you wish to make cornice.

3. Cut wrapping paper the same size as buckram and fold in half, end to end. Draw design of cornice on paper; cut out and open. Pin to buckram and cut along edges.

For a scalloped cornice, simply draw a line across bottom, about 2in. from edge. Use a plate to form a scallop up to the 2in. mark.

4. Stitch tape along length of buckram—1in. from top of traverse combination rod, or 2in. from top for double curtain rod. Turn under ends and stitch.

5. Pin material with wrong side up on taped side of buckram, leaving 4in. extending above top of tape. Stitch along top line of tape.

6. Turn material down over top of cornice and pin, or baste to buckram. Be careful to keep material on straight of goods. Turn under side edges and stitch along sides and bottom of cornice. Trim material to shape of buckram. If desired, stitch trimming to right side of cornice. Insert curtain rod and hang.

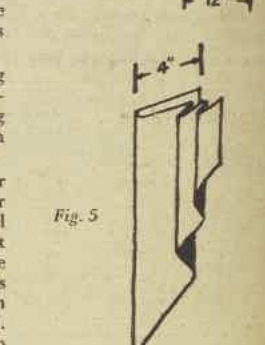
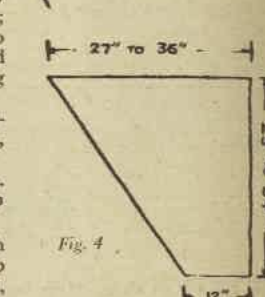
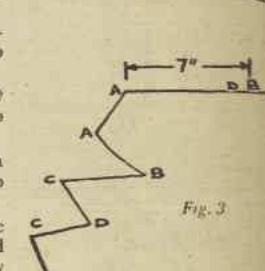
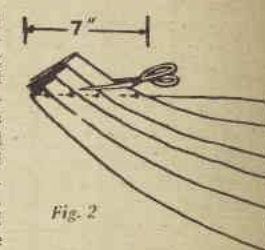


Fig. 6

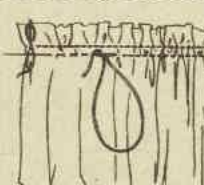


Fig. 7

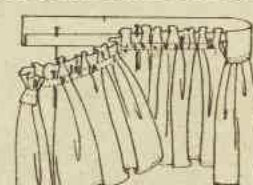


Fig. 8

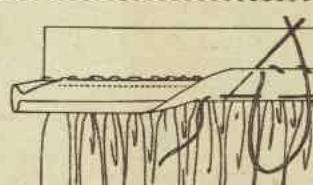


Fig. 9

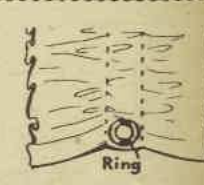


Fig. 10

### RUFFLED CURTAINS

FOR how-to illustrations on hand-gathering see Fig. 7. The width of the ruffles is up to you, but the minimum is 4in. Cut 4½in. strips for this, keeping every strip the same width and straight on the thread. You will need 2½ times or

more the distance along all edges to be ruffled.

The sheerer the fabric the fuller the ruffle should be. The edges of the ruffle may be hemmed with your narrowest hemmer or picoted for a quick, attractive finish. Use your hemstitching attachment.

First figure how many yards of ruffling you need. Carefully mark required number of strips down length of fabric. For hemmed ruffles, cut on lines; sew strips together; hem. To picot two edges at once,

hemstitch along lines; cut strips apart on line of hemstitching. Sew strips together, for the next step.

Here's where the ruffling attachment saves time and work, because it will ruffle the strip and sew it to the curtain in one operation.

If you haven't a ruffling attachment, turn the raw edge under as you gather the ruffles in preparation for mounting them on the curtain. They can be mounted on top, Fig.

8, or under the curtain edge, Fig. 9.

If on top, turn the raw edge of the curtain towards the right side and the raw edge of the ruffle under. Then place the ruffle on the curtain, pin, and stitch. Reverse this procedure to place the ruffle under the curtain edge, and use 2 rows of stitching for a neat top finish.

To make a double ruffle, roll-hem both sides of material (ruffle is usually 4in. to 8in. wide), and shirr as shown in Fig. 10.





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from page 3

she'd have had him if he hadn't walked in with that little lady-bird on his arm."

"I could wring her neck!" exclaimed Lady Widmore, her cheeks reddening angrily.

"No need to do that. I'm going to take her off your hands first thing in the morning. To those relations at Oundle," he added, with another of his vulgar winks.

She regarded him with great fixity. "Will she go with you?"

"Lord, yes! Do anything to get away from Ludlow. The silly fellow seems to have frightened her, poor little soul."

"She! I never saw anyone less frightened in my life!"

"Well, it don't signify. The point is, I'm going to take her away. Ludlow will be obliged to put a good face on it, and I shouldn't be surprised if once Amanda is out of his eye he'll see what a cake he's been making of himself, and try Hester again."

"If he can be persuaded to remain here," she said. "Does he know?"

"Of course he doesn't! Doesn't even know I'm leaving tomorrow. I stayed behind after he'd gone up to bed, and told my brother I meant to be off early, and would carry Miss Smith to Oundle."

"What did he say?"

"Didn't say anything, but I could see the notion took very well with him. If you want to be helpful, you'll see to it no one hinders the child from joining me in the morning. I've ordered the carriage for seven o'clock. Breakfast in Huntingdon."

"I'll tell Povey!" said Lady Widmore, a scheming light in her eye. "My woman has been saying that she's as mad as fire with that chit, for coming here and spoiling Hester's chances. Would you believe Hester could be such a ninny?—She has invited the wretched wench to remain here for a week! You may lay your life Povey will take care no one stops her from going with you. I suppose there's no fear Ludlow will go after you?"

"You're as bad as Amanda!" said Mr. Theale impatiently. "Of course there's no fear of it! He'd have to tell the truth about her if he did that and that's the last thing he's likely to do."

"Well, I hope you may be right. At all events, it will do no harm if Povey tells Hester the girl's still abed and asleep at breakfast-time. I wouldn't put it beyond Hester to send Ludlow after her!"

"What the devil should she do that for?" demanded Mr. Theale. "She'll think I'm taking the girl to her relations!"

"I'll do my best to make her think that," retorted Lady Widmore grimly, "but ninny though she may be, she knows you, Fabian!"

He was not in the least offended by this insult, but went chuckling off to bed, where, like Amanda, he enjoyed an excellent night's repose.

They were almost the only members of the party to do so. Not until the small hours crept in did sleep put an end to Lady Hester's unhappy reflections; her father lay awake, first dwelling on her shortcomings, then blaming Sir Gareth for her undutiful conduct, and lastly arguing himself into the conviction that it formed no part of his duty to interfere with whatever plan Fabian had formed.

Lady Widmore was troubled by bad dreams; and her husband, as she had prophesied, succumbed to an attack of acute dyspepsia, which caused him to remain in bed on the following day, sustaining nature with toast and thin gruel, and

desiring his wife not—unless she wished to bring on his pains again—to mention his sister's name within his hearing.

Lady Widmore was the first person to put in an appearance at the breakfast-table. She, alone, among the family, had attended the service Mr. Whyteleaf held daily in the little private chapel. The Earl was always an infrequent worshipper, but it was rarely that Lady Hester rose too late to take part in the morning service. This morning, however, she had been an absentee.

Sir Gareth, confidentially informed overnight by his host that the chaplain was employed for the edification of the servants and the ladies of the family, had not felt it to be incumbent upon him to attend either; but he was the second person to enter the breakfast parlor.

Lady Widmore, after bidding him a bluff good-morning, told him bluntly that she was sorry his suit had not prospered.

"Thank you. I, too, am sorry," replied Sir Gareth.

recollected the unwisdom of quarrelling with Sir Gareth, and managed, though not without a severe struggle with herself, to swallow her spleen and to call upon her father-in-law to persuade Sir Gareth not to curtail his visit to Brancaster.

The Earl, while responding with a fair assumption of enthusiasm, privately considered that it would be useless for Sir Gareth to linger under his roof. His daughter, he had decided, was destined to remain a spinster all her days; and he had formed the intention, while shaving, of putting the whole matter out of his mind and losing no time in repairing to the more congenial locality of Brighton.

He had been prepared to perform his duties as a host and a father while Hester mooned about the gardens with her affianced husband, but if this very easy way of entertaining Sir Gareth failed, as failed it assuredly must, he wondered what the devil he was to do with the fellow for a whole week in the middle of July.

"Thank you, sir; you are very good, but I fear it is not in my power to remain," replied Sir Gareth. "I must convey my charge to Oundle



"Well, if I were you, I wouldn't give up hope," said her ladyship. "The mischief is that Hester's the shyest thing in nature, you know."

"I do know it," said Sir Gareth unencouragingly.

"Give her time, and I dare swear she'll come round!" she persevered.

"Do you mean, ma'am, that she might be scolded into accepting me?" he asked dryly.

"I trust that no one will make the attempt, for however much I must hope that her answer to me last night was not final, I most certainly don't wish for a wife who accepted me only to escape from the recriminations of her relatives."

"Well, upon my word!" ejaculated Lady Widmore, her color rising.

"I know that your ladyship is an advocate of plain speaking," said Sir Gareth sweetly.

"Ay, very true!" she retorted. "So I will make bold to tell you, sir, that it's your own fault that this business has come to nothing!"

He looked coolly at her, a hint of steel in his eyes.

"Believe me, ma'am," he said, "though you may be laboring under a misapprehension as little flattering to yourself as it is to me, Lady Hester is not!"

Fortunately, since her temper was hasty, the Earl came in just then, with his chaplain at his heels, and by the time he had greeted his guest, with as much cheerfulness as he could muster, and had expressed the conventional hope that he had slept well, she had

—or even, perhaps, back to her parents."

"Oh, there is not the smallest need for you to put yourself about!" struck in Lady Widmore. "Fabian was saying to me last night that he would be pleased to take her up in his carriage as far as to Oundle, for he goes to Melton today, you know, and it will not carry him far out of his way."

"I am very much obliged to him, but must not trespass upon his good nature," replied Sir Gareth, a note of finality in his voice.

"No such thing!" said Lady Widmore robustly. "It can make no difference to Fabian, and I am sure I know not why you should be dancing attendance upon a schoolgirl, Sir Gareth!"

There was a challenge in her eye, but before Sir Gareth could meet it, Mr. Whyteleaf said with precision: "I must venture to inform your ladyship of a circumstance which cannot but preclude Mr. Theale's being able to offer his services to Miss Smith. Mr. Theale's travelling carriage, closely followed by the coach containing his baggage, passed beneath my window at fourteen minutes past seven o'clock exactly. I am able, I should explain, to speak with certainty on this point because it so chanced that, being desirous of knowing the hour, I was at that instant in the act of consulting my watch."

The Earl had never liked his chaplain, but he had not hitherto considered him actively malevolent. He now perceived

that he had been cherishing a viper. Sir Gareth was, of course, bound to discover the truth, but it had been his lordship's intention to have taken good care that he should not do so in his presence. The more he had considered the matter, the stronger had become his conviction that the disclosure would lead to an awkward scene, and the avoidance of awkward scenes was one of the guiding principles of his life.

In an attempt to gloss over the perilous moment, he said: "Yes, yes; now you put me in mind of it, I recall that my brother said he rather thought he should make an early start. Doesn't like travelling in the heat of the day," he added, addressing himself to Sir Gareth.

The door opened and Lady Hester came into the room. Sir Gareth, as he rose to his feet, pushing back his chair, saw with concern that she was looking pale and rather heavy-eyed.

"Good morning," she said, in her soft voice. "I am afraid I am shockingly late this morning, and, as for Miss Smith, my woman tells me that she is still asleep."

"Lady Hester, have you yourself seen Amanda?" Sir Gareth asked abruptly.

She shook her head, looking inquiringly at him.

"No. I didn't wish to disturb her. Ought I to have? Oh, dear, you don't think she can have—?"

"Yes, I do think she can have," said Sir Gareth. "I have just learnt that your uncle left Brancaster two hours ago, and nothing appears to be more likely than that he took Amanda with him."

"Well, what if he did?" demanded Lady Widmore. "Very obliging of him, I should call it, and nothing to make a piece of work over! To be sure, it is excessively uncivil of her to have gone off without bidding anyone goodbye, but I, for one, am not amazed."

"I will go up to her room immediately," Lady Hester said, ignoring her sister-in-law.

She found Amanda's bed-chamber untenanted. A note addressed to herself lay on the dressing-table. As she was reading the few lines of apology and explanation, Povey came in, checking at sight of her, and saying in some confusion: "I beg your pardon, my lady! I was just coming in to see if Miss was awake!"

"You knew, Povey, when you told me that Miss Smith was asleep that she had left the house," said Hester quietly. "No, do not try to answer me! You have done very wrong. I don't wish to talk to you. Indeed, I don't feel that I shall be able to forgive you."

Povey instantly burst into tears, but, to her startled dismay, her tender-hearted mistress seemed quite unmoved, leaving the room without so much as another glance thrown in her direction.

Lady Hester found Sir Gareth awaiting her at the foot of the stairs. She put Amanda's note into his hand, saying remorsefully: "It is just as you suspected. I have been dreadfully to blame!"

"You? No, indeed!" he returned, running his eye over the note.

"Well, she doesn't tell you so, but I imagine there is no doubt she went away with your uncle." He gave the note back to her, saying, as he saw her face of distress: "My dear, don't look so stricken! There is not very much harm done,

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Page 49

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To page 51



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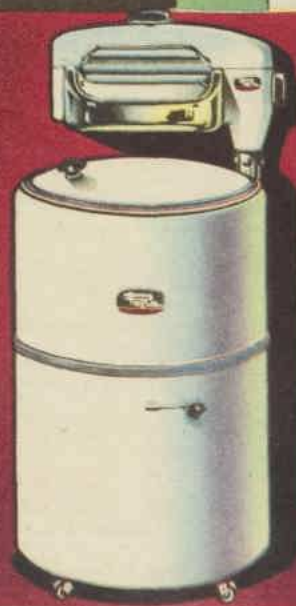
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after all, I own, I wish I knew where Theale is taking her, but I daresay they will not be difficult to trace.

"It is quite shameful of Fabian!" she said, in a tone of deep mortification.

He replied lightly: "For anything we yet know she may have prevailed upon him to take her to Oundle, where, I don't doubt, she will try to give him the slip."

"You say that to make me feel more comfortable, but pray don't!" she said. "There can be no excuse for his conduct, and the dreadful thing is that there never is! Even if she made him think she indeed had relations at Oundle, he cannot have thought it proper to remove her from Brancaster in such a way. And I very much fear that he has not taken her to Oundle. In fact, it would be much more like him to carry her off to his hunting-box, which I should have no hesitation in saying is what he has done, only that he must know that is the first place where you would look for her."

"Well, if we are to speak frankly of your uncle, I will own that that is precisely what I fear he may have done," said Sir Gareth.

"Oh, yes, pray say what you like! I assure you, none of us would disagree with you, however badly you think of him, for he is almost the most severe misfortune that ever befell us. But it would be quite foolhardy of him to have taken her to Melton Mowbray!"

"I suspect that he thinks I shan't attempt to follow him," replied Sir Gareth dryly. "Your brother and his wife certainly believe me to have brought my mistress to Brancaster, and your uncle's conduct now leads me to suppose that they are not alone in that belief."

"I don't know very much

Continuing . . .

## Sprig Muslin

from page 49

about such matters," said Hester thoughtfully, "but I shouldn't have thought you would do that."

"You may be perfectly sure I would not!"

"Oh, yes, I am! I told Almeria so. I cannot but feel that it would be such a silly thing to do!"

"It would also be an extremely insulting thing to do," he said, smiling at her tone of serious consideration. "How Theale came to credit me with so much ill-breeding is something that perhaps he will explain to me presently."

"Well," said Hester, wrinkling her brow, "I think it is just the sort of thing he would do himself, which would account for it. But what has me in a puzzle is why you should think he would not, in that event, expect you to follow him. I should have thought it quite certain you would do so—unless, of course, not pursuing people who steal your mistress is one of those rules of gentleman's etiquette which naturally I know nothing about."

"No," he answered, laughing. "It is not! But if I had been so lost to all sense of propriety as to have brought my mistress with me when my errand was to beg you to honor me with your hand in marriage, I must indeed have found it an awkward business—to say the least of it!—to recover Amanda from your uncle."

"Yes, so you must!" she agreed, pleased to have the problem elucidated. "Dear me, how excessively shabby of Fabian to try to take advantage of your position! You know, whenever he is in a scrape, one always hopes that

he has gone his length, but he seems never to be at a loss to think of something worse to do. How very vexing it is for you! What shall you do?"

"Try to discover which road he took when he left this house and go after him. What else can I do? I made myself responsible for Amanda, and, although she deserves to be well spanked, I can't let her run

truth—or some part of it, and, as he plainly considers me to be touched in the upper works, I imagine he will congratulate you on your good sense in refusing to have anything to do with me!"

She flushed and very slightly shook her head.

"Don't let us speak of that! I wish I might be of some assistance to you now, but I cannot think of anything I could usefully do. If Fabian has gone to Melton, he will have



"Now, Henry, why can't you remember that you were young once yourself?"

into mischief that might so easily mean her ruin. I have already desired your butler to send a message to the stables." He held out his hand, and she put hers into it, looking fleetingly up into his face.

"I owe you an apology," he said. "Believe me, if I had guessed how troublesome she would be, I would not have burdened you with Amanda." He smiled suddenly.

"One advantage, however, must have been gained. I was obliged to tell your father the

taken the road to Huntingdon, because, although the more direct way is through Peterborough, the road from Chatteris to Peterborough is very narrow and rough, and he will never venture on to it for fear of being made to feel ill. He is a very bad traveller."

She paused, and seemed to reflect.

"Will you feel obliged to call him out?" she asked finally. "I don't know what may be the proper thing for you to do, and I don't wish to

tease you, but I can't help feeling that it would be more comfortable if you did not."

His lips quivered, but he replied with admirable gravity: "Just so! I shan't go to such desperate lengths as that, and, although I own it would give me a good deal of pleasure to draw his cord—I beg your pardon, make his nose bleed—I daresay I shan't even do that. He is too old, and too fat—and heaven only knows what tale Amanda may have beguiled him with! I only wish I may not figure as the villain of it."

"Now, that," said Hester, roused from her gentle tolerance, "would be really too naughty of her, and quite beyond the line of what is excusable!"

He laughed. "Thank you! I must go now. May I write to tell you the outcome of this nonsensical adventure?"

"Yes, indeed, I hope you will, for I shall be very anxious until I hear from you."

He raised her hand to his lips, and kissed it, pressed it slightly, and then released it, and went away up the stairs. Lady Hester remained for a moment or two, staring absently at nothing in particular, before going slowly back into the breakfast-parlor.

The first check to Amanda's new plan of campaign was thrown in the way by Mr. Theale, who disclosed, when midway between Brancaster Park and Huntingdon, that he had ordered his coachman to drive straight through that town to the village of Brampton, where, he said, they would pause for breakfast and a change of horses.

He did not tell her that he preferred not to be seen in her company in a town where he was naturally a familiar figure;

but was prepared, if questioned, to dilate upon the excellencies of the posting-house at Brampton; a hostelry which had never, as yet, enjoyed his patronage.

But she did not question him. Successful generals did not allow their minds to be diverted by irrelevancies. They tied knots, and went on.

The setback was not as severe as it might have been, had she been still adhering to her plan of seeking employment at one of the town's chief posting-houses. This scheme she had abandoned, knowing that the George, the Fountain, and no doubt the Crown as well would be the first places where Sir Gareth would expect to find her. But she had ascertained from the obliging Povey that stage-coaches to various parts of the country were to be boarded in Huntingdon, and it had been her intention to have bought herself a ticket on one of these, to some town just far enough away from Huntingdon to have baffled Sir Gareth.

A village situated two miles beyond Huntingdon would not suit her purpose at all; it might be hours before a coach passed through it. If she succeeded in escaping from Mr. Theale there, and walked back to Huntingdon, she would run the risk of meeting Sir Gareth on the road, or find, when she reached the coach-office, that he had been there before her, and directed the clerk to be on the watch for her.

Mr. Theale's society, she decided, would have to be endured for rather longer than she had hoped.

How to give Mr. Theale the slip had become the most pressing of the problems confronting her, for however easy a matter it might have been in a busy county-town, it was not

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## New Hope for every Man and Woman who Suffers the Crippling Pains and Tortures of

# RHEUMATISM, NEURITIS

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going to be in an easy in some small village.

Artless questioning elicited the information that the next town on their road was Thrapston, which was some fifteen miles distant from Brampton. Mr. Theale said that by nursing the horses a little they could very well make this their next stage, but Amanda had a lively dread that long before his leisurely carriage, with its odiously conspicuous yellow body, had reached Thrapston, it would be overtaken by Sir Gareth's sporting curricle; and she realised that as soon as she was far enough from Huntingdon she must part company with her elderly admirer.

She would do this without compunction, too, but with a good deal of relief. At Brancaster, fortified by the scarcely acknowledged protection of Sir Gareth in the background, she had thought Mr. Theale merely a fat and foolish old gentleman, whom it would be easy to bring about her thumb; away from Brancaster, and (it must be owned), Sir Gareth's surveillance, although she still thought him old and fat, she found, to her surprise, that she was a little afraid of him.

She had certainly met his kind before, but under her aunt's careful chaperonage no elderly and amorous beau had ever contrived to do more than give her hand a squeeze, or to ogle her in a very laughable way. She had classed Mr. Theale with her grandfather's friends, who always petted her, and paid her a great many extravagant compliments; but within a very short while of having delivered herself into his power she discovered that, for all his fatherly manner, he was disquietingly unlike old Mr. Swaffham, or General Mersey, or Sir Harry Bramber, or even Major Mickleham, who was such an accomplished flirt that Grandpapa scolded him, saying that he was doing his best to turn her head.

These senile persons frequently pinched her cheek, or chuckled her under the chin, or even put their arms round her waist, and gave her a hug; and old Mr. Swaffham invariably demanded a kiss from her;

so why she should have been frightened when Mr. Theale's arm slid round her was rather inexplicable. She had stiffened instinctively, and had had to subdue an impulse to thrust him away.

He seemed to want to stroke and fondle her, too, and as her flesh shrank under his hand the thought flashed suddenly into her mind that not even Neil, who loved her, petted her in just such a fashion.

Certain of her aunt's veiled warnings occurred to her, and she began to think that possibly Aunt was not quite as foolish and old-fashioned as she had supposed her to be.

Not, of course, that she was not well able to take care of herself, or was at all afraid of her aged protector; merely, he made her feel uncomfortable, and was such a dead bore that she would be glad to be rid of him.

This desire, however, carried with it no corresponding wish to see those match-bays of Sir Gareth's rapidly overtaking her; and she scarcely knew how to contain her impatience while Mr. Theale selected and consumed a lavish breakfast.

Her scheme for the subjugation of her grandfather had by this time become entangled with a clenched-teeth determination to outwit and wholly confound Sir Gareth. His cool assumption of authority had much incensed a damsel accustomed all her short life to being tenderly indulged. Only Neil had the right to dictate to her, and Neil never committed the heinous sin of laughing at her. Sir Gareth had treated her as though she had been an amusing child, and must be shown the error of his high-handed ways.

At the same time, he had succeeded in imbuing her with a certain respect for him, so that, although the clock in the inn's coffee-room assured her that it was in the highest degree unlikely that he had yet emerged from his bedchamber, she could not help looking

Continuing . . . Sprig Muslin

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anxiously out of the window every time she heard the sound of an approaching vehicle.

Mr. Theale, observing these signs of nervous apprehension, called her a silly little puss, and told her that she would be quite safe in his care.

"He won't chase after you, my pretty, and if he did I should tell him to go to the devil," he said, transferring a second rasher of grilled ham from the dish to his plate, and looking wistfully at a cluster of boiled eggs.

"No, I shan't venture upon an egg," he decided, with a sigh of regret. "Nothing is more prone to turn me queasy, and, though I am in a capital way now, we have a longish journey before us, and there's no saying that I shan't be feeling as queer as Dick's hatband before we come to the end of it."

Amanda, who was breakfasting on raspberries and cream, paused, with her spoon halfway to her mouth, a sudden and brilliant notion taking possession of her mind. "Do you get sick in carriages, sir?" she asked.

He nodded. "Always been the same. It's a curst nuisance, but my coachman is a very careful driver and knows he must let the horses drop into a walk if the road should be rough. Ah, that makes you think me a sad old fogey, doesn't it?"

"Oh, no!" said Amanda

### Notice to Contributors

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earnestly, "because it is exactly so with me!"

"God bless my soul, is it, indeed? Well, we are well suited to one another, eh?" His gaze fell on her brimming plate, he said uneasily: "Do you think you should eat raspberries, my dear? I should not dare!"

"Oh, yes, for I assure you I feel delightfully well this morning!" she replied, pouring more cream over the mound on her plate. "Besides, I am excessively partial to raspberries and cream."

Mr. Theale, watching with a fascinated eye, could see that this was true. He hoped very much that Amanda was not misjudging her capacity, but he felt a little anxious, and when, half an hour later, her vivacious prattle became rather forced, he was not in the least surprised.

By the time they reached the village of Spaldwick it had ceased altogether, and she was leaning back against the elegant velvet squabs with her eyes closed. Mr. Theale offered her his vinaigrette, which she took with a faintly uttered word of thanks. He was relieved to see that the color still bloomed in her cheeks, and ventured to ask her presently if she felt more the thing.

"I feel very ill, but I dare say I shall be better directly," she replied in brave but faltering accents. "I expect it was the raspberries. They always make me feel like this!"

"Well, what the devil made you eat them?" demanded Mr. Theale, pardonably annoyed.

"I am so very partial to them!" she explained tearfully. "Pray don't be vexed with me!"

"No, no!" he made haste to assure her. "There, don't cry, my pretty!"

"Oh, don't!" begged Amanda, as he tried to put his arm around her. "I fear I am about to swoon!"

"Don't be afraid!" said Mr. Theale, patting her hand. "You won't do that, not while you have such lovely roses in

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# Take DeWitt's Pills TONIGHT and see results TOMORROW!

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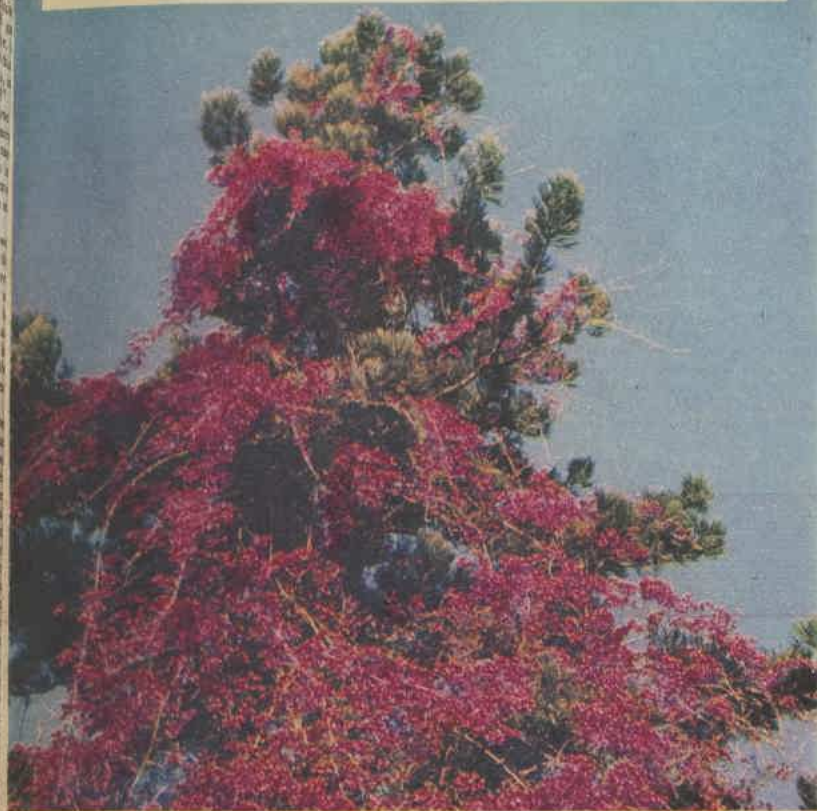
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# CLIMBING VINES



**RICH COLORING** of purple bougainvillea (*magnificatrailii*) is enhanced by a background of the supporting green of the hoop-pine trees. This lovely specimen of bougainvillea was photographed in the Botanic Gardens at Rockhampton, Queensland.

Vines and climbers are important in the garden because they afford privacy, hide unsightly places, and provide a large quantity of color in a minimum of space.

**VIGOROUS** growers like bougainvilleas, or bignonia cherere, should be given 20 to 30 feet of space left and right of their main stems.

The same applies to wistaria, akebias, jasminum, clematis, passiflora, phaseolus, rhynchospermum, solanum, wendlandii, virginian creeper, and solandra nitida.

Planting too close to a wall or fence which reflects the heat during summer months is frequently the cause of failure of young plants.

Early autumn is an ideal time for planting evergreen climbers.

Young plants should be bought from March to mid-May. Deciduous climbers can be safely shifted when leafless, but evergreens should be pruned back hard before being moved and late winter is the best time for this job.

Annual climbers are mostly sown from seed during spring. These include mina lobata,

cardinal climber, balloon vine, cypress vine, and canary creeper.

The annuals mentioned do moderately well everywhere except in Tasmania. Clematis of all kinds flower well in the cool districts, and so do cobaea scandens, virginian creeper, dolichos, honeysuckles, ivy, smilax (needs shade), passiflora, wistaria, and sollya.

For hot districts from Mel-

## GARDENING

bourne to Brisbane, climbers such as coral vine, Dutchman's pipe, baubinia scandens, beaumontia, bignonia, bougainvilleas, combretums, hoyas (needs shade), quiscalis (Rangoon creeper), solandra nitida, solanum, stephanotis, and thunbergias are ideal.

Climbers suitable for the inside of bush-houses or glass-houses include hoyas, carnosa, lapageria, smilax, medeola asparagoides, stephanotis, and

climbing ferns. Lapageria and stephanotis are frost-tender and need protection during winter.

In very sunny places, most of the bignonias make a fine display, but should be given ample room. There are a dozen or more varieties ranging from cream to yellow, pink, snow-white, red, orange, lavender, and crimson.

For pillars and low trellises, the best climbers are sollya or Australian bluebell vine, manettia (Christmas bell vine), hardenbergia (false sarsaparilla), and ampelopsis lowii, a small-leaved virginian creeper that produces good autumn foliage.

For masses of brilliant color in mild to warm districts, the beautiful coral vine is one of the finest imaginable. In summer great masses of coral-pink blooms appear among good foliage.

Another vine that can be used for similar displays is baubinia scandens. It produces pale pink flowers with red, showy stamens for several months.

Few climbers are self-clinging, other than ivy and some of the virginian creepers, therefore they should be tied up as they grow to lath trellises or given some wire-netting on which they can ramble through the mesh.

**ENCHANTMENT** of the starry-flowered clematis montana is one of the rewards of those who garden in cool climates. Blooms come in mauves, pink, and white.

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your cheeks! Just put your head on my shoulder and see if you don't feel better in a trice!"

"Is my face very pink?" asked Amanda, not availing herself of this invitation. "Charmingly pink!" he asserted.

"Then I am going to be sick," said Amanda, ever fertile of invention. "I always have a pink face when I am sick. Oh, dear, I feel quite dreadfully sick!"

Considerably alarmed, Mr. Theale sat bolt upright and looked at her with misgiving.

"Nonsense! You can't be sick here!" he said bracingly.

"I can be sick anywhere!" replied Amanda, pressing her handkerchief to her lips and achieving a realistic hiccup.

"I will stop the carriage!" exclaimed Mr. Theale, groping for the check-cord.

"If only I could lie down for a little while I should be perfectly well again!" murmured the sufferer.

"Yes, but you can't lie down by the roadside, my dear girl! Wait, I'll consult with James. Stay perfectly quiet—take another sniff at the smelling-salts!" recommended Mr. Theale, letting down the window and leaning out to confer with the coachman, who had pulled up his horses and was craning round inquiringly from the box-seat.

After a short and somewhat agitated colloquy with James, Mr. Theale brought his head and shoulders back into the carriage.

"James reminds me that there is some sort of an inn a little way farther along the road, at Bythorne," he announced. "It's only a matter of a couple of miles! It ain't a posting-house, but a decent enough place he says, where you could rest for a while. Now, if he were to drive us there very slowly—"

"Oh, thank you, I am so much obliged to you!" said Amanda, summoning up barely enough strength to speak audibly. "Only perhaps it would be better if he were to drive us there as fast as he can!"

Mr. Theale had the greatest dislike of being hurried over even the smoothest road, but the horrid threat contained in these sinister words impelled him to put his head out of the window again, and to order the coachman to put 'em along.

Astonished, but willing, James obeyed him, and the carriage was soon bowling briskly on its way, the body swaying and lurching on its swan-neck springs in a manner fatal to Mr. Theale's delicate constitution. He began to feel far from well himself and would have wrested his vinaigrette from Amanda's hand had he not feared that to deprive her of its support might precipitate a crisis that could not, he felt, be far off.

He could only marvel that she had not long since succumbed. Every time she moaned he gave a nervous start, and rolled an anxious eye at her, but she bore up with great fortitude, even managing to smile, tremulously but gratefully, when he assured her that they only had a very little way to go.

It seemed a very long way to him, but just as he had decided, in desperation, that he could not for another instant endure the sway of the carriage, the pace slackened. A few cottages came into view; the horses dropped to a sober trot; and Mr. Theale said, on a gasp of relief: "Bythorne!"

Amanda greeted Bythorne with a low moan.

The carriage came to a gentle halt in front of a small but neat-looking inn, which stood on the village street, with its yard behind it. The coachman shouted: "House, there!" and the landlord and the tapster both came out in a bustle of welcomes.

Amanda had to be helped down from the carriage very carefully. The landlord, informed tersely by James that the lady had been taken ill, uttering words of respectful encouragement, and commanding the tapster to fetch the mistress to her straight.

Mr. Theale, much shaken, managed to alight unassisted, but his usually florid countenance wore a pallid hue, and his legs, in their tight yellow pantaloons, tottered a little.

Amanda, supported between the landlord and his stout helpmate, was led tenderly into the inn; and Mr. Theale, recovering both his color and his presence of mind, explained that his young relative had been overcome by the heat of the day, and the rocking of the carriage.

Mrs. Sheet said that she had frequently been taken that way herself, and begged to Amanda to come and have a nice lay down in the best bedchamber. Mr. Sheet was much inclined to think that a drop of brandy would put the young lady into prime twig again; but Amanda, bearing up with great courage and nobility, said in a failing voice that she had a revivifying cordial packed in one of her boxes.



"Only I cannot remember in which," she said prudently.

"Let both be fetched immediately!" ordered Mr. Theale. "Do you go upstairs with this good woman, my love, and I warrant you will soon feel quite the thing again!"

Amanda thanked him, and allowed herself to be led away, whereupon Mr. Theale, feeling that he had done all that could be expected of him, retired to the bar-parlor to sample the rejected brandy.

Mrs. Sheet came surging in, some twenty minutes later, bearing comfortable tidings. In spite of the unaccountable negligence of the young lady's abigail, in having omitted to pack the special cordial in either of her handboxes, she ventured to say that Miss was already on the high road to recovery, and, if left to lie quietly in a darkened room for half an hour or so, would presently be as right as a trivet.

She had obliged Miss to drink a remedy of her own, and although Miss had been reluctant to do so, and had needed a good deal of urging, anyone could see that it had already done much to restore her.

Mr. Theale, who was himself sufficiently restored to have lighted one of his cigarillos, had no objection to whiling away half an hour in a snug bar-parlor. He went out to direct James to stable his horses for a short time; and while he was jealously watching James negotiate the difficult turn into the yard behind the inn, the coach which carried his valet and his baggage drove up.

Perceiving his master, the valet shouted to the coachman

Continuing . . .

## Sprig Muslin

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to halt, and at once jumped down, agog with curiosity to know what had made Mr. Theale abandon the principles of a lifetime, and spring his horses on an indifferent road. Briefly explaining the cause, Mr. Theale directed him to proceed on the journey, and, upon arrival at the hunting-box, to see to it that all was put in readiness there for the reception of a female guest.

So the coach lumbered on its way, and Mr. Theale, reflecting that the enforced delay would give his housekeeper time to prepare a very decent dinner for him, retired again to the bar-parlor, and called for another noggin of brandy.

Meanwhile, Amanda, left to recover on the smothering softness of Mrs. Sheet's best leather-bed, had nipped up, scrambled herself into that sprig-muslin gown which Povey had so kindly washed and ironed for her, and which the inexorable Mrs. Sheet had obliged her to put off, and had tied the hat of chin-straw over her curls again.

For several hideous minutes, after swallowing Mrs. Sheet's infallible remedy for a queasy stomach, she had feared that she really was going to be sick, but

At the foot of the stairs a shut door promised egress to the yard. Drawing a deep breath, Amanda stole down the remaining stairs, gingerly lifted the latch of the door, and whisked herself through the aperture, softly closing the door behind her. As she had expected, she found herself in the yard. It was enclosed by a rather ramshackle collection of stables and outhouses, and paved with large cobbles.

Pulled into the patch of shade thrown by a large barn, stood the yellow-bodied carriage; and, drawn up, not six feet from the backdoor of the inn, was a farm tumbril, with a sturdy horse standing between its shafts, and a ruddy-faced youth casting empty sacks into it.

Amanda had not bargained for this bucolic character, and for a moment she hesitated, not quite knowing whether to advance, or to draw back. The youth, catching sight of her, stood staring, allowing both his jaw, and the empty crate he was holding to drop. If Amanda had been unprepared to see him, he was even more unprepared to see, emerging from the Red Lion, such a vision of beauty as she presented to his astonished gaze.

"Hush!" commanded Amanda, in the hissing whisper.

The youth blinked at her, but was obediently silent.

Amanda cast a wary look towards the kitchen-window.

"Are you going to take that cart away?" she demanded.

His jaw dropped lower; he nodded.

"Well, will you let me ride in it, if you please?" She added, as she saw his eyes threaten to start from their sockets: "I am escaping from a Deadly Peril! Oh, pray make haste, and say I may go in your cart!"

Young Mr. Ninfield's head was in a whirl, but his mother had impressed upon him that he must always be civil to members of the Quality, so he uttered gruffly: "You're welcome, miss."

"Not so loud!" begged Amanda. "I am very much obliged to you! How shall I climb into it?"

Young Mr. Ninfield's gaze travelled slowly from her face to her gown of delicate muslin.

"It ain't fitting!" he said, in a hoarse whisper. "There's been tates in it, and a dozen pullets, and a couple o' bushels o' kindling!"

"It doesn't signify! If you could lift me into it, I can cover myself with those sacks, and no one will see me. Oh, pray be quick! The case is quite desperate! Can't you lift me?"

The feat was well within Mr. Ninfield's power, but the thought of picking up this fragile beauty almost made him swoon. However, she seemed quite determined to ride in his cart, so he manfully obeyed her. She was feather-light, and smelled deliciously of violets. Mr. Ninfield, handling her with all the caution he would have expended on his mother's best crockery, suffered another qualm.

"I don't like to!" he said, holding her like a baby in his muscular arms. "You'll get your pretty dress all of a muck!"

"Joe!" suddenly called Mrs. Sheet, from within the house.

"Joe!"

"Quickly!" Amanda urged him.

Thus adjured, Mr. Ninfield gave a gulp, and tipped her neatly into the cart, where she instantly lay down on the floor, and became screened from his

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IT'S **KAYSER WEEK** THROUGHOUT AUSTRALIA!

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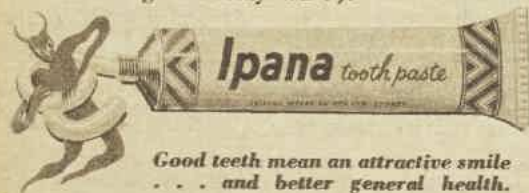
# AUSTRALIA

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- 1 VISIT YOUR DENTIST FOR A CHECK-UP AT LEAST TWICE A YEAR**
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\* 8 out of 10 dentists recommend **Ipana**

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Continuing . . .

## Sprig Muslin

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bemused gaze by the sides of the cart.

"The pickled cherries for your ma, Joe!" screeched Mrs. Sheet, from the kitchen-window. "If I hadn't well-nigh forgot them! Wait, now, till I fetch the jar out to you!"

"Do not betray me!" Amanda implored him, trying to pull the empty sacks over herself.

Mr. Ninfield was astonished. Mrs. Sheet, besides being a life-long crony of his mother's, was his godmother, and he had always looked upon her as a kindly and benevolent person. As she came out into the yard, he almost expected to find that she had undergone a transformation, and was relieved to see that her plump countenance was still as good-natured as ever. She handed a covered jar to him, bidding him take care to keep it the right way up.

"And mind you give my love to your ma, and thank her for the eggs, and tell your pa Sheet would have settled for the kindling, and that, only that he's serving a gentleman," she said.

"We've got quality in the house; a very fine-seeming gentleman, and the prettiest young lady you ever did see! Likely she's his niece. Poor lamb, she was took ill in the carriage, and is laid down in my best bedchamber at this very moment!"

Mr. Ninfield did not know what to reply to this, but as he was generally inarticulate his godmother set no particular store by his silence. She gave him a resounding kiss, repeated her injunction to take care of the pickled cherries, and went back into the house.

Mr. Ninfield picked up the empty crate, and peeped cautiously over the side of the cart. From its floor a pair of bright, dark eyes questioned him.

"Has she gone?" whispered Amanda.

"Ay."

"Then pray let us go too!"

"Ay," said Mr. Ninfield again. "I'll have to put this crate in—if convenient, miss."

"Yes, pray do so! And I will hold the jar for you," said Amanda obligingly.

Matters being thus satisfactorily arranged, Mr. Ninfield went to his horse's head, and began to lead that placid animal out of the yard, on to the road. The wheels of the cart being shod with iron, Amanda was considerably jolted, but she made no complaint. The horse plodded along the road in a westerly direction, Mr. Ninfield walking beside it, pondering deeply the extraordinary adventure that had befallen him.

His slow but profound cogitations caused him, at the end of several minutes, to say suddenly: "Miss!"

"Yes?" replied Amanda.

"Where would you be wishful I should take you?" inquired Mr. Ninfield.

"Well, I am not perfectly sure," said Amanda sunnily.

"No," replied Mr. Ninfield, having stared fixedly up and down the road for a moment or two.

Reassured on this point, Amanda knelt up, and looked down at her rescuer over the side of the cart.

"Where are you going yourself?" she asked chattily.

"Back home," he replied.

"Leastways—"

"Where is your home? Is it on this road?"

He shook his head, jerking his thumb towards the south.

"Whitethorn Farm," he explained laconically.

"Oh!" Amanda looked thoughtfully at him, considering a new scheme. A slow tide of bashful crimson crept up to the roots of his hair; he

smiled shyly up at her, and then looked quickly away, in case she should be affronted. But the smile decided the matter.

"Do you live there with your mother?" asked Amanda.

"Ay. And me dad. It's Dad's farm, and Granfer's afore him, and me great-granfer's afore him," he said, becoming loquacious.

"Would your mother let me stay there for a little while, do you think?"

This brought his head round again. He had not the smallest notion of what his mother's views might be, but he said ecstatically: "Ay!"

"Good!" said Amanda. "It so happens that I never thought of it before, but I now see that the thing for me to do is to become a dairymaid. I should like it of all things! I dare say you could teach me how to milk a cow, couldn't you?"

Mr. Ninfield, dazzled by the very thought of teaching a fairy princess to milk a cow, gulped, and uttered once again his favorite monosyllable: "Ay!" He then fell into a daze, from which he was recalled by the sight of an approaching vehicle.

He pointed this out to Amanda, but she had seen it already and had disappeared from view. He gave it as his opinion that she had best remain hid until they reached the lane leading, by way of the village of Keyston, to Whitethorn Farm.

Fortunately, since she found it extremely uncomfortable to crouch on the floor of the cart, this was not very far distant. As soon as Mr. Ninfield told her that they had left the post-road, she bobbed up again, and desired him to lift her down, so that she could ride on the shaft, as he was now doing.

"For it smells of hens on this floor," she informed him, "besides being very dirty. Do you think your mother would be vexed if we ate some of these pickled cherries? I am excessively hungry!"

"No," said Mr. Ninfield, for the second time recklessly committing his parent.

At the end of half an hour, Mr. Theale consulted his watch. He thought that he would give Amanda a little longer, and took himself and his cigarillo out on to the road. There was nothing much to be seen there, and after strolling up and down for a few minutes he went back into the inn, where the landlord met him with the offer of a slice or two of home-cured ham, by way of a nunchoon.

It was not yet noon, but Mr. Theale had partaken of breakfast at an unwontedly early hour, and the suggestion appealed strongly to him. He disposed of several slices of ham, followed these up with a generous portion of cheese, dug from the centre of a ripe Stilton, and washed down the whole with a large tankard of beer.

He then felt fortified against the rigors of travel, and, as Amanda had still not reappeared, requested Mrs. Sheet to step upstairs to see how she did.

Mrs. Sheet climbed laboriously up the stairs, but soon came back again to report that

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 18, 1956



the young lady was not in the best bedchamber.

"Not there?" repeated Mr. Theale incredulously.

"Happen she's in the coffee-room, sir," said Mrs. Sheet placidly.

"She ain't there," asserted the landlord positively. "Stands to reason she couldn't be, because his honor's been eating a bite of ham there this half-hour past. I daresay she stepped out for a breath of fresh air while you was eating your nunchoon, sir."

Mr. Theale felt that this was unlikely, but if Amanda was not in the Red Lion there seemed to be no other solution to the mystery of her disappearance, and he again stepped out on to the road, and looked up and down it. There was no sign of Amanda, but Mr. Sheet, who had followed him out of the inn, thought that very likely she had been tempted to explore the spinney that lay just beyond the last straggling cottages of the village.

Sir Gareth would not have wasted as much as five minutes in hunting for Amanda through a spinney, but Mr. Theale, as yet unacquainted with her remarkable propensity for running away, supposed that it was just possible that she had walked out for a stroll, as he himself had done earlier. No doubt, with the sun beating down upon the road, she had not been able to resist entering the spinney. It was thoughtless of her, and, indeed, decidedly vexatious, but young persons, he believed, were irresistibly drawn by woodland, and had, besides, very little regard for the clock.

He walked down the road until he came abreast of the spinney, and shouted. When he had done that several times, he swore, and himself entered the spinney through a gap in

Continuing . . .

## Sprig Muslin

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the hedge. A track wound through the trees, and he went down it for some distance, shouting Amanda's name at intervals.

Mr. Theale mopped his face and realised with annoyance that the high, starched points of his collar had begun to wilt. He also realised, although with some incredulity, that Amanda had given him the slip; but why she had done so, or where she could be hiding he could not imagine. He retraced his steps, and as he plodded up the dusty road the disquieting suspicion entered his head that she was not, after all, a member of the muslin company, but in truth the innocent child she looked to be.

If that were so, her desire to escape from Sir Gareth's clutches was very understandable. No doubt, thought Mr. Theale, virtuously indignant, Sir Gareth had encountered her after her expulsion from her amorous employer's establishment and had taken, dastardly advantage of her friendless, and possibly penniless, condition.

Mr. Theale's morals were erratic, but he considered that such conduct was beyond the line of what was allowable. It was also ramshackle. Deceiving innocent damsels, as he could have told Sir Gareth from his own experience, invariably led to trouble. They might appear to be alone in the world, but you could depend upon it that as soon as the mischief was done, some odiously respectable relative would come to light, which meant the devil to pay, and no pitch hot.

This reflection brought with it certain unwelcome memories, and made Mr. Theale feel that to abandon Amanda to her

fate, which had at first seemed the most sensible thing to do, would perhaps be unwise. Since she knew his name, it would be prudent to recapture her, for heaven alone knew what sort of account she might spread of the day's events if he was unable to convince her that his interest in her had all the time been purely philanthropic.

That could quite easily be done, given the opportunity. The thing to do then, he decided, would be to give her into his housekeeper's charge, and leave it to that capable matron to discover what family she possessed.

Of course, if she really had no relation living, and seemed inclined, once her alarm had been soothed, to take a fancy

to him—but that was for the future. The immediate task was to find her, and that, in so small a village, ought not to be very difficult.

Mr. Theale, arrived once more at the Red Lion, proceeded to grapple with the task. It proved to be fatiguing, fruitless and extremely embarrassing.

Mrs. Sheet, on thinking the matter over, had remembered the handboxes. It was just conceivable, though very unlikely, that Amanda had wandered out to take the air, and had contrived to lose herself; that she had burdened herself with two handboxes for a country stroll was quite inconceivable, and indicated to Mrs. Sheet not a stroll but a flight. And why, demanded Mrs. Sheet of her lord, should the pretty dear

wish to run away from her lawful uncle?

Mr. Sheet scratched his head, and admitted that it was a regular doubler.

"Mark my words, Sheet!" she said. "He's no more her uncle than what you are!"

"He never said he was *my* uncle," Mr. Sheet pointed out. "All he said was that she was a young relative of his."

"It don't signify. It's my belief he's no relation at all. He's a wolf in sheep's clothing."

"He don't look like one," said the landlord dubiously.

"He's one of these London beaux," insisted his wife. "He's got a wicked look in his eyes. I noticed it straight off. Them handboxes, too! I thought it was queer, a young lady not having what I'd call respectable luggage."

"The luggage was on the other coach," argued the landlord.

"Not hers, it wasn't," replied Mrs. Sheet positively. "She had all her things packed into those two boxes, for I saw them with my own eyes. Lor' bless me, why ever didn't she tell me my fine gentleman was making off with her unlawful? I wish I knew where she was got to!"

But no efforts of hers, or of Mr. Theale could discover the least trace of Amanda. Mr. Theale was forced, in the end, to accept the landlord's theory, which was that Amanda had slipped unperceived up the road, and had been picked up beyond the village by some carriage or stage-coach.

Mrs. Sheet clicked her tongue disapprovingly, and shook her head; but since it would never have occurred to her that a young lady of undoubted quality, dressed, too, in the first style of elegance, would have sought refuge in a

farm-tumbril, the suspicion that Joe Ninfeld might be able to throw light on the mystery never so much as entered her mind.

But even if it had entered it, she would have dismissed it, because she knew that Joe was a shy, honest lad, who would never dream either of deceiving his godmother, or of taking up with a strange girl.

Mr. Theale was forced to continue his journey alone; and by the time he climbed into his carriage again, not only was he exhausted by his exertions, but he was as much ruffled as it was possible for a man of his temperament to be. His inquiries in Bythorne awoke a most unwelcome curiosity in its inhabitants' breasts; and although Mr. Sheet continued to treat him with proper deference it was otherwise with the redoubtable mistress of the house, who made no attempt to conceal her unflattering opinion of him.

It was some time before his spirits recovered their tone. The wooden countenance of his coachman did nothing to allay the irritation of his nerves. Mr. Theale cherished few illusions, and he was well aware that James had not only heard every word of Mrs. Sheet's homily, but would lose no time in regaling his fellow-servants with the tale of his master's discomfiture.

James would have to be sent packing, which was as vexatious as anything that had happened during this disastrous day, since no other coachman had ever suited him half as well. Moreover, so many hours had been squandered that it was now doubtful whether he would reach Melton Mowbray that evening. The moon was at the full, but although moonlight would enable him to continue his journey far into the night.

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### FOR THE CHILDREN

#### Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



## Teacher learns lesson!

OLD CAT! I'M GOING TO DROP COOKING, NEXT TERM.

BET SHE DRINKS THE VINEGAR!

THESE NAGGING HEADACHES! NOW MY CLASS IS FALLING OFF.

LATER THAT NIGHT  
DOSING YOURSELF AGAIN! THAT'S YOUR TROUBLE, JANET. BETTER SEE DOCTOR.

BUT DOCTOR WHY DO I GET THESE DULL NAGGING HEADACHES?

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(slightly higher in some  
country areas)



## Continuing . . . Sprig Muslin

from page 59

on the treatment the boys were to receive, then was himself ordered to see them properly bestowed, realised that he was not to be left in charge of them, he knew that his master's must indeed be a desperate case.

Sir Gareth, driving a pair of job horses, drew a blank at Islip, and another at Lowick. He drove back to Thrapston, and, convinced in spite of all discouragement that Mr. Theale was heading for the neighborhood of Melton Mowbray, once more drove out of the town in that direction.

How Mr. Theale's coachman could have contrived, on such a sweltering day, to have pushed his horses beyond Islip he knew not, but that the yellow-bodied carriage had taken the road to Melton Mowbray he was certain. And he was perfectly right, as he knew as soon as he came upon the derelict a mile short of Brigstock.

There was considerable cause for satisfaction in this, but Sir Gareth had been driving all day, and he had eaten nothing since his interrupted breakfast at Brancaster. By the time he arrived at the Brigstock Arms he was holding his temper on a tight rein.

When he finally entered the parlor to find Mr. Theale lounging at his ease, with a bottle at his elbow and his slippers on a stool, an impulse surged up within him to pluck that conscienceless hedonist out of his chair with one hand for the simple purpose of sending him to grass with one scientifically placed punch from the other. Indeed, it had already formed itself into a fist when Mr. Theale spoke.

Mr. Theale's words gave Sir Gareth pause. He stood looking contemptuously down at him, his right hand unclenching as he recognised his condition.

It would have been unjust to have described Mr. Theale as drunk. It was his boast that no one had seen him deep-cut since the days of his youth, and certainly his capacity for brandy was prodigious. But his potations had cast a pleasant haze over the world, as he saw it, and they had induced in him a mood of immense affability. It was clearly out of the question to deal with him as he deserved.

Sir Gareth said curtly, "I see. Where is Miss Smith?"

"Schultz?" inquired Mr. Theale knowledgeably.

"Where is Miss Smith?" repeated Sir Gareth.

"Never heard of her," said Mr. Theale. "Now I come to think of it, Weston makes for you, doesn't he?"

"Where is Amanda Smith?" demanded Sir Gareth.

"Oh, her!" said Mr. Theale.

"I don't know!"

"Doing it rather too brown!" Sir Gareth said, with a distinct rasp in his voice. "Don't try to gammon me you didn't carry her off from Brancaster this morning!"

"Was it only this morning?" said Mr. Theale, mildly surprised. "I daresay you're right, but it seems longer."

"Where is she?"

"I keep telling you I don't know. Yes, and now I come to think of it, a pretty cool hand you are, my boy! First you bring that fancy-piece to Brancaster, and next, damme if you don't have the effrontery to come smash up to me, trying to get me to give her up to you. If I weren't a very easy-going man I should very likely call you to account. Thought you had more delicacy of principle."

"Rid your mind of two illusions at least. Amanda is neither my mistress nor a fancy-piece!"

"She isn't? As a matter of

fact, I'd got to thinking she might not be. You take the advice of a man who's older than you, my boy, and has seen more of the world than you ever will. If she ain't Haymarket ware, hedge off! I don't say she ain't a tempting armful—well, I thought so myself—but you may take it from me—"

"I wish to take nothing from you but that child!" interrupted Sir Gareth. "Stop cutting shams, and tell me what you've done with her. I warn you, Theale, I'm in no mood to listen to any more of your lies!"

"Now, don't get in a tweak!" recommended Mr. Theale. "It's no use your asking me what I've done with that chit, because I haven't done anything with her. She gave me the bag. I don't deny I wasn't best pleased at the time, but I'm not at all sure now that it ain't a good thing. Shouldn't wonder at it if she'd put me in the basket. You, too. Forget her, my boy! After all, not the thing to offer for poor Hester one moment, and to go chasing after Amanda the next."

**SIR GARETH** ignored this piece of advice and demanded, "When did she give you the bag and where?"

"I forget the name of the place, but she'd been eating a lot of raspberries."

"What?"

"I don't wonder you're surprised. You'd have been even more surprised if you'd seen the cream she kept pouring over them. I warned her how it would be, but there was no stopping her. Swore she was in high gig, and so she was, then. That didn't last, of course. She began to feel queasy—at least, that's what she said. She may have been bamboozling me, though I shouldn't think anyone could have eaten all those raspberries without becoming as sick as a horse," he added thoughtfully.

"She sat there, moaning, and saying she must lie down. Got me to stop the carriage in some village or other. I daresay I'll remember its name in a minute: it wasn't far from Thrapston. Anyway, we went into an inn there, and Amanda went off upstairs with the landlady—a devilish woman, that! I give you my word, if I'd known what a shrew she was I wouldn't have set foot inside the place!"

"Never mind the landlady!" said Sir Gareth impatiently.

"Yes, it's all very well for you to say never mind the landlady, but you didn't have to listen to her talking as though you were a regular Queer Nabs, which I'm not!"

"The landlady rumbled you, did she? Good! What happened when Amanda went upstairs?"

"I had a glass of bingo. I needed it. I can tell you, because what with being bounced about in the carriage, and thinking every moment Amanda was going to cast up accounts, I was feeling queasy myself."

"I don't wish to know what you drank," exclaimed Sir Gareth, "or what you felt like. What happened to Amanda?"

"How should I know? The landlady said she was going to lie down for half an hour, and that's the last I heard of her, or anyone else, for that matter."

"Do you mean that she left the inn without anyone's seeing her?"

"That's it," nodded Mr. Theale. "Tipped me the double, the sly little cat. Queer business. She just disappeared,

though the Lord alone knows how she managed it! A pretty fix to have found myself in. Yes, and a pretty breeze she raised, too!"

"Are you telling me," said Sir Gareth dangerously, "that you left that child to fend for herself while you drove off your case?"

"There wasn't much to be said about it," objected Mr. Theale. "To start with, it's no pleasure to me to jaunter along in a carriage, and to go on with the perch broke, and I had to walk a good mile in tight boots."

"Did you make no effort to find Amanda?"

"Yes, I did, and how the devil I came to do anything so cork-brained—at my time of life, too!—has me lurching!"

"Where did you search for her?"

"All over the village," replied Mr. Theale bitterly. "You wouldn't think I could be such a gudgeon, would you? Because no sooner did those gape-seeds know that Amanda had given me the bag than they began to think there was something havey-cavey going on. Naturally, I'd told 'em at the inn, when we arrived there, that Amanda was a young relative of mine. Of course, as soon as she slipped off, that wouldn't fadge."

"Where, besides the village, did you search?"

"In a spinney. The landlady thought she might have gone there for a breath of air. Shouted myself hoarse, but to no purpose. That was before I guess she'd tipped me the double." He poured some more brandy into his glass, and drank it, and suddenly ejaculated, "Bythorne! That was the name of the place! I thought it would very likely come back to me."

"Bythorne! Then—when you couldn't find her in the village, where next did you go?"

Mr. Theale lowered the glass and looked at him in patient resignation. "Well, if ever I met such a fellow for asking muttonheaded questions! I came here, of course. Where did you think I went?"

"I thought," said Sir Gareth in a deadly voice, "that you must have searched any road or track that may lead from the village! Was it likely, Amanda was trying to escape from you, that she would remain in a village which, as I recall, consists of nothing more than two rows of cottages flanking the post-road?"

"Oh, you did, did you? You must have windmills in your head! Why the devil should I make a cake of myself, scouring the countryside for a girl I can see I'm dashed well rid of?"

"It would be useless to tell you!" Sir Gareth said, an angry pulse throbbing in his cheek. "But if you were not fifteen years my senior, as fat as a hog, and castaway into the bargain, I would hand you such a supply of home-brewed as would send you to bed for a month!"

"Not if you want me for an uncle," said Mr. Theale, quite undismayed. "Chuffy thing to do. And let me tell you, my boy, that no one's ever seen me castaway since I was up at Oxford. Never more than a trifle up in my hat: ask anyone!"

He watched Sir Gareth pick up his hat and gloves, and stride towards the door, and said, "Now where are you off to? Ain't you stopping to dinner?"

"I am not!" replied Sir Gareth, over his shoulder. "Surprising though it may seem to you, I am going to Bythorne!"

The door shut with a snap behind him. Mr. Theale shook his head sadly, and picked up the brandy-bottle again. "Queer in his attic," he remarked. "Poor fellow!"

To be continued

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 18, 1956



# RETURN TO FILMS

Young Margaret O'Brien, once a top child star of Hollywood and now a seasoned stage actress, is making her first grown-up movie appearance in a film with a sporting theme.

**M**MARGARET, a pretty teenager with only a slight resemblance to her former freckled, pig-tailed self, selected the part of a tomboy heroine in a film entitled "Glory" (R.K.O.) as a celluloid pipe-opener.

It's a racetrack story concerning a horse named Glory, which wins the Kentucky Derby.

This simple sporting yarn may be the means of coaxing the young actress back to new movie stardom.

In her juvenile heyday little Miss O'Brien was a top box-office star.

In those days she was no glamor-girl, having neither fashionable curls nor dimples to call her own.

And, unlike some of her movie contemporaries, she could neither sing nor dance.

But the child could act, and would do so at the drop of a word.

Older actors were astonished by young Margaret's sensitivity and her capacity for emotion.

Her ability to switch rapidly from laughter to tears made her an overnight sensation as the war orphan in "Journey For Margaret." At that time she was all of five years old.

At the ripe age of eight she learned her movie lines by having her mother read the script aloud twice. She had to memorize everyone else's dialogue, too, so that she would know her own cues.

In this fashion Margaret learned her lines for such memorable pictures as "Meet Me in St. Louis," "Music For Millions," and that delightful story "Our Vines Have Tender Grapes."

It has taken only a handful of years to change Margaret O'Brien from a child of pixie appeal into a pretty 18-year-old who is becoming a favorite of pin-up cameramen.

Acting is still the big thing in her life. Her work in "Glory" has brought other film offers, but she has let it be known that a stage career is her target.

**Film Fan Fare**  
CONDUCTED BY  
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**ABOVE:** Margaret O'Brien, a former child star, as she looks today in her first grown-up movie role. It is in "Glory," a widescreen, technicolor story with a racing theme. Seasoned campaigners Walter Brennan and Charlotte Greenwood give her adept support in the picture.



**LEFT:** Newcomer John Lupton with Margaret and a young stable friend in a scene from "Glory." John and Margaret share a youthful romance as well as the excitement of the film's racetrack plot.



"Gentle 'Vaseline' Liquid Shampoo keeps my hair shining clean"

says lovely Australian starring in Hollywood



Here's Victoria Shaw, with Tyrone Power in a scene from the Columbia film, "The Eddy Duchin Story". Victoria, formerly Australian model, Jeanette Elphick, is learning

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## 'SILLY-ASS' ROLES SUIT NEW STAR

By BILL STRUTTON, of our London staff

All England is laughing over a newly premiered comedy, "Private's Progress." It is a rollicking skit on the Army—a saga of the slackers, the dodgers, and the bunglers.

WITH it, a new comedian has leaped to stardom—a gangling, gormless fellow called Ian Carmichael, who plays the private whose inept progress is traced hilariously in this new film from the Boulting Brothers.

Carmichael's screen character is a footling sissy who can't do anything right. He has the physique to go with this—skinny, fair-haired, a plaintive expression, an air of complete helplessness.

He is the fellow who stole a lot of thunder in a feature role in the comedy-skit on television, "Simon and Laura," in which he portrayed a mannered B.B.C. television producer. (Local actor Charles Tingwell played the same part in the Withers-McCallum stage play in Australia.)

Carmichael managed to bear away the honors in several comedy exchanges on television with the stars, Peter Finch and Kay Kendall.

Perhaps it was because he knew his role so well. He was once a freelance television producer himself.

Now, all of a sudden, this young man is basking in the glory of stardom. He is sitting on two fat contracts—one with Rank, the other with the Boulting Brothers—and is now the focus of all attention in the starring comedy role of "The Big Money," down at Pinewood.

There are a lot of pound notes floating around the set in this comedy. Real ones.

"Why real?" echoed the property man. "Because it's cheaper than making duds."

Also standing round, watching the pound notes, is a squad of private detectives stationed at the exits and over the safe on the set where they are stored after each take.

They are also using real

beer, which makes a refreshing change for actors—because again they've found it's cheaper.

Ian Carmichael plays the part of a young man whose family are all thieves. And though he strives loyally to follow in their footsteps, he isn't a very good crook at all.

It looks, with this, as though they're going to build him into one of the biggest silly-ass stars Britain has known in a decade or so. Fortunately, this time, they have a highly trained talent to help them.

Carmichael, despite his studied air of an upper-class idiot, has been in the business since childhood when he managed to learn an entire school play at two days' notice.

Carmichael's history is very different from the type he plays on the screen. He went to the war at 19 and reached captain's rank in the 22nd Dragoons, Royal Armoured Corps.

His family tried to lure him back into their prosperous jewellery business after the war. By then he had acquired a wife and two children, a fact which tempted him to consider security rather than striking out on a beginner's pay in odd theatre jobs.

It was his wife, Pym, who refused a secure job for him. She told him, "You'll only be unhappy."

In three years Carmichael worked his way up to light musical-comedy juvenile leads on B.B.C. television.

Then he suddenly flowered as revue comedian in a show which was brought into the West End. It was the "Lyric Revue"—a smash hit which made Ian Carmichael a star whose specialty was a sophisticated, whipcrack brand of satire.

All the time he had been struggling in small parts in



IAN CARMICHAEL, a bright young man who made his name in revue and is fast finding fame in films. In "Simon and Laura," with Peter Finch and Kay Kendall, he almost steals the show as a highly eccentric television producer.

films. He blinked and said, "I came up the correct way. Struggled for ten years. Really worked. So that if they give me something tricky to do now, I feel I can do it."

"You see, I have made two good films. Well, they were good films, so there's no point

in pretending otherwise. Now the problem is to keep all that up."

Meanwhile he is celebrating his success—£30,000 worth of contracts—in a very domestic way. With his wife, Pym, he is poring over plans to modernise their Hampstead flat.

## Talking of Films

### ★ ★ The Court Jester

IN his new comedy, "The Court Jester" (Paramount), Danny Kaye's buffoonery, as well as the audience's readiness to laugh at anything he does, keeps the atmosphere cheerful.

Not even Danny's most ardent admirer, however, could claim that the picture is top-flight Kaye fun-making all the way through.

The Norman Panama-Melvin Frank screenplay is weak in some spots and foolish in others.

Even the material supplied by clever Sylvia Fine, the star's wife, is unremarkable.

But all the same "The Court Jester" is a light-hearted bit of nonsense with songs. It is good for some laughs and sends you away from the theatre in a cheerful frame of mind.

In form the picture is a widescreen, technicolor burlesque of knighthood and the age of chivalry in general.

No holds are barred in the story of a mysterious outlaw band which ousts the usurper Roderick I (Cecil Parker) from the throne of England and installs an infant heir apparent who bears the mark of the Purple Pimpernel on his tiny posterior.

Kaye's timid outlaw poses as a notorious Italian assassin to gain entry to the royal castle, where he finds a powerful ally in the witch Griselda (Millard Natwick), an unwanted admirer in the Princess Gwendolyn (Angela Lansbury), and true love in the arms of Glynis Johns' Maid Jean.

Veteran Basil Rathbone enters right into the spirit of the affair as Ravenshurst, a medieval villain.

In Sydney—Prince Edward.

### CITY FILM GUIDE

#### Films reviewed

CAPITOL.—★ ★ "The Man From Laramie," color CinemaScope Western, starring James Stewart, Cathy O'Donnell. Plus ★ "New Orleans Uncensored," crime melodrama, starring Arthur Franz, Beverley Garland.

EMBASSY.—★ ★ ★ "Richard III," color VistaVision Shakespearean melodrama, starring Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, John Gielgud, Claire Bloom.

ESQUIRE.—★ ★ ★ "Marty," comedy-drama, starring Ernest Borgnine, Betsy Blair. Plus featurettes.

LIBERTY.—★ ★ "The Tender Trap," color CinemaScope comedy, starring Frank Sinatra, Celeste Holm, Debbie Reynolds. Plus featurettes.

LYRIC.—"They Got Me Covered," comedy, starring Bob Hope, Dorothy Lamour. (Re-release, review unavailable.) Plus ★ "Northwest Stampede," color Western, starring James Craig, Joan Leslie.

MAYFAIR.—★ ★ "The Girl in the Red Velvet Swing," color CinemaScope drama, starring Ray Milland, Joan Collins, Farley Granger. Plus featurettes.

PARIS.—★ ★ "The Vanishing Prairie," Walt Disney technicolor true-life adventure. Plus ★ ★ ★ "Siam," technicolor featurette.

PLAZA.—★ "Battle Cry," color CinemaScope wartime drama, starring Van Heflin, Tab Hunter, Nancy Olson. Plus featurettes.

PRINCE EDWARD.—★ ★ "The Court Jester," color VistaVision comedy, starring Danny Kaye, Glynis Johns, Basil Rathbone. (See review this page.) Plus featurettes.

REGENT.—★ "Soldier of Fortune," color CinemaScope

adventure, starring Clark Gable, Susan Hayward. Plus featurettes.

SAVOY.—★ ★ ★ "The Blue Continent," underwater documentary in color. Plus ★ "La Spiaggia" ("The Beach"), Italian drama in color with English sub-titles, starring Martine Carol, Raf Vallone.

STATE.—★ "Footsteps in the Fog," technicolor period suspense drama, starring Jean Simmons, Stewart Granger. Plus "Hell's Horizon," wartime drama, starring John Ireland, Mala English.

#### Not yet reviewed

CENTURY.—"Good Morning, Miss Dove," color CinemaScope drama, starring Jennifer Jones, Robert Stack, Robert Douglas. Plus featurettes.

LYCEUM.—"Three Stripes in the Sun," wartime romance, starring Aldo Ray, Mitsuko Kimura. Plus "Fury and Gunfight," Western, starring Neville Brand, David Brian, Lisa Davis.

PALACE.—"This Is My Love," color suspense drama, starring Linda Darnell, Faith Domergue, Dan Duryea. Plus ★ "Las Vegas Story," adventure, starring Victor Mature, Jane Russell. (Re-release.)

PALLADIUM.—"Road to Denver," color Western, starring John Payne, Mona Freeman, Lee J. Cobb. Plus "Second Chance," suspense drama, starring Kent Taylor, Louise Currie. (Re-release, review unavailable.)

ST. JAMES.—"Quentin Durward," color CinemaScope period romance, starring Robert Taylor, Kay Kendall, Robert Morley. Plus featurettes.

VICTORY.—"The Rose Tattoo," VistaVision drama, starring Anna Magnani, Burt Lancaster. Plus featurettes.



# MAN WITH THE GUN



**STAR** Robert Mitchum plays the title role in "Man With The Gun" (United Artists), a story of the old West with an off-beat theme.

When Mitchum rides into Sheridan City in 1870 in search of his estranged wife (Jan Sterling), he finds that the town is terrorised by Dade Holman (Joe Barry), a wealthy, ruthless rancher whose gunmen enforce his rule.

An experienced "town-tamer," Mitchum takes on the local gang after being deputised by the ageing town marshal (Henry Hull). Working alone, he cleans up the city.

When the job is finished and he is reconciled with his wife, the "town-tamer" announces that he is ready to settle down and offers himself for the job of town sheriff.

**1 SWORN IN** as a deputy of Sheridan City, Clint Tollinger (Robert Mitchum), right, a professional town-tamer, plans to search for his estranged wife, Nelly, while freeing the town from oppression. His first official act is to ban the wearing of weapons.



**2 SURROUNDED** by the dancing girls she manages, Nelly (Jan Sterling), centre, who left Clint because of his roving career of danger and death, faces a showdown when Clint calls. Meanwhile, he has several brushes with local gunmen.



**3 SHOT** by men of outlaw rancher Dade Holman, Jeff Castle (John Lupton) and his fiancée, Stella (Karen Sharpe), turn to Clint for assistance.



**4 FIGHT** in the Palace, a Holman saloon run by Rex Stang (Ted de Corsia), right, results in the death of Stang, who tries to knife Clint. The place burns when Clint shoots down the chandelier.



**5 POSING** as a salesman, Drummer (James Westerfield), Holman's shyster lawyer, calls at Nelly's and manages to induce Ann, one of her girls, into innocently laying a trap for Clint.



**6 SHOWDOWN.** The trap almost works when Clint, diverted by Ann (Barbara Lawrence), is wounded by Dade Holman. But Jeff Castle saves the situation.



**7 NELLY**, who learned about the plot to ambush her husband and tried unsuccessfully to head Ann off, arrives in time to hold Clint while Doc Hughes (Florenz Ames) attends his wound. The doctor tells them the wound isn't dangerous.



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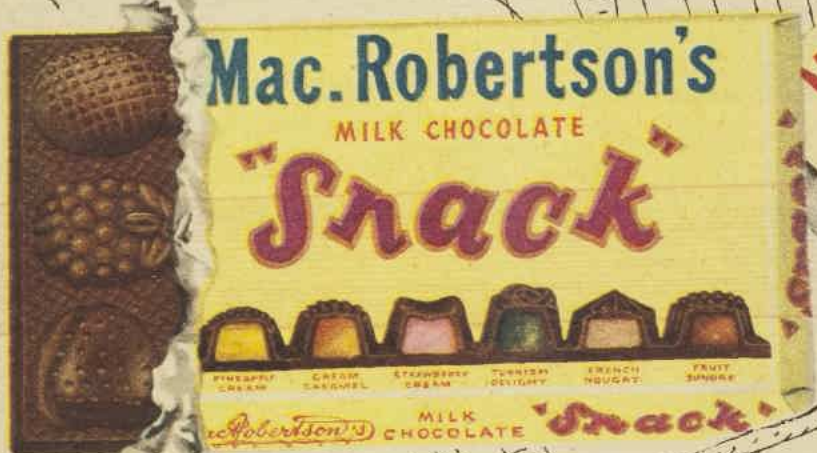
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way, and there wasn't a reason in the world why she should be flustered.

"Pick you up at eight," he said, and then he was gone.

The dress Tacey wore on Saturday was seafoam-green and left her shoulders bare. Looking at herself in the mirror, her gold hair pulled demurely to the back of her head, she wondered if her shoulders weren't a little too bare.

Alec's knock came before she had decided whether to change, and something about the way his breath caught when he saw her made her sure she should have. But perhaps it was only imagination, because his face relaxed immediately into an easy grin and he said, handing her a box of white camellias, "You're a revelation, Tacey. Until tonight I would have bet my last Bunsen burner that mermaids had green eyes."

She slipped into her wrap as he held it. "You're a revelation, too. I wouldn't have dreamed you had any Bunsen burners. I would have guessed you designed those shapeless glass ashtrays with the tsetse-flies and gravel embedded in them, or something like that."

He threw back his head and roared. Tacey had meant him to be insulted. There was no use encouraging him when they were obviously such mismates.

His arm around her waist as they danced wasn't a misfit, though, she had to admit later. And he hadn't, after all, made a scene over the salad-dressing. "Like this?" he murmured in her ear as the orchestra started a romantic ballad. "It's from that new musical. Have you seen it?"

"No, Bert likes . . . opera," she lied, and was immediately angry with herself. That was positively the last fib she'd ever tell about Bert. Heavens, it was no disgrace to prefer documentary films to musicals. Why she had the feeling that Alec was constantly trying to put Bert at a disadvantage she didn't know, but from now on she'd be on her guard. And, of course, she'd see him only once more, when she got the goose out of his freezer.

Keeping in mind that she was on her guard, she said nervously, "I had a wonderful time, Alec," and opened her door quickly.

But she needn't have worried. "I did, too; thank you for coming, Tacey. Good night," was all he said, and started off down the hall.

She went into the apartment. "Oh, Tacey." His voice came, warm, low, at the door. Her heart jumped a beat as she turned around. Alec stuck his head around the doorjamb. "Just wanted to mention," he said, "that I'll tell Uncle Arnold you sent your regards." He pulled the door shut after him.

Tacey threw her evening bag clear across the room.

On Monday Bert wasn't yet back to work. Tacey had worn her gayest outfit, a coral-red suit, just for him.

Alec was in the lobby when she got home. "Hi," he said. She turned, her eyebrows raised. "Oh, it's you."

"Yes, I was waiting for you. There's a funny coincidence." He stepped into the elevator. "You remember we were talking about that new musical? Well, today a friend gave me two tickets for tomorrow night that he can't use."

"Your friend wasn't by any chance a scalper?" she asked. "Tacey, you have the sweet, trusting nature of an army sergeant," he told her as she stepped off at the second floor. "I'll pick you up for dinner."

"I didn't say I'd go—"

she protested, but the doors

clanged shut and she found herself talking to herself.

The musical was even better than the reviewers claimed, it seemed to Tacey. Alec picked up her hand and held it in his during the song they had danced to on Saturday night, and after the show he took her to a Chinese place where he said the shrimp roll was heaven on a blue plate, but, fortunately, he didn't try to hold her hand again. He just talked casually about his work as a chemical engineer.

She was glad of that, that he didn't have any ideas, very glad. In fact, considering how glad she was, her irritation towards him as they went down the hall towards her apartment was quite unaccountable.

As he left her at her door she said, "I'd love to meet your friend, but since I probably never will, please thank him for me."

"My friend?" Alec fell neatly into the trap.

"How ungrateful of you," Tacey remarked sweetly. "After he gave you those nice tickets he just happened to have."

He cupped her chin in his hand and looked down at her. "Funny little Tacey!" He stepped back. "I'll make reservations at the Stork Club for Saturday night just in case your boy-friend still has his anchor aweigh by then."

"Well, he won't have, so it's no use your bothering—" she began hotly, but he was gone. She flung herself into the apartment. Of all the maddening things about him the worst was his habit of never giving her a chance at the last word.

Darn Bert, anyway. He would have to have his nose fixed now of all crazy times. Why was it always to men of integrity that wretched things like adenoids seemed to happen, while a man like Alec, just for instance, who was practically decadent, was as healthy as a horse?

Bert was back on Wednesday. They had lunch at the health-food cafeteria. He was very masterful about picking up her check. Masterful, Courteous, Efficient, she listed mentally, poking at her dish of shredded carrot. Ambitious, Thrifty.

"Bert, you are coming this Saturday for that good dinner, aren't you?"

He laid down his fork. "Tacey, your wanting to cook a dinner for me affects me more than I can say, but—"

"You aren't going to tell me," Tacey said on a rising inflection, "that they sewed up a sponge in you and have to operate again this weekend?"

He smiled indulgently. "It's my mother. You know how mothers are. She won't believe I've recovered till she sees me, so I'm going up to New Hampshire this weekend. You will offer me a rain check?"

"Just keep the one I gave you last week," she told him resignedly.

That night they had a date to go to an exhibit of safety devices. So she didn't have to see Alec until Thursday evening. She knew he'd be waiting for her and yet the sight of him lounging in the doorway gave her a sudden start.

"What news of the commo-dore? Still wind-jamming around?"

"If you mean Bert," she said, "he is not still yachting."

"Then you'll want Uncle Arnold?" he prompted.

She hesitated, tempted to say yes, but you couldn't deliberately let eight pounds of goose spoil, could you? "As a matter of fact," she said, "he has to go up to his"—she couldn't say to his mother's, to tell her about his operation, could she?

from page 9

"to his family's mountain cabin this weekend with an important client."

"Well, I'll be glad to keep our frigid friend another week. Always like to be helpful."

Tacey felt goaded by what she considered his smug look. "I don't think you like to be helpful at all," she burst out. "I think you hope I never get this dinner fixed."

He shook his head. "You're wrong. Nothing would make me happier than seeing Bert's goose cooked."

Tacey turned and marched across the lobby.

"See you Saturday," he called after her.

She didn't wear the green dress on Saturday. She wore a chaste black one, but Alec's face had the same strange look when she opened the door. Of course she shouldn't have gone out with him at all, but if Bert was going to go traipsing off—

"From mermaid to siren in one easy week," he said.

"I only sit on rocks and sing on Tuesdays, though."

They held the whole evening with the same light touch. The hours spun themselves into a bright tangle of laughter, until in the taxi coming home Alec said suddenly, "Are you in love with him, Tacey?"

She turned her head away. "It isn't the least concern of yours."

He reached for her hand. "If you can't see that it's my main concern, you must be as brainless as you act every time this Bert's name comes up."

She pulled her hand away. "What difference does it make? We'd never work out, anyway—never in a million years."

"Wouldn't we, Tacey?" Then she was in his arms, his mouth on hers. It seemed to her she'd waited twenty-three years for that kiss—the right kiss from the wrong kind of man. They didn't speak again until they were at her door. Alec's hand gripped her shoulders. "Tacey—"

"No," she wailed, turning her head away, but he found her mouth again. Afterwards she closed the door between them before she started to sob.

For a minute she didn't realize that the ringing that awakened her next morning was the phone. She groped her way to answer it, her head heavy, her lids dry and swollen. The long-distance operator gave her Bert.

"Wonderful news," he told her jubilantly. "Just before I left town the boss told me I was getting a promotion—and a transfer to the Brookhaven office."

"That's wonderful, Bert." "I've been telling mother—about us. She wants to meet you. I'm going to go down to Brookhaven for a few days and I thought I might be looking around for a little house."

"Listen, Bert"—she was slightly hysterical—"the company is showing a new documentary film next Friday night. Can you think of anything that would be more fun?"

There was silence for a minute, then: "We don't seem to have a very good connection. I'll tell you all about everything on Monday. Goodbye, Tacey."

She dressed slowly and went to the corner drugstore. She bought an egg-salad sandwich and took it across the street into the park. Green grass. Flowers. Kids making a lot of noise in the background. This was the way it should be.

In Brookhaven there'd be lots of grass—maybe even a picket fence.

A squirrel jumped up on the bench beside her. . . . With the

wrong man, living inside a picket fence would be just like being in a cage. She'd rather live in a broom closet with Alec than anywhere with anybody else.

She looked up to see Alec himself coming down the path towards her, a package under his arm. "Alec," she cried, jumping up. "Oh, I do love men who know when not to take no for an answer!"

He looked like a man in a dream. "Shall we be impetuous about being married," he asked her, "or shall we wait till tomorrow?"

"I think they have a law," Tacey said. "But we'll go apartment hunting. I think maybe"—she closed her eyes and gulped—"I think maybe," she said bravely, "shocking-pink walls would show off your lovely painting best. White rugs and chaise longue lamps. How does that sound?"

"Bilious," Alec said. "Frankly, it's the last thing I had in mind."

Tacey looked up at him, and suddenly the meaning of the baffling look in his eyes came clear to her. "Marriage is the last thing you had in mind—that's what you mean, isn't it?"

Her heart seemed to be wrenched all out of shape, but she lifted her chin. She tried to pass him, but he reached for her and the package under his arm slipped to the ground. He bent over, but she was too quick for him. She picked up part of its spilled contents—a liver-sausage sandwich—and held it daintily between her thumb and fingertip.

"All right," he said. "So I'm a fraud. I wasn't looking for you. I just eat my lunch in the park sometimes, that's all. I also like band concerts and beer. So now you know."

"I can hear the words, but they don't make sense," she said. "I guess I shouldn't have let you find out the truth till the ring was on your finger. I may be crazy, but I had my eye on a little house in Connecticut—with an apple tree outside the kitchen door. I thought that if I could sell you on the idea of me as a husband, maybe you could learn to like the idea of living in the country, too."

"The country!" Tacey exploded. "What do you know about the country? From all indications you were born in the lobby of the Astor Hotel!"

"O.K., so it was dishonest, but what was I supposed to do?" he demanded. "Come to you with my hat in hand, twist my toe into the rug and say, 'Howdy, ma'am. I'm just a country boy from Broken Arrow, South Dakota, but I'd like to muscle in on your fancy yacht-happy boy-friend?'"

"Somehow you've found out I'm Indiana born and bred," Tacey said slowly. "You're trying to mix me up. But you can't fool me. A crowbar couldn't pry you away from that odious plushy apartment and that freezer full of caviar!"

At Alec's shout of laughter Tacey's squirrel dropped a half-eaten nut and fled. "So that's what you were holding against me," He gripped her shoulders. "Tacey, I have a three-month sub-lease," he told her. "None of that stuff is mine, not even what's in the freezer!"

Tacey stared at him, the beginnings of belief sparkling in her eyes. "You were only trying to impress me with the night-clubs—you'd just as soon have taken me for a rowboat ride?"

"Sooner even," he told her. "Alec"—she threw her arms around his neck happily—"let's go home and cook Uncle Arnold!"

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## INGREDIENTS:

8 oz. (1 cup) sugar, 3 eggs, 8 oz. (2 cups)  
self-raising flour, Grated rind 1 large  
orange, 1 level teaspoon salt, 4 oz. Copha  
shortening, 5 tablespoons milk.

## METHOD:

Place sugar, eggs, orange rind and half  
sifted flour and salt in basin. *Melt*  
Copha over gentle heat. It should be  
warm, not hot. Add milk to Copha. Pour  
liquids on to ingredients in basin and  
beat four minutes. Add remaining flour  
and beat one minute longer. Pour into

two greased and floured sandwich tins  
(7"). Bake in moderate oven 30-35  
minutes. Fill and ice when cold with  
Creamy Orange Icing.

## TO MAKE ICING:

Place in basin 8 oz. sifted icing sugar,  
2 tablespoons orange juice and 1 level  
teaspoon grated orange rind. Melt 1 oz.  
Copha over gentle heat. It should be  
warm, not hot. Pour on to ingredients  
in basin. Mix to a thick, creamy con-  
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man-size helping to take to work in his vacuum  
flask.

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brand Pea Soup to-night?





# DEBBIE MAKES SWEET BISCUITS

Debbie, our teenage chef, this week makes a batch of sweet biscuits to serve with tall glasses of delicious iced coffee.

FROM the simple, basic recipe which is given below, Debbie makes three different kinds of biscuits, shaping, baking, and decorating as illustrated. The result is a batch of biscuits anybody would be proud to serve.

## BASIC BISCUIT RECIPE

Half-pound butter or substitute, 1 lb. sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 2 egg-yolks, 1 lb. plain flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, 4 level tablespoons corn-flour, 1/2 teaspoon salt.

Cream shortening and sugar with vanilla. Add egg-yolks, beat well. Gradually work in sifted dry ingredients and mix to a dry dough—a little milk may be necessary. Divide into 3 portions, one for chocolate kisses, one for vanilla dainties, and one for fruit buttons. Finish and bake as directed.



**CHOCOLATE KISSES:** To one portion of mixture add 1 tablespoon cocoa blended with a little milk. Work in smoothly. Roll thinly on floured board. Cut with fluted cutter, place on greased tray.



**BAKE BISCUITS** in moderate oven 10 to 12 minutes. Cool on trays. Join and top with icing made by mixing 1 cup sifted icing sugar with 1 teaspoon melted butter, 3 teaspoons boiling water, 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.



**BAKE VANILLA dainties** in a moderate oven until lightly colored. Leave on trays until cold. Top each one with a dab of vanilla or almond flavored icing and decorate with a piece of cherry, or almond or walnut.



**VANILLA DAINTIES:** To one portion of mixture add extra vanilla and 1/2 teaspoon grated lemon rind. Shape a teaspoonful at a time into balls. Place on greased tray, spacing well. Press down with a fork.



**FRUIT BUTTONS:** To one portion of mixture add chopped peel, cherries or raisins, and coconut (2 level tablespoons each). Mix well, adding a little milk. Spoon into small, rough heaps on greased tray.



**BAKE FRUIT buttons** in moderate oven for approximately 10 minutes. Remove from oven, loosen slightly with a spatula or flexible knife blade. When cool, remove to cake-cooler. When cold, store in an airtight tin.

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## Prize recipe

● Date and nut cake cooked in a loaf-tin wins £5 this week.

WALNUTS or peanuts can be used in this prize-winning cake recipe. It is made without eggs, but apple puree keeps the mixture very moist.

All spoon measurements are level.

### DATE-AND-NUT CAKE

Twelve ounces flour, pinch salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, 6oz. sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 4oz. chopped nuts, 8oz. chopped dates, 1½ cups apple puree, ¼ teaspoon bicarbonate soda, 2 or 3 tablespoons milk.

Sift flour and salt into basin, rub in shortening. Add sugar, cinnamon, nuts, and dates. Make a well in centre, add apple puree, lastly fold in soda dissolved in milk. Fill into greased loaf-tin 8in. x 5in. or 7in. cake-tin. Bake in moderate oven approximately 1½ hours. If liked, a topping made by mixing 1 tablespoon chopped dates, 1 tablespoon chopped nuts, 1 dessertspoon sugar, and ½ teaspoon cinnamon may be sprinkled over the cake before cooking.

First prize of £5 to Miss N. Pickstone, Dalveen, Southern Line, Qld.

### TOMATO SAUSAGE PIE

Stuffed olives make an attractive and appetising garnish for this hearty sausage-and-tomato pie.

One cooked pastry-case, 4 tomatoes, salt, pepper, 6 shallots, 2 rashers bacon, 1½lb. to 2lb. small sausages (cooked), ½lb. cooked mashed potatoes, milk, butter, 2 tablespoons grated cheese, stuffed olives.

Brush pastry-case with egg-white to form a seal. Cover with sliced tomatoes, dust with salt and pepper. Add a layer of finely chopped shallot, then a layer of chopped bacon. Cut all but 6 of the sausages into slices, add a layer to the tart. Repeat layers, finishing with tomatoes. Spread potato (mashed with butter, milk and cheese) over the top. Bake in moderate oven 25 to 35 minutes. Decorate top with whole cooked sausages and tomato wedges. Reheat, serve garnished with stuffed olives.



TOMATO SAUSAGE PIE (above) is easy to make and appetising. Fill a pastry-case with shallot and bacon. Cover with potatoes, bake 35 minutes. Top with sausages, tomato wedges, and olives. See recipe at left.

### Tony's luxury dish

## DANISH PASTRY

"DANISH pastries are becoming very popular in Australia," says Tony, of Sydney's Colony Club. "Do not attempt to make them on a hot day or when the kitchen is hot. Have all ingredients at room temperature."

Four and a half to 5 cups flour, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 cake compressed yeast (1oz.), 1 teaspoon salt, ½lb. butter, almond, vanilla, or lemon filling, 1 egg.

Beat egg lightly. Add milk and some of the sugar and enough flour to make a soft dough. Add the yeast, which has been crumbled with a little sugar and flour and left to liquefy; add salt and then some more flour, about 3 cups in all. Turn out on a table and knead quickly and lightly. Roll out to about 1-3rd-inch thickness. Cut up the cold butter in the rest of the flour and work it to a dough, which you also roll out, making a slightly smaller cake than the first one. Place it on top of the first one, then fold from left to right and from right to left to form a rectangle. Twist around and roll out again into a large cake, more or less square. Repeat the folding and rolling two or three times.

Now the dough is ready for the tins. Cut squares, turn up the edges, and fill centre with your favorite filling. Cut triangles and shape crescents. Brush with beaten egg, sprinkle with sugar and almonds. Leave in a cool place for about one hour, then bake in a hot oven about 20 minutes. Serve them fresh.

### FAMILY DISH

CREAMED rabbit in a crisp pastry roll is this week's family dish. It costs 7/3 and serves five or six. For a change, flavor rabbit filling with curry powder and add a squeeze of lemon juice.

### BAKED RABBIT ROLL

Twelve ounces shortcrust or rough puff pastry, 1 cooked rabbit, ½ cup cooked peas, ½ cup cooked diced celery, ½ to 1 cup medium-thickness

white sauce, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, salt, pepper.

Knead pastry lightly on floured board, roll into oblong shape. Remove flesh from rabbit bones, dice roughly. Add to remaining ingredients, bind with white sauce, allow to cool. Spread evenly over pastry to within an inch of the edges. Glaze edges, roll up carefully, pinch ends together. Bake on greased tray in hot oven with decreasing heat 35 to 40 minutes. Serve, cut into thick slices, with extra parsley sauce.

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 18, 1956



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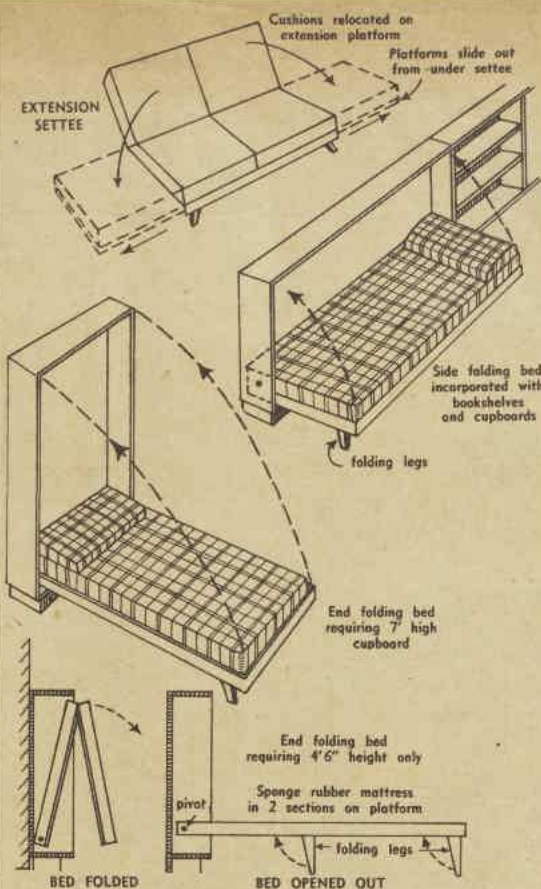
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FOUR SPACE-SAVING IDEAS. Details for making various types of folding beds for small homes or weekenders. The beds do double duty as settees for extra visitors.

## ARCHITECT'S DIARY

By Sydney architect  
W. J. McMURRAY

Jim Peters (the name is mine), although an accountant, turns his hand to carpentry in his leisure hours. His ability is well illustrated in the tiny but beautifully finished weekender he built.

HIS problem was what type of beds he could make to serve in the living-room as settees by day and as beds for overnight visitors.

"I would like to avoid stretchers and to build some handy fittings which can be readily converted without cluttering up the limited space," he said.

"There have been some ingenious stock items on the market recently," I told him. "These include lounge-chairs with extension seats that unfold into full-length beds, and settees with backs which drop down to make double beds."

"In one corner of the room I would like a settee about 4ft. long which is easily convertible to a single bed," he said.

"Try a settee with two telescopic extension platforms which slide out from under each end to double the length. The back comprises two removable sprung cushions which are relocated on these platforms."

"A settee, say 3ft. 6in. long, which normally seats two people, is thus converted simply and quickly into a full-length single bed."

The Peters' next problem was two or three beds which could be folded completely in order to provide the maximum floor space for dancing.

I told him:

"A very simple folding bed can be made and incorporated with bookshelves or cupboards. When folded, it is about 15in. wide."

"This is a simple platform of plywood on a light frame to take a mattress, which is strapped in place to stop it from sliding."

"The two ends of the platform are pivoted inside a 3ft.-high cupboard so that it can be swung up sideways and thus completely concealed. Two folding legs support the bed."

"That would be just the thing," Mr. Peters agreed. "But in one case I have only about 3ft. of wall available, so that it would have to fold end-on."

"The same arrangement can be worked for that, except that the height would have to be about seven feet, and the mattress is not as easy to handle," I said.

"A better alternative is a platform in two sections. The sleeping platform folds up into a 3ft. 6in. square and then both sections are pivoted together into a cupboard against the wall."

"The cupboard necessary for a full-length bed of this type is 3ft. 9in. wide and only 4ft. 6in. high."

*Bill McMurray*

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**W570. HERS** . . . Smartness and warmth shows in every line of this V-necked cardigan with seven matching buttons.

**G1. HIS** . . . Long-sleeved, crew-neck pullover with ribbed cuffs, waistband and neck elasticised to keep out sneaky breezes.

### THEIRS

**W77.** Top fashion for teenagers is seen in the concealed zipper-front of this Beaverlure. Note, too, the diagonal zip pocket and high ribbed collar.

**R378.** Cozy slip-over for cool days, with turn-down collar and revers, set off with contrasting velvet buttons.

**C669.** Long-sleeved, zip-fronted cardigan for little lasses from 3 to 14 years. With ribbed cuffs and nipped-in ribbed waist.



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they already knew each other was disappointing and, deprived of her pleasant surprise, Miss Bessie suddenly felt tired. She stood up.

"I'm going in for a little snooze. Ask Jeannie to bring me some coffee, please, Eleanor, and look after Sam for me. I'm tired."

Sam stared after the old lady and asked Eleanor, "Well, what's wrong? She's never ever been tired before. Have I done something?"

"No, nothing. It's me. Aunt Bessie's disappointed in me again, that's all. She's been introducing me to prospective husbands for years. There was a charming Hungarian and a rich second-cousin - three-times - removed, and a bogus English gent and an impoverished Polish aristocrat, and any number of ordinary nice young men. You were the latest, you were to be a surprise for me, and I let her down. I should have pretended I didn't know you, perhaps I should have pretended to be terribly impressed. She'd have loved that."

"So would I," Sam said. "Would you have to pretend so hard? You used to seem almost the other way once. I'd be very, very willing, Eleanor. I told you that a year ago."

"Yes, I remember, and I told you then, Sam, I'm sure it wouldn't work. You need a nice, affectionate, adoring-little-puss type, not an elderly girl who won't be happy until she's written 'the great Australian novel,' and who hasn't much room in her mind for anything but her own future."

Sam crashed his coffee cup down.

"Hell and damnation, woman, aren't I old enough to know what kind of woman I want around me? It's not a nice, affectionate, adoring-little-puss, either. I LIKE elderly girls with brains, when they're like you, that is. I'm going back to work."

He rowed himself furiously across the river, and Eleanor sighed. She had believed she had worked Sam out of her

Continuing . . . .

## Miss Bessie's Americans

from page 5

"Miss Elizabeth Hatton, Hatton House, Severne, via Newcastle."

Attracted by their excited voices, Miss Bessie came up to them as Sam picked the bag out of the boat. He held it out to her, and, sweeping a bow, said ceremoniously: "It's for you, ma'am. I guess it's a little late, but the mail always goes through!"

As she went to take the bag the years betrayed it. The seals crumbled, and it fell to pieces in Miss Bessie's eager hands. Tattered paper fell out, and a wooden box which Miss Bessie looked at incredulously. She was trembling. Eleanor said, "What is it, Aunt Bessie?"

"It's his! It's Mathew's little cedarwood box that I gave him as a betrothal present. See, there are his initials in silver, M.L.P. Mathew Lionel Portman. Open it, Eleanor, I can't. You press that little knob at the left. It's a silly little secret spring which we thought was amusing."

There was a letter in the box which said:

"My dearest Beth: If you receive this box, then it will mean that I shall never see you again. I have been ill with a raging fever which leaves me weak and afraid. The doctor shakes his head and my friend Benson looks grave. Benson has undertaken to send you the cedar box on my behalf if the need arises, and Beth, know that my heart comes with it. I have concluded my little business in Melbourne profitably, and if we cannot start our life together with the proceeds, then you must be brave, my darling girl, and take it up alone. Ask your father to sell these for you, and always remember me, Beth, as I shall always remember you until we meet again. I wish we had married last year."

"Your devoted,  
"Mathew."

Miss Bessie was clutching the box and crying. Eleanor was weeping, too, and Sam, who had heard the story of the bridegroom who never came back, from old Jeannie, quite unashamedly wiped his own eyes.

In the box were 120 sovereigns and a tiny bag which held four diamonds.

The romantic conclusion to Miss Bessie's story was a sensation in the town and in the city, where newspapers featured it on their front pages and women's magazines urged feature writers and photographers to hasten to Hatton House. A daring bank robbery, an oil strike, and the promise of a Royal visit soon nosed it away from the news.

Miss Bessie was grateful.

Though much inclined to tears these days, she was as lively as a kitchen clock, full of plans for the future and for bringing back some of the old lustre to Hatton House. The diamonds having been proved to belong to her and the sovereigns profitably sold, there was money to spare for the first time in many years, and she was enjoying the spending of some of it.

Eleanor's weekend visit had stretched to three months before she realised that she would never go back to the city. She had a feeling that there would be plenty of material for stories right where she was. Aunt Bessie seemed to need her very much. So did Sam. She realised, too, that she needed Sam more immediately than she needed to write "the great Australian novel," Aunt Bessie,

seeing their radiant faces when they announced a wedding in two weeks, nodded happily.

"Good girl, Eleanor. I knew it must happen. Oh, but I'm a rare chooser of men, first my Mathew, then your Sam, my two Americans! And I'm glad you're not going to waste time. If I had married Mathew earlier, when he wanted me to, well, that's old history now, but happy history at last. It's the past, the same past that's here so strongly in this house, and across the river is the future, that's in Sam's factory."

"Right here are you two children, and that's the present, and they're all joining together in a continuing stream, just as they should. That's a very good thing. Now off you go, you two, and hold hands somewhere and perhaps spare just one thought for me and Mathew. I want to have a little snooze."

(Copyright)

## ADAM AND EVE

Contributions are invited for our Adam and Eve Contest, in which each week we award £2/2/- for the most amusing accounts of typically male and female behaviour. Here are this week's winners.

### JUST LIKE A WOMAN

**D**URING the recent floods I was in charge of a small rowing boat rescuing people in distress from flooded homes. On arrival at one particular home, which had more than three feet of water inside, I gave instructions that we would take all women and children first.

After getting four of them into the boat, complete with insurance policies, etc., we moved off. Although the rain was coming down in buckets and there were at least seven or eight inches of water in the boat, one of the women said: "Constable, we'll have to go back. I've forgotten my umbrella."

£2/2/- to J. McConnell, 197 Kissing Point Road, Dundas, N.S.W.

\*\*\*\*\*  
• Mark your entries "Just Like a Man" or "Just Like a Woman," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

### JUST LIKE A MAN

**T**HE Boss bought a well-bred Zebu bull, a fierce youngster, aptly named "Pirate."

"Leave him with the milkers," he ordered the Missus. "It will help to quieten him."

The first morning she nervously drove the staid milking cows with their proud consort into the yard, but as soon as she dismounted to shut the gate, Pirate gave a wild snort and charged as quick as lightning.

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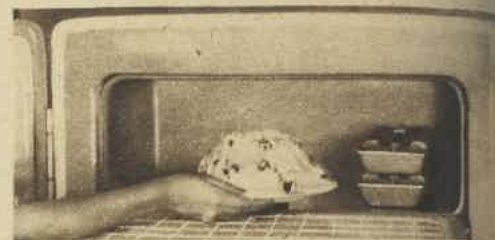


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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — April 18, 1955



# A WOMAN NAMED

# Storm

Our complete novel

By HECTOR CHEVIGNY



"I'M sorry, Joe," she said, and tried to sound it, to spare his feelings. "I'm afraid I'm tied up for Thursday night, too."

The blond young doctor at the next basin, who also pursued the careful ritual of scrubbing hands before a surgical operation, said irritably, "You know, Storm, you're growing entirely too cocky."

"Cocky?" She paused in her task to stare at him, suddenly no longer amused. The clock on the white-tiled wall said the time was seven-five. From beyond the open door of the doctors' scrub room came the sounds of the Mercy Hospital surgery going into high gear for the day's work ahead.

"No reason to be so disgruntled," she said, and resumed scrubbing.

"Who's disgruntled?" he asked, plainly angry. "I'm telling you something for your own good. You're getting a reputation for cockiness." He walked to a mirror and began adjusting a light cloth mask over his hair and face, leaving only the eyes exposed. "You might remember that. A lot of a surgeon's business comes by reference from other guys. No matter

how good you are you can cross yourself up if you rub them the wrong way."

"Just whom am I rubbing the wrong way, Joe?"

"I'm just talking in general." He was back at the basin. "I don't suggest you play politics, but you can act less independent."

"All right, Joe," she said. "I'll remember."

They had to drop the subject. Two elderly doctors came in, talking. "I agree that this type of operation is too frequently performed—"

Like Joe Halstead they wore undershirts and shapeless duck trousers.

She returned their nods and, falling silent, they moved up to the rows of basins. Joe went out, holding his hands high to prevent contamination. Seven-thirteen, she noted by the clock. Right on schedule.

More men in duck trousers came in, greeting one another in the gruff tones of early morning. As Halstead had done, she now took a mask and, to adjust it, stepped to the mirror in her straw sandals. The eyes looking back

*Continued overleaf*



# "A WOMAN NAMED STORM," by Hector Chevigny

from the mirror were large, grey-blue and steady. The cheekbones were a little too high for perfect symmetry of features, but they were partly balanced by the wide, mobile mouth. The hair she covered was black and a little too coarse for easy handling. Back at her basin to finish scrubbing, she found a round little man beside her.

"Good morning," he said, obviously trying to remember her name.

"Why, good morning, Dr. Burns."

"Operating?" he asked unnecessarily.

She nodded. "Thyroid."

"That so? Who's assisting?"

"My own case," she said, a little shortly.

"Well," he said, smiling but conveying the impression he had never really believed it would all come to this. "Well."

Shutting off the flow of water by the knee-levers, holding her own hands up to prevent contamination, she left the scrub room.

"Who the Sam Hill's that?"

a man asked from the basin.

"Her name's Storm Harrison."

"Storm? Heck of a name for a doctor."

The door of Operating-Room D was blocked by a screen. Hands still upraised, she turned to signal for someone to push it aside.

An orderly rushed up eagerly. "Hiya, Dr. Harrison."

"Fine, Tom," she replied.

The room was hot, white and without shadows.

Joe Halstead waited, already in surgical gown and rubber gloves. She slipped arms into the gown the assisting nurse held ready for her, plunged hands into powdered rubber gloves. No one spoke. The only sounds came from the patient's heavy breathing through the anaesthetist's machine and from the instruments manipulated by a nurse. Joe Halstead became no more than a pair of hands unfamiliar with every movement her own would make.

Surgery always absorbed her utterly, held her mind to the exclusion of all else. Within minutes the thyroid gland in the neck of the patient was exposed, she probed it quickly, searchingly, for the malignant growth that she knew was there.

There came a moment when, glancing up at Joe, she silently asked his opinion whether they had found all the growth. He nodded. It was tempting to stop probing. The patient still had a large part of her thyroid, there was no further evidence of growth. Yet she asked for a fresh scalpel.

Seeing what the new cut revealed she did not again look up at Joe. He would be angry enough without that. The hunch she had followed, she knew, made the difference between the merely competent and the good surgeon—when the hunch proved right.

She felt very good indeed, half an hour later, as she stepped out of her surgical garb in the women's locker room and washed before resuming slip, stockings and shoes. The square-faced woman who sat smoking in the room's one chair studied her with envy.

"Wish I was your age again," Mabel Dodd said, sighing. "A thyroid, I hear."

"Yes," she stepped into her tailored skirt.

Mabel Dodd watched her young colleague adjust the knotted scarf at her throat. "I hear Joe Halstead's assisting you oftener than not, now. How is he?"

"Joe's tops," Storm Harrison said. "As a surgeon, that is." She turned from the mirror, suddenly. "Am I getting a reputation for cockiness, Mabel? Tell me the truth."

"Who told you this, Storm?" Hearing it was Joe Halstead, she gave a short bark of a laugh. "Pay no attention. We women doctors of this town, we salute you, kid. Just don't get married too fast and let us down."

Storm laughed. "Not much danger. I'm having too good a time with my independence."

In her battered coupe, guiding it out of the hospital parking lot and into the traffic of Broad Boulevard, she thought of breakfast and was suddenly very hungry. She had been up since six, had done it all on no more than a hurried cup of coffee. Broad Boulevard was an incline leading down to a valley floor on which lay the business section of Waubesa and its far-flung industrial sections.

A city which a scant decade before had been a sleepy, under-nourished town was now lusty and grimy because of the discovery of nearby oil. The business section, never meant to accommodate more than the traffic of farmers coming to market, burst at the seams with the effort to contain its new bustle. It was nine o'clock, the morning sun was hot. She sat back, refreshed by the strong wind blowing her hair.

Two years . . . just two years since she came to Waubesa. That she had done a thyroid on her own patient was a triumph to be understood only by the young surgeon. A few more cases like that and she could pay off the surgical supply house which had staked her to her office equipment.

THE parking lot behind the Medico-Dental Building was crowded, but the attendant found her a space. The vaulted marble lobby of the building was cool and echoed the sound of the many feet hurrying towards the elevators. A door labelled Coffee Shop stopped her. There was the loud, friendly clatter of dishes, much talk and laughter. Everybody working in the building stopped here at least for coffee sometime in the morning and this was the hour for the doctors and dentists.

There were a few greetings. She answered each politely. If any of these men had been alone with her they would have chatted amiably enough, even eagerly. Together, each of them seemed to hesitate to appear more than casually polite.

A stool became vacant, a tall elderly doctor bowed to her politely. She shook her head. In medicine the deference is to age and standing, not sex. He took the stool. Her turn came at last. Helen, the waitress, wiped the counter. "Hear you had a thyroid, Doctor?"

"Yes," she said. "A partial. Would you scramble two? And toast. And coffee."

The curious disposition of her male colleagues to isolate her was not new to her. It was so commonplace she seldom gave it much thought. It had been like this all through medical school, through her internship and her residency in surgery. And the more her reputation for skilled, careful work grew, she knew, the more the reserve would manifest itself. Doctors are, after all, in competition.

Her food was brought, she ate it slowly. Two years . . .

Not that the short span marked the time when her struggles began, of course. It had been necessary for her to be self-supporting immediately on her high-school graduation. Two days after her sixteenth birthday her mother had died. What had become of her mining-engineer father no one then knew. He was always gone so long and wrote home so seldom that they did not even know where to contact him.

She had been on duty for her first time as an instrument nurse in surgery when she met Bob Harrison. Working against time to remove an appendix before it ruptured, he had frowned at her for not having one of the instruments ready at the right instant. He looked for her the next day, to apologise. He had thick-set shoulders, capable hands, a quiet grin. He had barely enough money to pay for the movie to which he invited her. They were married the day he finished his residency.

She was bathing Anne, then 10 months old, when they came and told her to come again to a hospital. Bob Harrison had shown that not even a life as useful and dedicated as his was proof against death at the hands of a drunkard driving a car.

Her first clear memory of all that happened after that was old Dr. Pettibone sitting on the edge of her bed and telling her this would not do, that she had to become active. She had to go to work, he said. Bob had 10,000 dollars in army insurance. Why, instead of going back to nursing, she entered the State university's pre-medical course she was never quite sure.

The hazards were freely pointed out. Few got through the long, hard training. Even if she made it she was likely to forget Bob before it was over and remarry. More than a hundred began freshman year at medical school with her. She graduated as the only girl among 28. "Cum laude," the dean intoned after calling her name. To do everything cum laude had been the only way to win.

She could not be denied when she applied for the residency in surgery. Still it was an act of bravado. Surgery in the hospital where she found herself was jealously the man's field. But after having done so much that seemed improbable, another bid for defeat did not frighten her.

It was like that, too, when it came to the time to decide where she would work. She turned down the easy avenues of women's diseases and pediatrics. She wanted her own office, her own practice. And so she came to Waubesa, knowing no one and with only her credits to give her a beginning.

Paying the coffee-shop cashier, Storm made her way along the lobby to the elevators. On the sixth floor she unlocked the door lettered Storm Harrison, M.D. Mail lay inside, dropped on the floor through the slot in the door. She stood a moment, examining the envelopes. The waiting-room was small even when the secretary's desk was not occupied by Miss Marble.

She had dropped her mail on the desk blotter and picked up the telephone to inform her call service she would now be in her office, when the waiting-room door opened. But it was not Miss Marble. An improbably tall man appeared in the doorway. He wore an old black leather jacket; an impossibly battered hat was pushed to the back of his head.

"Nobody works around here?" he asked accusingly. "I'm looking for a doctor?"

"Anyone in particular?"

"Is the one in this office likely to come in soon?" he said, now remembering the hat and removing it.

"I am Dr. Harrison."

He wondered if he would put the hat back on. Certainly he glanced at it hesitatingly. He somehow had the air of a college teacher in outdoor clothing. He glanced at his watch, evidently deciding he could wait around no longer.

"I need a physical exam," he explained, adding, "of a limited kind."

"Have you the forms?" she asked, guessing that this would probably have to do with the Waubesa Oil Company. It did. He handed her the forms.

"I'm in town for only a couple of weeks to lecture on a new process," he said, "but they insist on this rigmarole."

"Go in there." She indicated the office surgery. "Take off your shirt. I'll be with you in a minute."

She changed quickly to a white office coat. The tall man was waiting, stripped to the waist, half sitting on the surgical table. He seemed to be amused at having drawn a woman doctor. The grin lines along his lean jaw were faint, though, and she pretended not to notice. When she listened to his chest he remarked, "Those are allergic rales you hear. Nothing tubercular." He also accurately predicted his blood pressure.

"How do you know so much about it?" she asked.

"Oh, one picks things up."

He put his shirt back on and sat by the desk to answer form questions. His name? James Conover. His permanent address was New York City. His profession was that of oil chemist. He was 33. That was faintly surprising; she had decided he would be a few years younger. He said he was unmarried. Something about you that doesn't show up in my kind of examination, she thought. Aloud she said, "Okay, here you are. You should have no trouble."

He allowed his grin full play now.

"No entropy of the liver or pseudo-morphosis of the pancreas?" The cheque he gave her was on a New York bank.

"I'm fine, thank you, Mrs. Harrison," the elderly manservant said, taking her coat. "Pleasantly cool, isn't it? Would you like to go on into the living-room? Mr. Price is on the telephone in the library."

"Thank you, Charles." Her evening skirt rustled pleasantly, her heels clicked along the polished floor as she moved down the corridor to the living-room. Passing the library she saw Don, receiver at ear.

The apartment in which Don Price lived was the penthouse atop one of Waubesa's few apartment buildings with pretensions to height. The french windows of the living-room were open to the terrace and the night. Fourteen stories below, Waubesa lay, a small jungle of neon.

She stood a moment, her eyes moving from the lights below toward the far flatlands, to the industrial section.

Sudden spurts of flame were forever rising out there, showers of sparks that would hang suspended like delayed-action fireworks, from the retorts and crucibles of the chemical factories.

Turning, she walked across the deep beige carpet to the fireplace and the blaze that

licked at the pile of logs. The head of a magnificent stag hung above the mantel. Don had brought it down from his place in Mountain County. It struck the motif he liked.

Don was suddenly in the room, his hard, dry palm closing on hers.

"How are you, my dear? I'm sorry. Some idiot who got my home number. Sit down. You look very attractive."

"Thank you." She spread the skirt as she took the couch.

"How are you?"

"Fine, fine." He sat, crossing one knee over the other. He did look fine. The well-fitted evening jacket became him, setting off his strong shoulders and neck. His features had the look of a man accustomed to command and the grey-touched temples gave no sense of age. Don Price was president of the Waubesa Oil Company.

A boy from the Texas Panhandle, he had earned his own education and bowed to no one's superior knowledge of oil chemistry.

"New dress?" he asked.

SHE was surprised. "Don't tell me you noticed?"

He grunted, pleased.

"I'm told it's murder not to comment when a woman has on a new dress." Old Charles came in with the cocktail shaker and a tray with two glasses. "I'll pour this stuff, Charles. You go look after that steak. Give us advance warning, will you?" The old servant left. Don poured the drinks.

Tonight, she saw, Don would be rather silent. He could, when stimulated, be a fascinating conversationalist. His knowledge of many world problems and of practical politics was great. But concerning her profession, he never spoke, never inquired. He seemed determined to think of her as undistinguished except by her femininity. He might be in love with her and in deep conflict over her status as a physician but she could not be sure. Certainly he desired her company, and sought it often.

She was as uncertain of her own feelings. It was, of course, flattering to have the attentions of Don Price. Sometimes Storm wondered whether she was not a little too flattered by his attentions to think out clearly where they were both going. If some day he put the serious question to her, on that day she would have to decide whether she would go on as a physician, and, she knew, such a decision would be a struggle for her.

"Got a letter from Harry." He glowed, speaking of his son. "Made honors in chemistry. Tough course, too, that summer session. Asked about you. He likes you, Storm."

"And I like him, Don!"

Apparently he decided not to pursue this subject. "If I seem preoccupied it's because I'm having trouble with Washington."

He was still on Washington, and its ways when Charles called dinner. They were having dessert when the telephone rang in the library. Charles said it was for her.

It was Anne, her child's voice shaking with anxiety. "Mother, there's a big fire."

"Fire! In the house?"

"No, in the sky. Haven't you seen it? Mrs. Mulcahey's out telling people along our street about it. Mother, I am awfully scared."

"Wait a moment." She parted the heavy draperies at the library windows and stepped back in horror. The whole western sky seemed filled with a greasy, menacing pall from which

flames boiled up, then rolled back into the pall out of sight. She must have called out, for Don came, followed by Charles.

Don studied the night for a moment and said, "The tanks at Creston."

Creston was five miles out, but she felt only a little relieved.

"Hello," she said into the receiver, but the line had gone dead, or the child had hung up. "I have to go home, Don," she said. "My child's very frightened, and heaven knows where my housekeeper is."

"It's all right. I'll have to go myself." As Charles went to get her things he dialled a number, angrily asked why he had not been notified, barked rapid orders. He walked with her to the door, took her hand. "Don't do anything foolish now. I want you to promise."

He meant she should not volunteer for disaster work if things came to that. It was easier not to argue.

"Good night, dear," she said.

She was on her street in 10 minutes, as always in the dark having to make sure which house was hers since all the frame structures on the block were much alike.

"Mother!" Anne said, giving her a relieved hug. "Mrs. Mulcahey's upstairs with the bedclothes over her head."

"I am not," a warm Irish voice declared from the staircase. Mrs. Mulcahey hurried down as fast as she could in the shoes cut out at the sides to relieve the bunions. "Is the whole town going up?"

"Of course not. It's way out at Creston." As she spoke the telephone rang. Anne made a dash for it.

"It's Mrs. Harnish, mother."

"All right," said Storm. "I'll take it on the upstairs phone."

Harriet Harnish was night superintendent at Merry.

"Storm," she said, "I have calls in for 18 doctors. We're marshalling, of course. Can you—"

"Yes, certainly. Put me down. Want me to stay on call, or shall I come up and stand by?"

"Stay on call. Okay?"

Firmly Storm closed the shades on the sight of the sky and went to the closet to remove her gown. Mrs. Mulcahey crept in. "Dearie, are you sure it's only at Creston—"

"Yes, Mrs. Mulcahey. If you must know, your precious Mr. Price went personally out to see about it."

"Oh." To Mrs. Mulcahey, Don Price was the nation's most capable man. "Did you have a nice dinner together?"

"Yes, dear. A very nice dinner."

She sat at her dressing-table to brush her hair. Anne stood, looking up at her mother. She had Bob's wide forehead and eyes but the cheekbones and mouth were Storm's.

"Know what I'm going to be when I grow up, mother? A doctor."

"Well, glad you decided. But why?"

"So I can know a lot of men and have them take me to dinner. If I get to be a doctor, mother, will they take me to dinner?"

The call came just after three a.m. The sky to the west still boiled with that frightening flame. Mercy Hospital had as many lights on as at eight in the evening. Nearly all space was taken in the parking lot. Two ambulances disgorged patients at the emergency entrance. In the women's locker room she quickly changed to surgical garb, thrust feet into

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# "A WOMAN NAMED STORM," by Hector Chevigny

straw sandals. The patient had not yet been wheeled into Examination Room F when she entered but a young intern she did not know was fastening a wet X-ray plate to the inspection screen.

"Dr. Harrison," she told him. "Oh," he knew the name. He was very young and had a moustache. "I'm Dr. Bascom."

He explained that the patient was just being brought down from X-ray. The door opened, an orderly pushed in a wheeled stretcher. Dr. Bascom turned to help the orderly lift the patient on to the table in the centre of the room. She studied the X-ray. The bone just above the right knee looked as if a giant nutcracker had closed down around it, shattering the bone. Splinters showed in the surrounding tissue. This was going to prove a mess. How much of a mess she would not be sure until she looked over the actual injury.

The orderly now wheeled the stretcher out. Dr. Bascom came to her side.

"Is he conscious?" she asked. He nodded.

"From the fire?"

Bascom nodded again. "Cresston Receiving reports a bulldozer backed into him. He was standing against a wall."

She moved to the table, looked down on the man's face. He was so tall the table seemed hardly long enough for him. The hair lay matted to the skull, the skin was pale, the pupils were narrow with the morphine given him at Cresston Receiving.

"Do you know any doctor in Waubanakee?" she asked.

"No," he said quite clearly. "No, I don't."

He looked familiar but she decided this was no time to search her memory and moved down to the leg. She studied the broken, discolored area for a long time, trying to estimate the degree of damage to the tissues. On her judgment depended whether a try should be made at all to save the limb.

"Let me see his history," she ordered. Bascom handed her the clipboard holding the notes made at Cresston Receiving and the personal history taken on his admission at Mercy.

"Oh," she said, noting the name, Connover, James. The man who had come to her office that morning for a physical examination. Well, she had first-hand knowledge concerning his condition before the accident. Then it might be worth a chance.

"Mr. Connover," she said, "I'm Dr. Harrison, remember?"

The pupils struggled to focus. She had to remind him where they met.

"Oh," he said and grinned a little. "Fancy meeting you here."

"I'm not altogether sure just what we ought to try, yet, but certainly you have to be operated on. If you want me to do it I have to have your consent, Mr. Connover."

His hesitation was brief. "Okay," he said. "Do what you can." His hand sought hers and she accepted the faint squeeze comfortingly. The young intern nodded to show he had heard the patient consent.

Suddenly the door opened, a man walked in on hard leather heels. "Well," he said,

"so you got here, Storm."

"Yes, Dr. Talbot," she said, surprised.

"That's fine, fine— Well, Storm, what do you make of it?"

"Would you care to examine?" She grasped the reason for the intrusion now. Talbot had charge of medical services for the Waubanakee Oil Company. He was also one of the men not particularly approving of Storm Harrison.

**T**ALBOT'S examination was extremely brief. He straightened and said, "Ah, yes," and patted the patient reassuringly. "Nothing to worry about, young fellow. We'll take good care of you." Then, opening the door, he asked Storm with a nod to step out into the corridor.

"It does look like an amputation, doesn't it? Go right ahead." His tone implied that for anything as simple as an amputation he could trust her. "Glad you're of the job. Mr. Price called me himself, asked me to have a look."

"Oh?" Her rising inflection questioned why Don Price should be concerned. "Was my being called the reason you came up?"

"Oh, now, Storm," He gave a reassuring laugh. "Of course not. My being here is no reflection on you. Don's concerned because this man's case can give us a lot of trouble. Connover isn't with the company, you see. He's on loan from another corporation. I believe he was brought to Waubanakee to lecture on some new process. Most unfortunate that

he got hurt tonight. A stranger in our midst, all that—that's why Don's concerned."

"I see," and she, indeed, saw. He had spoken with entire confidence that she would follow his reasoning. Amputation was the safe, the easy course, entailing no risk to the patient and quickly done. Trying to save the leg meant a long ordeal in surgery, the outcome of which might depend on the patient's capacity to sustain shock. Talbot had hardly bothered to estimate the patient's capacity to take it.

She wondered what made a man become so enamored of his safe, comfortable job that he would talk in the way she had just heard.

"I'm not sure I shall amputate," she said.

His smile faded. "I beg pardon?"

"In my judgment he's in condition for me to make a better try than that."

"Willing to take a good deal of responsibility, aren't you, Doctor?" he said.

"Taking responsibility should be our business," she replied. "And I believe the patient's welfare comes first."

He stared at her a moment, then color, high color, flooded his face. "We'll see about this." And he walked quickly away.

The young intern waited for her as she closed the examination-room door behind her and returned to study the patient's leg. Cocksure . . . the word Joe Halstead flung at her that morning recurred.

Instantly all her irritation at Talbot drained away. Despite his brief examination he could be right. This was one of those

cases where the surgeon had to be extremely wary of hunches. If the patient died and there was trouble, there was plenty of evidence that amputation might have been the wise course.

The door again suddenly opened, Talbot appeared and crossed the room to pick up the receiver of the telephone by the X-ray screen.

"Put the call on two-sixteen on to this line, please," he ordered. To Storm he said, "Mr. Price wants to speak to you."

"Yes?" she managed to say into the instrument, suddenly so angry she was surprised she could speak at all. Don's voice was hoarse. "Oh, Storm. Confound it—why can't you take a little friendly advice from somebody who knows what he's doing? Will you stay out of trouble, please? Whatever Talbot says has my entire confidence."

She surprised herself at the calmness with which she replaced the receiver.

"Dr. Bascom," she said, "will you assist me, please? We're taking the patient to surgery."

It was over; the patient's leg was now encased in a smooth plaster sheath. She glanced up at the clock. Well after six a.m. It had taken a very long time.

Her only conscious desire, as wearily she walked to the doctor's scrub room, was to wash away the flakes of plaster drying on the skin of her face. She scooped up handfuls of the cool water, gratefully.

She thought about Talbot and Don Price. If they had

left her alone she might have come to a judgment more cautious than to take James Connover to surgery tonight. Irritably she pulled at the per closing her skirt. If she had just left her alone, she had been much too tired to try the kind of work she was doing tonight. And having that experienced intern assist her had further slowed the progress to the point at which patient's resistance was exhausted.

But that intern wasn't to blame. It was her fault, not getting hold of, say, Joe Halstead to assist. She was about to leave the locker room when the telephone rang.

"Dr. Harrison?" said the hospital operator. "Dr. Talbot wanted to be called when you were free." She said to herself, Dr. Talbot's number, she was waiting, regretted this decision.

"Well, Storm?" came Talbot's voice. And she knew she had had a report.

"Do you mind?" she asked. "I'm much too tired to discuss it now."

"I want you to know," she told her, "that I intend making an issue of this matter at the next medical audit meeting. There was no mistaking the note of triumph. "I only hope the staff doesn't consider me pension."

How she got home she never remembered. Not until Mr. Mulcahey woke her did she realise she had fallen into bed after removing no more than her suit and shoes.

Coming into the lobby of the Medico-Dental Building, she slowed as she approached the Coffee Shop. She had been

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# "A WOMAN NAMED STORM," by Hector Chevigny

ated but it was a temptation to know how much of what had happened was now gossip. There were fewer men in white coats on the stools than usual, but there were a few. Joe Halstead came in, looking no less blondly juvenile because of a white coat. To her surprise, he sat beside her, slowly, and she felt a little better.

They talked of trivial matters over their coffee. It was good, knowing Joe stood by her side, knowing Joe stood by her side. Then, walking as he walked to the elevators, he said, "Now how about telling me just what happened?"

Miss Marble had a patient waiting but Storm took Joe in and closed the door. Joe was sympathetic after he had finished. "What," he asked, "makes some men get Joe Talbot? But I don't understand why you took the guy to surgery right then and there, Storm?" Joe went on, "I mean, why the rush? You might have called me. I would have been glad to help. Now—well, I sure hope that guy pulls through, for your sake."

Miss Marble poked her head in. "I'm sorry, Dr. Harrison. Dr. Bascom called. That was the intern who assisted her." "Listen," Dr. Bascom said excitedly. She listened. She asked him to repeat. Presently she nodded the telephone, looking up at Joe.

"Connover," she said, "is responding. Color better, blood pressure up." Joe rose, walked to the window, stood there a moment, then came back and put a hand on the doorknob. He looked disgusted. "Think you're smart, don't you? Well, it's luck, that's all. Just luck."

They were back to normal. Joe, she said, sadly shaking her head, "can't you stand to see anybody else prove he's good?"

The Waubanakee Hotel's Hawaiian Room was crowded with the five-o'clock set and, looking around, she wondered if Don had perhaps decided not to come. But there he was, in a booth, morosely chewing popcorn from the dish before him. He stood, looking very fit in a grey worsted, as he let her slip into the seat.

"Awful place to meet," he grumbled, indicating the whole of the Hawaiian Room. "Why you wouldn't come to my place, I don't understand. It's at least quiet there."

The waiter came, she decided on a daiquiri.

"Well," Don asked, "how much longer am I going to be punished?"

"Punished?" She chose a kernel of popcorn. "I don't know what you mean."

"You know perfectly well what I mean. How many times do I have to tell you I apologise?"

It was, she decided, quite possible he did not realise what he had done.

"Medical ethics, protocol—what do I know of that stuff? It's because I know nothing that I hire Ralph Talbot to advise me. I have to go by the advice of men I've picked. If he acted off side, I can't judge it. Strikes me your beef is with him, not me."

Her drink came, she tasted it carefully, thinking. He was in love with her, that she knew now. Perhaps he had just realised it himself, this quarrel bringing it to the fore.

"Can't we," she heard him ask plaintively, "get out of here and up to my place?" He sounded miserable.

"All right," she agreed, softening. "I'll call home, Don, and say I'm delayed."

"But is Don Price a particular friend of yours?" Jim Connover rose in the bed on an elbow, the better to search her face.

She felt a touch of exasperation. She had taken the chair beside his bed on his plea to discuss something very important. "Why do you ask, Mr. Connover?"

"Simple. I've got a claim against the Waubanakee Oil Company, but if it goes to trial and a friend of yours is involved—"

"Mr. Connover," she interrupted. "If you have a fair claim, that's to be decided on its merits. I really don't understand this."

"You may have to testify as the surgeon who operated. I don't want you embarrassed."

"I won't be." She rose, picked up her bag. "Who's been saying Mr. Price is a particular friend of mine?"

His long face showed its grin. "Don't you realise that to every nurse in this place Storm Harrison is somebody very special?"

Storm was embarrassed. "You ought to know better than to listen to hospital gossip," she scolded.

"Success, Dr. Harrison. Gossip is recognition. You should understand success as well as anyone—the ulcered stomach, the astigmatic eye, exhaustion. Did it ever occur to you that half a surgeon's work is done in repair of the pursuit of success?"

She laughed. He was being his most amusing in an effort to keep her in the room. He was, of course, lonely. Waubanakee Oil might be paying for this private room, but no one came to see him except herself and the nurses caring for him.

She patted his shoulder self-consciously. "I'll be back for another lecture tomorrow morning. Okay?"

Things were at a crisis when, that night, she got home. A pipe had burst, flooding the basement. The plumbers had not come. As they sat down to a belated supper, Anne said, "If we don't get a decent house one of these days—" Seeing her mother stare, Anne asked, "Did I say something bad, Mother?"

"No, darling," Storm said. "We will have a decent house some day."

Joe Halstead called around eight. "Movie?" She was not too surprised. Joe had been put in a very genial mood that morning; as they worked together she had made an error he had caught before she did. Perhaps tonight they would not quarrel and she did, suddenly, want to get out of the house and the summer heat that filled it. "I'd love it, Joe."

SHE waited, in fresh slacks and a tight bandanna around her hair, when he came in his car. They had to wait in line before the box office and people looked at them.

"You know," Joe said as they sought seats in the cool dark, "we make a pretty good-looking couple."

On the drive home they spoke of the convention of the College of Surgeons to be held in New York in September.

"Man, I hope I can make it," Joe said. "I see by the programme that Northam's going to conduct the symposium in heart surgery. It would be fun, you know, if we could both go."

She agreed it would, though she knew she could not go, the bank account being what it was. But they were not going to part without a quarrel. Joe remarked, as they neared her house, that they were lucky to have had no calls. On going

into the theatre they had left their names at the box office.

She said thoughtlessly, "Oh, I don't know. I wouldn't call that lucky."

"Aw, for—do you have to think of business all the time?" She saw her mistake and tried to change the subject, but he worried it. "The trouble with you, you're just plain too ambitious. Life isn't all competition and success and beating out the other guys."

"I suppose," she flared, "that you aren't ambitious. If a man's ambitious, that's fine, that's great. But let a woman—"

"There you go. Always on the defensive because you're a woman."

"And because you're a man—can't you realise you're just about the best of the younger men in town? Why do you have to be so touchy all the time? A person would think you've got something to be afraid of."

"Gee, Storm," His flare-up completely subsided. "Thanks for the compliment—I mean—I'm sorry, Storm."

"All right," she said, bitterly sweet. Inadvertently she had learned how to handle Joe. "My goodness, anybody as brilliant as you are at surgery—"

She finally let him kiss her



"Somehow I feel we're not wanted."

good night. But, seated before her dressing table in the bedroom, combing out her hair, she felt irritation. You had to be tricky with men, apparently, forever play a diplomatic game in which you manoeuvred them into believing themselves superior. Where were Don Price and Joe Halstead different, except that one shared her knowledge of medicine and understood her responsibility and the other did not?

The picture of Bob Harrison, the one likeness of him she had, leaned against the mirror. Bob of the thickest shoulders, the capable hands, the quiet grin. She mused on their two short years together, as always finding reassurance in the fact that with Bob there had never seemed anything but perfect understanding.

But she had devoted herself to him utterly, she now recalled. Bob would not have liked her as she was now. She had had to merge her every interest into his. No, it wouldn't work now, if they were to meet again by some fantastic miracle. No sense in seeking to repeat a past that could not be repeated. She could no longer be that kind of woman, a woman with no other interest but her man.

She thought of Don Price, who wanted that kind of woman. She thought of Joe Halstead, who was so unsure of himself that he needed a woman who could play the game of making him feel superior.

And then, with a leap of feeling that had nothing to do with reason, she thought of Jim Connover.

"Why do you think I'm so fascinated by my work?" Storm asked. "What do you think it is that drives me?"

Jim Connover sat up in a wheel chair, the leg in its cast thrust out before him. He regarded her thoughtfully, smoking. They often talked together now, for she made him the last of her patients on her rounds. She had decided that he was quite unlike any man she had ever known.

His interests and accomplishments were an odd mixture of the intellectual and the active. The books he read voraciously, having them sent up from the public library, ranged from plays in German to murder mysteries. His familiarity with the world's far-flung places was casual and intimate. He worked for a very large oil company with refineries from the Persian Gulf to the East Indies. It was commonplace practice in the company to shift its technical personnel often to distant outposts.

Her picture of those far encampments as collections of galvanised iron shacks, he chuckled at. They even have air-conditioning, he had explained. That New York address he had, she knew now, was for the little apartment

September twenty-first? Would that be all right, Storm?"

That would be the week of the clinical congress, she thought, but it wouldn't really matter, she couldn't go anyway.

"We'll have the Bixby's," Don planned, pacing his living-room rug. "The Longstreets, too. You ought to know Muriel Longstreet. And Carl Fisher. Carl's chief of our production division."

She was thoughtful driving home. If Don thought she had agreed to attend that house party it was her own fault for not offering a definite objection, except for the annoying fact Don had so positively assumed she would go? Don Price had a way of getting what he wanted. And Storm Harrison wondered, now, if that would some day mean her.

## JIM CONNOVER

moved to the Waubanakee Hotel the night before the day on which he would return to New York. He still walked in the east, with the help of a crutch, and it had been agreed the cast would be taken off in New York. He came to her office. He looked around.

"Yes, it's where we met." But he had not come just to chat. "I've just been told," he scolded, "about the bill you sent my insurance company."

"What about it?" she asked, surprised. "You told me to send it to them."

"Why didn't you tell me how little you charge? Ridiculous. Elsewhere I'd have been charged five times as much. How are you going to pay for office equipment?"

She had had trouble deciding the size of that bill. She had once almost doubled the sum she first thought of, then cut it back to what it was. She eventually decided her conflict was over not wanting to seem to take advantage of an out-of-towner even through his impersonal accident insurance.

"I made the fair charge for Waubanakee," she said. But she felt abashed.

He asked her to go to dinner, adding, "Now I'm in that hotel, I miss the bunch at the hospital. Never satisfied, you see."

He was visibly pleased when she asked him if he cared to come to her house for dinner. She explained that Mrs. Mulcahey had been told she would be home; she hadn't been home for dinner in two nights, and she should be. Wondering why she defended her invitation, she went on to say she found she was spending too much time away from Anne.

"Anne?" he asked. "And does she look like you?"

"You might tell me if you think so when you see her," she said.

It was agreed he would come at seven. By the time she was home half an hour, Storm was sorry she had asked him. Her daughter and her housekeeper both seemed unable to understand why she did not in this case keep the traditional distance between doctor and patient. Mrs. Mulcahey was profoundly suspicious when men other than Don Price intruded into her employer's life.

As Storm dressed, her daughter whirled around a bedpost. "But who is he, Mother?" "Oh, go wash your hands." The living-room ceiling looked lower than usual when he hobbled in on his crutch. Anne's hands had finally been washed, her dress was changed.

"Yes," he said, "you do look

like your mother. Miss Harrison."

To Storm's pleasure, her daughter did not dig a toe into the carpet. Instead she said very calmly, "Why, thank you." He had a faculty for speaking to a child as to an adult.

Anne's geography class was studying the Persian Gulf and on her map he showed her where he had spent two years. He ate Mrs. Mulcahey's pot roast with appreciation. Anne completed the smoothness of the evening by going to bed quietly when told.

She drove him back to his hotel at ten o'clock.

"I'm afraid," he apologised, "that I upset your routine. And your housekeeper."

"Oh, don't mind Mrs. Mulcahey." She wondered if he would be amused by Mrs. Mulcahey's analysis of him: "One of them men who won't stay put. Here today, gone tomorrow." Mrs. Mulcahey claimed to know the type, having been married to one for 30 years. Storm knew the type also. Her father was one of those men.

The kerb before the Waubanakee Hotel had plenty of parking space.

In the nearly deserted Hawaiian Room a rhumba came from some hidden wall outlet.

"The old joke about taking in the sidewalks at nine is certainly true in this town," Jim remarked. "How on earth did you ever happen to choose this place?"

"Oh, I was advised to look for a growing town where other young doctors weren't all trying to go."

"Then it was the ideal place," he agreed.

They sat awhile in silence, stripping the little beads of moisture off their glasses.

"You know," she said suddenly, "I'm very grateful to you."

"You're grateful to me?"

"I mean I'm grateful for your crack about surgery absorbing me the way art seems to do some people. That made me feel better about . . . about a lot of things."

"If," he said suddenly, "a fairy godmother flew by, what wish would you want granted most?"

"Oh?" She considered the question. "To be able to go to the clinical congress, I suppose."

He roared with laughter. "No, you don't think of anything else, do you?"

She laughed with him. It meant a great deal to a young surgeon, she explained, to attend. There was the prestige, contacts renewed with old medical-school instructors, the supply and pharmaceutical houses offered important displays and demonstrations, and there were, of course, papers read, seminars, and symposiums.

"It's the way we keep up with one another," she finished. "Where is this convention?"

"The twenty-first, New York City." She saw him lean back, study her. Too late she connected the place of the convention with the place he was going. "It's pointless wishing," she said. "I haven't the time."

"Other doctors take the time, don't they? It's the money, isn't it?"

"I also have a weekend party for that date." It was true. Don had arranged everything.

"Don't look now," he said gently, "but the fairy godmother is passing by. I told you that bill you put through was ridiculous."

"Oh, no, you don't!"

"Will you let me finish?"

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## Amanda and the Play

Amanda put the telephone down and rose, starry-eyed, from the chair. "Oh," she breathed, and shrugged her shoulders ecstatically. "I've got it!"

Her mother put down her knitting. From a leather armchair her lanky, redheaded brother uncoiled himself and gazed quizzically at her.

"What have you got, Amanda?" her mother frowned.

"The part! That was Mr. Guilder—and I've got the part!"

"Well," said her mother, "that is wonderful, dear. You've been waiting so long for a chance!"

"An actress," boomed her brother's alarmingly deep voice, "an actress!" He posed delicately, hand on hip, and declaimed in a cracked falsetto: "The quality of the Mersey is not strained—"

"Oh, shut up, Ned," glared Amanda. "It's not funny. I could screw your neck, you beast. Now, of all times, you have to go down with the flu, and give it to me! How am I going to get on with this awful throat I've got?"

"Ah," said Ned, "it might lend an interesting quality to that luscious contralto of yours, Mandy. You could recite the 'Ode to the Idfluedzed' . . . 'Oh, doe, doe, dever bore will I roam' . . ."

Amanda moved menacingly towards him, then the doorbell rang. "Just as well for you, my boy," she said. "That's Gran. Go and open the door, if your strength will allow you."

Ned ushered in a brisk little lady whose bright eyes glanced swiftly from Amanda to her mother.

"Hmm," she said, peeling off her gloves. "What's the matter?" She sat down in the armchair Ned had just vacated and listened calmly as Amanda told her the news.

"You're quite beautiful, Amanda," she said, absently, watching the girl's vivacious face. Then, sharply, "What's the matter with your voice?"

"Oh, Gran," wailed Amanda, putting a slim hand to her throat. "I've got the most awful sore throat!"

"Yeah," said Ned. He dropped into a crouch. "Dis dame's in de gang, see, an' she's got de poils an' de boss is gonna get 'em, see, but she can't tell him where dey are, see, her t'roat's taken a powder, see—"

Gran flashed an eye at him and he grinned. "Mandy's in a gangster play," he said, lamely. "I was just—"

Gran ignored him. "Amanda," she said, "don't you worry, my dear. I think we can fix that throat of yours." She fished in her capacious black handbag and drew out a small roll pack. "LLC Throat Jubes. Remember, Elizabeth? Amanda, here—start taking them now." She settled herself comfortably and beamed at her granddaughter. "Years and years ago," she said, "we used to take LLC Throat Jubes whenever we had a sore throat. Now you can get Walco LLC Throat Jubes in that handy little roll pack anywhere—kiosks, milkbars, grocers' shops . . . anywhere at all. And they only cost sixpence!"

"Gran," said Ned, "you sound like one of those fellows who write ads."

"Maybe," said Gran, tartly. "Nevertheless, my boy, when it comes to LLC I know what I'm talking about. And, what's more, I've proved it. Pop one in your mouth, Amanda, and let it dissolve. Keep on taking them and you'll find your sore throat won't trouble you. They'll do your chest good, too."

"Um," said Amanda; "they taste nice. Licorice. Um, very nice."

"Ned," said Gran, "it's a nice afternoon. It won't hurt you to walk down to the corner shop and get a few packets of Walco LLC Throat Jubes. Make sure they're Walco, though. A grey, blue and red roll pack like this one. Here's some money."

"Aw—" Ned began.

"Scram, bud," said Gran, "mosey outa, but fast. C'mon—move! Get going, Jackson!"

Ned disappeared.

"I read gangster books, too," Gran smiled. "I must go and see you in your gangster play, Amanda. You'll be wonderful, I'm sure!"



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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—April 18, 1951



# "A WOMAN NAMED STORM," by Hector Chevigny

You've done plenty for me. I never told you, but I know how much of a risk you took, working on me. Don't ask me how I found out. I like returning favors. And I do owe you a great deal. Your transportation, a three-day hotel bill—what's that to me? Unconventional, isn't it, Doctor?"

It was her turn to lean back and study him. She watched his grin return, twitching at the corners of his mouth.

"Of course, I shall expect also to be at you beck and call," he said, "when and if there are off-hours during the convention. I assure you I know where the good eating places are and I get tickets to shows the producers themselves can't get into. You've never seen New York, have you? Well? here's your chance."

She had a wild impulse to accept on the spot. It would be a great satisfaction to tell Don a surgeon's convention was, after all, more important than his weekend at the lodge. And there was an adventure about this that she found suddenly compelling. Caution withheld an immediate answer.

"I'll think it over, Jim," she promised.

He was there, waiting for her, his improbable tallness picking him easily out of the crowd meeting the passengers who came in through the gates. A touch of panic at the possibility of having to cope with New York alone in the middle of the night had assailed her as they descended upon the immensity of lights surrounding La Guardia Field, and by the time she stepped down from the air liner and walked towards the huge terminal she felt definitely, foolishly provincial.

But here was Jim, after all, and they pumped hands as people pushed past them, his long, lean face grinning the way she remembered, and he was asking, "How are you, Doctor?"

He was as relieved at finding her as she was at having been found—that she saw now—and he was just as embarrassed.

"Oh, please," she tried to laugh. "Don't call me that."

"Shall we go see to your luggage?"

He grasped her arm and she felt very feminine, trotting along beside him in her high heels and narrow skirt. He still limped and used a cane, yet he had to slow his gait down to hers. That they had ever had the relation of physician and patient seemed something belonging to another century.

She remembered about sending a wire home. Jim pointed out the telegraph counter, while he took over her luggage checks. He had her two dressing-cases when she came back and apologised for being able to carry only one of them, because of his leg and the cane.

"How is the leg?" she asked as they moved through the exit doors.

"Fine. Uneventful recovery." A cab moved up in the waiting line; they got in with her luggage. "After they knocked the cast off they took new pictures. They all said you did a pretty terrific job."

She was silent, seeking a subject away from herself as a doctor.

"You had me worried," he said, "when you wired you'd take a later plane."

"Well, I found I had to." If she had not changed her flight she would have found herself travelling with the other surgeons from Waubanakee going to the congress, Joe Halstead among them. Her acceptance of a free trip was unconventional enough without speculation that might be aroused by being seen with this particular ex-patient.

True, its very unconventionality attracted her in a perverse way. It was fun contemplating anything as crazy, after all the years of watching her step so carefully. Don Price had been very hurt to think she would put such a trip above going to the house-party he had planned at his Mountain County lodge. Angrily he had pointed out all the trouble he'd had in arranging it.

His anger made it easier to keep up her resolution to go. It was good for Don to know that he assumed too much in thinking she would put his party above everything else.

Their cab now crossed the 59th Street bridge, the full grandeur of Manhattan by night struck her and Waubanakee fled from her mind.

Seated in the booth of the brightly lighted, crowded restaurant, waiting for the oyster stew, she decided to confess her feelings. "Doesn't anybody around here go to bed?"

He laughed, telling her of a party to which he'd been invited but which he was sure was just getting started.

"Oh," she felt contrite. "Did you give up—"

"One of those parties you can miss or go to any day of the week," he told her easily. "It's in Greenwich Village." This implied something she could not fully grasp, but she decided not to ask just what it meant.

When they were out on the street again, strolling along looking for a chance cab, he asked her if she wanted to drop in on the party.

"Oh, yes," she said, "yes. I was hoping you'd ask me."

They could hear the party noises from the first of three flights of very narrow stairs which they ascended slowly because of Jim's leg. The door to the apartment stood open. Inside, 20 or even 30 people stood, holding drinks, or sat, even on the floor, holding drinks, and talking. A little man with a beard played a cello in a corner, but nobody seemed to pay him the slightest attention.

"Sit down somewhere," Jim told her. "I'll try to find a drink. No use attempting introductions."

Before Jim could move off, a woman in green came out of a room and saw him.

"Darling!" she screamed. "How are you? Listen—" This was to the roomful. "This is Jim. He's a perfectly fascinating oil chemist or something and he's forever going around the world—where is it, Jim, you go to? Java?"

"I'm going to look for a drink," Jim answered. Few had stopped talking and the little man with the beard had just kept on playing his cello.

**S**TORM sat down on a nearby couch. A young man beside her asked, "And what do you do?"

"I'm a doctor." There seemed nothing else to say.

The young man abruptly turned to her full-face. "You're a doctor?" Several people near them stopped talking to look at her and the cello player leaned their way to listen.

"Yes," she said. "Is that so strange?"

"My dear," the young man said, "have you done much work in chronic allergic? I'm beginning to think my case is incurable."

The cello player rested his bow across his knees and said, "You're not a psychiatrist, are you?"

Jim rescued her, coming in with the two drinks. Shoving one into her hand, he said, "Has she been telling you she's a doctor? Pay absolutely no at-

tention. With her it's pure hallucination."

It was two in the morning when they found a cab again.

"I hope it wasn't too silly for you," he told her. "I thought you might get a kick out of it. Those people aren't as interesting as they think they are, but they're good-hearted."

"Oh, I really did enjoy it, Jim. You'd never see anything like that in Waubanakee."

"Now look," he said. They were at her hotel. "Tomorrow's going to be a tough day for you. I know these scientific conventions. You'll meet friends and maybe get drawn into activities. If you want it that way, your time is your own—okay? You have both my telephone numbers, don't you, my office and the Irving Place apartment?"

She accepted the good-night squeeze of his hand gratefully. "Thank you, Jim," she said. "You're really wonderful."

It was good to climb into the very comfortable bed at last, to lie and listen to the subdued barge whistles call from the East River and to wonder if the traffic sounds from Lexington Avenue, 16 floors below, ever really stopped.

New York looked much less formidable in the September



morning sun. The newspaper she read at breakfast said that 8000 surgeons were in town. As her cab dropped her before the hotel where the conventioners registered, she could believe it. They crowded the sidewalk, they jammed the lobby. They were young, old, badly or nattily dressed, they yelled happy greetings as they met fellow townsmen or stood apart looking eagerly for familiar faces.

At a long table 15 secretaries were checking credentials and tickets. Registration for attendance at various sectional meetings, symposiums, and demonstrations could come later. The first friend she found was old Dr. Pettibone.

"Well, bless my soul," he said, over and over again as he patted her hand. "Well, bless my soul." It had been old Pettibone who had urged her to build a medical career on her nurse's knowledge after Bob Harrison died. "And now you're at the congress. Well, well."

"I especially want to hear Northrop on new techniques in heart surgery," she heard herself explain.

A hand came down on her shoulder.

"As I live and breathe—Storm Harrison." It was Jack Sterling, of her group when she had been a surgical resident.

"Jack," she exclaimed. And she returned his kiss with affection, forgetting all about the time Jack Sterling had done his level best to belittle her in his own desperate need to win recognition.

It was good, it was wonderful, to introduce Jack to Dr. Pettibone and have Jack say, "She was the best in our group

—now I don't have to compete with her. I can admit it. Where are you working, Storm?"

She lost both Jack and Pettibone as each sighted other acquaintances and she, in turn, saw a group of her old medical-school teachers. She had forgotten that Joe Halstead might be somewhere nearer than Waubanakee until she heard a relieved "Hiya, beautiful," and there he was, looking more blondly juvenile than ever and very well dressed in a new summer suit.

Joe already had the place all figured out and all the events well in mind, knew just where the main auditorium was, where the president would give the address of welcome. He also knew just where the Waubanakee doctors clustered and, though she protested it would be nice to meet a few others for a change, it was pleasant to have old Pritchard, who was chief of the Mercy Hospital staff, look incredulous as he shook hands and to see how astonished some of the others also were.

It was especially satisfying to shake hands with Ralph Talbot, to watch his eyes as he wondered how Storm Harrison had been able to finance this trip to New York. From his

stiff smile, she could tell that it would be ages before he would forgive her for defying his commands the night of Jim's operation.

She decided to call Jim before any of them could offer to help her spend her few precious days in New York. She excused herself as quickly as she could and sought a telephone booth before they all had to convene for the main assembly.

Jim sounded pleased and surprised when she said she was free that evening.

"Swell," he said. "How about dinner at Luchow's?" She told him that was fine and not until she cradled the receiver did she remember she had always wanted to dine at Luchow's.

Joe was sullen when he learned she had a date for the evening. "Joe," she said firmly, "I am not going to quarrel with you in New York, too."

They could walk it to Luchow's from her hotel, Jim said. As they passed Gramercy Park, he pointed out the statue of Edwin Booth and then the restaurant that had been O. Henry's favorite, and Washington Irving's house. She wondered if she should ask Jim where he himself lived, but was saved the decision when he indicated a small apartment building past which they had just strolled.

"My diggings are up there."

Luchow's at first seemed dimly lit, noisy, and crowded. The Viennese ensemble strove bravely to make Strauss heard above the din. As they were steered to a table, she spotted a dozen surgeons she had seen that afternoon. The Waubanakee contingent was

unlikely to be night-clubbing, though, and anyway it was too late to worry about it.

She forgot Waubanakee as she tried the smoked eel, and afterwards the venison steak with the weinkraut. He watched her put it all away with undisguised pleasure. She finally had to confess she could not manage to finish the dessert.

As they dawdled over their coffee she remembered the future.

"What about Venezuela? Are they still planning to send you?"

"I'll be going," he said. "I'm not sure it'll be for the same company, though. I'm fed up working for my present outfit."

**H**ER mining-engineer father, she remembered, would make changes, making them for their own sake, going to other corporations exactly like the ones that previously employed him, to do the same work.

"How long will you be gone?" she asked.

He shrugged. The shrug meant it might be three months or three years.

"There's the possibility I might go for the Venezuelan Government itself. They're yelling for technicians. I'm waiting around now mostly to see how the complications clear up."

Irving Place by dark looked shabbier. Sounds from an upstairs dance place came down at them as they strolled the way they had come. He did not ask her up to his apartment in the New York fashion, he just assumed that was where they would go next. Casually, still talking, he steered her up the steps when they got to his building, fitted his key into the downstairs lock and led her up one flight.

The living-room was small but had a fireplace; there was a bedroom beyond and a tiny kitchenette. Everything had a ship's-cabin neatness. It was the abode of a man who liked to travel light, and even the shelves of many books did not dispel this impression. He busied himself with kindling and a scuttle of coal at the grate.

What happened next came about as casually as their coming into the building.

"You know," he said, when he released her, "I've wanted to do that for a long, long time."

"Have you?" she asked, trying to match his light tone. She was really not surprised. And certainly she had given every indication of being willing to walk into just this. Something had to be said to quiet her beating heart. "People can get hurt this way, Jim."

"People, maybe. But not you, if by getting hurt you mean falling in love. You, hurt that way, by a rover like Jim Connover?" The tone stayed light but the eyes were serious.

"I'm the last man you'd fall for." His insight into her opinion of him was somehow not surprising to her. "As for my getting hurt—do your seriously imagine me thinking of Waubanakee as a place to live?"

At this she had to laugh. "No, Jim, that I can't see."

"So?" he asked. All there was to be said, he had said clearly, very clearly. He lifted her face again and now she returned his kiss, the fire crackling and popping.

She sat on the floor with him in front of that little fire as he poked it unnecessarily and she told him not to and he said a fire was made to be poked and they drank armagnac out of thimblelike cups of jade that he had brought from the

East. The uncertainty of whether he had plotted to have it all come out this way only amused her now and did not disturb her content.

Excitement pulled Storm out of the lethargy in which she had sat the last hours of the long trip home. The airliner came in so low over the city that despite the late afternoon haze of smoke she could make out Mercy Hospital and even the penthouse atop the apartment building where Don Price lived. There was a present for Don, too, in her luggage. But in the landing her excitement died. She was the only passenger to disembark. She regretted having wired Mrs. Mulcahey not to have anyone meet her.

"Well, hiya, Doc?" She warned to the driver of the little airline bus. "How was the convention? Couple days late, ain't you? The other doctors, they all got back Thursday."

"The convention was fine," she said.

Jim had argued so long about her staying one more day they both lost track of time and almost missed the early plane. Her tiredness, of course, accounted for this present melancholy. She had a life again only when she knelt to hug Anne long and hard and she could kiss Mrs. Mulcahey and hear her say, in her thickest Irish, "Thank God you're safe. My prayers are answered."

There were calls from both Don and Joe Halstead among the many awaiting her. Well, that was to the good. She would call them both tomorrow. She undressed quickly and as quickly had a hot bath. Then, in bed, she lay a long time staring at the darkened ceiling. It was so very quiet, no hoot of barge from a distant East River, no throb of traffic.

Jim had convinced her that anybody who had not had so much as a day's vacation in 10 years could afford to take two extra days. When she understood that he had never really seen the town as a tourist, they made the trip to the Statue of Liberty and took the ferry to Staten Island by night. They rounded Manhattan Island on an excursion boat, standing against the rail, arms around each other like all the other couples. And when they came again to the little apartment on Irving Place, they lit the coal in the grate and they talked. And always she fought the pangs of conscience she felt at taking, stealing the time.

At La Guardia Field there had been a rush to the airliner as the hostess stood holding the door back for her. There had been no kiss, not even a handshake. She waved from the airliner's little window until she dropped her hand, quickly, feeling silly because, of course, Jim could no longer see her. No word about their ever writing or phoning or seeing each other again. That neither of them ever would do so was implicit. That had been the idea. They were to remember. Just remember.

Eleven hours' sleep and the fresh morning sun still did nothing for her spirits. Coming into the lobby of the Medical-Dental Building, she hesitated, thinking of the coffee shop. She'd had breakfast but she pushed open the door, walked into the heavy odors of frying ham, coffee, and bakery goods.

"Well, Storm!" "Hi, Storm. Hear you were at the convention. How was it?"

For the 10 minutes she stayed and had a cup of coffee, the excitement was back, the feeling

Continued overleaf



# "A WOMAN NAMED STORM," by Hector Chevigny

of triumph. Miss Marble had ever so much mail for her to go over and there was a satisfying list of people waiting for appointments. Then, the door at last closed on Miss Marble and the receiver in her hand ready to call Don Price at his office, she made a discovery. It was just plain impossible.

Vainly she tried to summon words to tell Don she'd love to see him, to surprise him with the present she had brought. Joe Halstead she might be able to see, for her relation with Joe was partly professional, but Don she could not call. And it was annoying to realise that it seemed disloyal to Jim.

The full, bitter truth did not descend on her until late that evening. She sat at her dressing-table, combing out her dark hair, when she found herself staring at her own eyes and read the grim accusation in their clear grey depths. So she knew herself so well! All that sureness that Jim would not, could not touch her emotions. Who had warned whom not to get hurt? And here it was—the ache, the longing, the loneliness.

If she had not been so unwilling to admit it, she would surely have recognised what had happened to her from the moment she last saw him as her plane pulled away.

"Cocksure!" Once, in a moment of anger, Joe Halstead threw that word at her. How right he'd been. She had thought she could command love, summon or banish it at will. There was nothing to do but bear it. Nothing. For it was certain Jim would not be showing up again in Waubana-kee. Not Jim Connover.

"Want me to suture for you?" she heard Joe ask through his mask. She shook her head stubbornly and he handed her the threaded curved needle in the clamp.

Everything had gone wrong this morning. They were 20

minutes behind schedule. Twice she had had to turn from work over the incision in the patient's abdomen to ask a nurse to wipe perspiration from her forehead. Her mask was damp against her face and it was the sheerest relief to turn at last from the table under the brilliant lights, to whip that mask from her face and strip off her rubber gloves.

Joe walked with her along the busy corridor towards the doctors' scrub-room.

"What is it, Storm?"

She halted, faced him. "Honestly, Joe, just because things go slow for once—" She checked herself. Her pitch of voice made a by-passing nurse turn to stare at them. "There's nothing," she finished. "Just one of those days."

"Okay, Storm," he said as they walked on. "Seems to me you've been off stride ever since you got back from New York."

She glanced at him, ready to be angry. But it was clear he meant only to be sympathetic, that he implied no more than he said.

"Thanks, Joe. I'll see you." She decided not to go into the doctors' scrub-room; instead to wash up in the women's locker-room. To her relief it was deserted and she quickly threw off her gown to wash at the little basin. She just had to get some sleep. There could be no more of the kind of lying awake she had done last night. She had come close to getting rattled. The charge against women surgeons had always been that they were likely to get rattled.

She pulled on her stockings slowly, thinking the same thoughts that had kept her awake. Couldn't Jim call, have the courtesy at least to write a postcard asking if she got home safely?

She almost hated Jim now. The savor, the fascination in the pursuit of every chore which her profession had always held for her seemed gone, lost. Making the rounds of her patients in ward and private room, she

felt for the first time with those doctors who grumbled that the task was unnecessary and of use only in pleasing the patients.

Don Price called her at two o'clock. He called every day at two. She told Miss Marble, as she did every day at two, to tell Mr. Price she was tied up. She knew she could not go on avoiding him.

She managed to get home, bringing her battered coupe to a stop in front of her house, by six. The odor of Mrs. Mulcahey's veal stew assailed her as she hung her things in the hallway. Anne sat at the living-room desk, thin legs twisted around the chair rungs, as she did arithmetic homework.

"Hi, Mother," she said briefly as she was kissed.

Mrs. Mulcahey handed Storm a letter. "Here's a special-delivery letter for you, dearie—your father, I think."

Upstairs in her bedroom Storm kicked off her pumps, thrust her feet into mules, and read her father's handwriting.

"My dear daughter," He always began that way, sentimentally, when he remembered he had a daughter. The envelope was postmarked Butte, Montana. "Back in the States, now working for Jupiter Copper. I got sick in Chile so I left." It was the first she'd heard he'd been in Chile. As a matter of fact, it was more than a year since his last letter and that had been from Alaska.

"Just got here after spending a month in New York where I discussed my present post as a mine superintendent with the company." So he had been in New York the same time she was. That was wryly interesting. "I met a young woman doctor on the flight up here. We shared seats. Very attractive, too. She made me think of you, naturally. As for myself—"

She thrust the letter back into the envelope abruptly. Among the phrases she would next have

read, perhaps the very next phrase, would have been something about its being high time he settled down. He was still writing it at 60, in every letter she got, just as he had always said it when arriving from Bolivia or Peru or wherever else they mine.

Always he meant it, but also always there was that little "chunk of cash" he still needed and then he'd be off again, her mother receiving letters no oftener than Storm did now.

She was a fool. A stupid fool. As if she didn't know these men who wouldn't stay put and have the excuse of work calling them everywhere. As if she did not know such men from the standpoint of the child who, at 16, had watched a mother die as she asked whether John had been notified yet, whether anyone had located him. She crossed the room to the bedside extension, dialled savagely.

OLD Charles answered. "Why, yes, Mrs. Harrison, I'll tell Mr. Price you're calling." Charles did not even say he would see if Mr. Price was in. Mr. Price was, and his voice answered quickly at her ear.

"Are you busy this evening, Don? If you're not and it isn't too much trouble for Charles, may I join you for dinner?"

The pause for his surprise to be absorbed was brief. "I'd be delighted, Storm. It'll be all right with Charles. Will you drive over? Yes, you always insist on driving, don't you? Can you be here soon?"

The doorman at Don's apartment building received her with unusual attention; the elevator operator who took her up to the penthouse smiled with clear relief. "Well, Mrs. Harrison, haven't see you for a while." Old Charles beamed. "Do let me have your things, Mrs. Harrison." Don rushed up before Charles had taken the cape

from her shoulders. "You're looking fine, Storm." Don's handclasp was a little nervous but warm.

The living-room looked handsomely masculine as ever. The french windows stood open to the terrace and the night. Don was evidently determined not to refer to their quarrel before she'd left for the convention.

The dinner was Charles at his best, and Don talked more than usual about his work. He never once asked about her work. In this he was no different than usual. Tonight seemed the same as any other with Don, and somehow this disappointed her.

She had to go home at ten o'clock, because she had a difficult surgical case in the morning. Old Charles had retired; Don helped her with her things. She agreed to dine there with Don again on Wednesday. Then there was an awkward moment. She waited, then suddenly with a little cry she turned up her face.

"Don't you intend to kiss me, Don?"

He looked very pleased. "Why, of course, Storm! But only if you want me to. Only if you want me to," Storm. That's all a man wants to hear.

She could hardly wait to get out of the building and into her car. What had made her invite that kiss? When the policeman stopped her for speeding, she was tempted not to get out of it by producing her physician's credentials. This was certainly not a professional errand but inviting a ticket also carried her irritation with herself too far.

The policeman wouldn't believe she was a doctor. "Since when do doctors wear evening dresses?" But he let her off finally.

It happened just before five o'clock on Wednesday. The last patient had been seen and she

sat at her desk making records. The waiting-room door opened. It was he.

He stood, framed in the doorway, looking just as he had the first day he had stood there, improbably tall and with a handsome hat pushed to the back of his head. He wore the black leather jacket he liked to wear when travelling, and he grinned down at her.

She was standing, hardly aware of coming to her feet. The door was closed and she stood awkwardly for a moment. But only for a moment.

"Oh, Jim," she sighed, when he took her face between his two hands she knew he was hungry for the kiss, too.

Presently he said, "Look, can't we go somewhere and have dinner? Aren't you about through for the day?"

She remembered, dismayed that it was Wednesday. She had agreed to dine with Don Price. She asked Jim to step into the waiting-room. Don proved to be still at his office. He was not pleased.

"My life, Don," she said truthfully enough, "it like these days."

After taking Jim round the hotel Storm returned home to dress.

In the hot tub she quickly drew, Storm thought of the visit Jim once paid the house and remembered Mrs. Mulcahey's judgment of him. "One of them men who won't say put," her old housekeeper had sagely diagnosed. "The kind you can't trust to stick around." I know. I was married to one for 30 years, God rest his soul.

No, it would never do to admit that she had put Don Price off because Jim was in town. Her daughter Anne, though, had approved of Jim.

Under the Waubana-kee marquee he waited, wearing now the tan tweed she recognised. She let him take the wheel and felt very feminine watching the play of his strong



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# "A WOMAN NAMED STORM," by Hector Chevigny

as he guided the old car through the traffic towards the highway. The little old farmhouse restaurant stood just off the highway. The one-time dining-room had low beams and a large fireplace and they sat before the fire, the short while they had to wait for a table. The dining-room was lighted by the candles on the table. "It isn't Luchow's in New York," she apologised. "There's you," he replied. "That's enough for me." It was dark when they drove back. She still had not asked him even about his Venezuela. He remained altogether silent until the car topped a hill and before them lay the town of lights that was Waubunakee. He coasted the hill a while, then pulled over the side of the road and shut the engine. "Storm," he said softly when, after a very long while, released her, "how I wish there were some place I could take you without a million people around." There was none, there was one pointing out the obvious. "How's the apartment?" she asked. "Still there on Irving Street?" "And when you make a fire in the grate and you sit in front of it, who tells you not to poke it so much?" "Nobody," he told her. "There's nobody to tell me." She felt this was true. She surprised herself by her own question. She had never before asked him about other women. "What about Venezuela, Jim?" "I haven't you supposed to leave me alone?" He moved restlessly. "I'm going—I guess." "You guess?" When in New York they had talked of this, he had been certain he would go, but uncertain whether it would be for the same employer. He had had offers from another company and also from the Venezuelan Government. "Oh, I'll go," he said. "Just waiting for complications to be straightened out." He seemed to study his hands for a moment, then abruptly lifted those hands to her face and drew her towards him. It was late when they drove in. She was just congratulating herself on having no surgery in the morning when, with a start of conscience, she remembered how long she had been out of the telephone's reach and that she had arranged for no one to take emergencies. "Can we have lunch tomorrow?" he asked. "Oh, of course." It seemed a puny offering, hardly likely to hold him in town. He would, he said, see the lawyer tomorrow on his accident case against the Waubunakee Oil Company. Then he would call her. The street before the Waubunakee Hotel was deserted. He brought the car to a stop and stepped out, then stood, his hands on the car door, as she slid over behind the wheel. "Try to make that lunch," he urged. "It's a promise, Jim." He hesitated. "We've really got to talk about . . . about ourselves." She waited, breath caught. "We can't just go on like this." Again he hesitated. "Sorry I've had so little to say. Been thinking, I guess. Let's both think about it tonight and see each other tomorrow." "Yes, Jim." She almost whispered the words. "I may have an idea to offer," he said. "Good night." He kissed her quickly, then walked across the sidewalk. She was still staring at the revolving doors long after they had stopped turning behind him. Then, with a sensation of floating, she threw in the gears and swung slowly from the kerb.

They were to talk about themselves. They couldn't go on like this. He was caught, too, caught just as she had been. She might have realised that even a man as accustomed to travel as Jim did not, on sheer caprice, come halfway across a continent. He had been as miserable as she. What could Jim suggest? Not his coming to Waubunakee to stay. That was most improbable and if that should be it she would say no, firmly. Waubunakee and Jim would never mix and anyway he would not stay long. Even in her trance-like musing, she could remember Jim's disposition to leave when he tired of a place. And she would be hurt again. Then she thought, relieved, of the final argument. He could find work only at Mr. Don Price's oil company and, though Mr. Don Price's oil company at first would welcome a technician of Jim's experience, it would be only until Mr. Don Price found out about them.

**N**EW YORK? It was a wildly attractive prospect. The little apartment on Irving Place—No, that wouldn't do for the three of them, Jim, Anne, and herself. So there'd be some other apartment and there would be the world of New York surgery to conquer. She could conquer it, she knew, if she had to. Two calls waited on the pad beside the living-room telephone. Both turned out to concern the same matter, as she found out on quickly dialling Mercy Hospital. Mrs. Graciano had had a bad fall, Dr. Harrison could not be located so Dr. Halstead was called to set the leg. She felt very guilty, climbing the dark stairs to her room. Never before had she so grossly neglected her responsibilities. Her thoughts went back to her problem, but more soberly, as she undressed. If Jim continued his present way of life, he would be gone for months to years at a time and there she would be, alone. He might ask the company for a desk job—she had once heard him say he had one coming—but how long would he be content with that? You had to take people as they were, she mused, staring at the dark ceiling. The biggest mistake women made was trying to change their men after they married them. She thought again of her father, for the first time in a long while with conscious sympathy. It wasn't his fault he had never stayed put. That was his nature. Her mother could have gone with him on his travels. Other mining engineers' wives went along, and their children, but her own mother could not take the hard life. It had simply been a mismatch, Storm reflected. The world-fung outposts of Jim's company were no rough mining camps. During the long weeks Jim had been her patient at Mercy Hospital he had told her enough of those places for her to visualise them. Communities of company employees, mostly of the technical class, they were located wherever the company had refining operations, in Sumatra, Java, Venezuela, and throughout the Middle East as well as in Texas and California. "Ingrown," Jim had once commented. "Something like army posts before the war." This, of course, did not add up to a continuance of Storm Harrison, surgeon, as she had always contemplated her. She thrust aside the concept of Storm Harrison, surgeon, with

impatience. It skittered away but, in the dark, it came tip-toeing back and stood waiting. She had put in a lot of time building up Storm Harrison, surgeon. She flung the bedclothes aside, got up and searched the dressing-table for a cigarette. She found one, very dry and old, but she lit it. It tasted flat and stale and she soon ground it out. The prospect of staying on in Waubunakee tasted as flat as the cigarette, common sense or no common sense. It seemed incomprehensible now, that surgery had absorbed her so completely she had tolerated this place, this life. If, she decided as she climbed back into bed, this was the struggle between love and duty, then those who wrote so many stories about it ought to go through it sometime. There was nothing dramatic about it. You knew the outcome from the start and you just wasted time debating it. It was simple, really—you went where your man went. Mrs. Mulcahey set down the breakfast dishes with a thump and her lips were pressed in a firm, straight line. "Mr. Price called last night,"

I'm never easy about contracts, once they're made. They give me a feeling of—oh, what's the good or use of explaining myself?" "I'm packing when I finish this letter and taking the five-o'clock plane out. Now I'll speed up the Venezuela junket. Have to see you in my dreams, I'm afraid. Jim." She replaced the letter carefully, too carefully, in its envelope and tried to return to the scrambled eggs. Mrs. Mulcahey, she knew, watched her curiously. She was letting this woman know neither that the letter was from Jim Connover nor what it meant. It took infinite effort to swallow those eggs. All life, for that matter, tasted now like dry ashes. It added no savor to realise that Jim had arrived at the only solution that had the slightest good sense in it. In his irresponsibility, he had proven responsible. "I may be dining with Mr. Price tonight," she told Mrs. Mulcahey in a voice that, to her surprise, remained steady. "I'll call him after I get to the office and let you know." Storm was seated at her office desk three months later when

"I don't want to see you, Jim. I'm sorry." "You've got to." He closed the door, threw his coat and hat on the desk and sat in the chair beside her desk. "You've got to listen, Storm." He said it quietly. "I found I could take only three months of Venezuela." "Oh, you could take only three months." She said it bitterly, mockingly. "Jim—" She advanced but had to hold to her chair. "I can't get upset any more, Jim," she heard herself say. She moved to the window again. "I've too much to do, too many responsibilities. Just . . . just take the next plane out and leave me alone, Jim." "I'm sorry," he said. "I'm staying until you listen to what I have to say. Then you can decide if you want to see me after that." She sat, wearily. "Well, what is it?" "Not here," he said. "I can see you need a drink and some dinner. What about that place out on the highway where we went last time?" "Drive out there on a night like this?" He had not considered the weather. "Then how about the Waubunakee Hotel? I'm registered there." She hesitated. The Waubunakee was just around the corner. She could walk to it, leaving her car in its warm garage. "All right," she conceded. "I'll call you from the lobby, in half an hour. I've work to finish." "Okay." He rose quickly, picked up his things. It was strange to see Jim look awkward. "Thank you, Storm," he said. Again the outer door closed, again there was silence over which to hear sigh of radiator and complaint of stalled traffic. She had sent Jim away partly to consider whether to call his hotel and leave the message that she would not see Mr. Jim Connover. There was really little Jim could do to her now, though. It had taken a while and a lot of willpower to get there but there was no longer much risk to her emotions in seeing him. The wind, as she rounded the corner of the Medico-Dental building, hit with savage fury. It was a relief to walk into the warmth of the Waubunakee's lobby, but there were few people and it looked forlorn. The Hawaiian Room, she saw, as she called him on the house telephone, was all but empty. Jim came out of the elevator by the time she had left her things at the checkroom and given her name to the telephone operator.

**A** WAITER escorted them to a table. They studied the menu, and tried to talk of nothing vital until their dinner came. She couldn't help herself. "Well?" she asked. "Jim moved uncomfortably. 'I'm hungry and I'm liable to mess this up telling you before I've eaten. But here goes. I'm going to live and work in Waubunakee.' How she looked she could only guess from the fact that Jim, watching her, grinned a little. "I am ready," he said, "to perform the act said to be traditional in the lives of men like me—in short and to wit, try to settle down. I shall, of course, be working for the Waubunakee Oil Company and, also of course, in their labs." "How do you know, Jim?" He shrugged. The shrug told her everything, and, anyway, her question was unnecessary. Everybody in town knew that Waubunakee Oil was in need of technicians. A man of Jim's

experience could write his own ticket. They would not ask whether he meant to stay a day or ten years. They would simply put him on the payroll. "I've already talked to Sid Haggerty," he was saying. Sid Haggerty was the company's production chief. "I can start whenever I like—you see, Storm, I've already been in town a couple of days!" He shot her a look. "It was inevitable, I guess, that I'd come to this decision. And Venezuela gave me plenty of time to think it over." It was, curiously, like seeing some champion go down to defeat. He grinned as he watched her. "No comment?" he asked. "You can't work for Waubunakee Oil, Jim." "What do you mean? They've accepted me." She was silent, frowning. She was thinking that Don Price would see to it that Jim Connover did not work long for his company when he found out how Jim Connover felt about her. "Are you," he asked, "referring to my damage suit?" "There's that, yes," she hedged. He waved this away. "I'll cancel it. I've about decided I won't get much out of it, anyway, when the lawyers are paid off. Sid Haggerty never even mentioned it." Their soup came. She tasted hers carefully, glad of the chance to look away from his close study of her reactions. Just what her reactions were, except for surprise, she did not yet know. They were coming fast and were very mixed, and, though it seemed clear Jim had to be stopped from this mad course, she could not just yet tell him the reason he could not long work for Waubunakee Oil. "In your letter, Jim—" "That letter." "All right, Jim. In it you said you never could face tying yourself down. What you said was—" "I remember what I said. That sentence I didn't mean. I've kept all the contracts I ever made. I put that sentence in to discourage you with me. That letter, Storm—more than anything I ever did in my entire life it brought me face to face with myself. I took the five a.m. flight out of here, after sending that letter. By the time I got to Chicago I was ready to turn back, to tell you I hadn't meant a word of it. I might have, if I could have faced you. I felt completely worthless, too worthless for a woman like you. The feeling I was no good kept me going to Venezuela. It's quite a realization, finding out you can't live with yourself any more." He studied her worriedly. "I'm not sounding corny, am I?" "No," she said softly. "Not corny." "I could, of course, tell you that contemplating Waubunakee as a place to live is a big sacrifice." He sounded a little more like the old Jim now. "I should pay you the compliment of saying that only you can attract me here. Truthfully, this place is better, in fact, than most oil towns. Some of those outposts are pretty dull. All they have by way of romance is their name." "Jim, listen. Have you left your old job yet? Have you gone that far?" "No," he said, "not yet. I'm going back to New York, to close up the apartment and bring my stuff. I'll talk to Jarvis then. I don't want to walk out on Jarvis with just a letter or wire. Anyway, I want



she said as she dashed out the scrambled eggs, "asking when you'd be home." Storm wondered if she red-dened. She wanted to flare, to tell Mrs. Mulcahey that if she wished to cancel a date with Mr. Price and go to dinner with somebody else that was her business. But she was silent, her thoughts muttering darkly that really Mrs. Mulcahey was getting out of hand. The front doorbell rang. It was a special-delivery letter. It bore the name of the Waubunakee Hotel and she tore the envelope quickly, leaving her scrambled eggs to cool. "Dear Storm," it began. "Writing this around three a.m. No sleep. I want to tell you now I had quite a battle with myself over the decision to come back here to see you. And I hoped to find in you two things which can't possibly go together—I hoped, on the one hand, to find you returned my feelings. I also hoped you wouldn't. That second hope was the nobler, of course. It wanted you to be as you had always been, superbly in control of yourself and your emotions, a really free person. "The first hope, less noble, was fulfilled. And it hit me hard, realising it had happened. I exulted a little while, for what man isn't vain of a conquest? I said we'd lunch tomorrow—today, now. I had a wild thought I'd ask you to come and live my life. That, though, would just destroy you. But lest that makes me sound as if I feel I'm indulging in grand renunciations, I confess also that I'm scared.

Continued overleaf



## "A WOMAN NAMED STORM," by Hector Chevigny

to be sure of all the severance pay I've got coming."

"When will you go back to New York?"

"In a day or two."

A day or two. Time in which to think, at least.

"In a way," he went on, "in a ghastly sort of way, that letter did serve one purpose. In October I'd have asked you to come with me. Whether you would have or not, I'm not sure, but it would have been crazy. That would have destroyed you. In Venezuela, I thought often of asking you to come to New York to live while I took a desk job there. But they'd have pressured me to go again, whenever they wanted to set up new refineries somewhere and, if I gave in, there you'd have been. Here, in Waubanakee, I'll be away from all such temptations."

The waiter removed their empty soup plates.

"You aren't saying much," Jim said. "A few minutes ago, when you said I couldn't work for Waubanakee Oil, did you mean more than my legal case?"

"Jim," she began, ready to say that Don had asked her to marry him, which was true, and that she meant to accept, which was less true. Actually, she was still profoundly uncertain. The waiter interrupted. Dr. Harrison had a call. A Dr. Halstead.

She took it in a lobby booth. Joe had just had the laboratory report from Mercy on the appendix case and they had better both get up there fast.

"All right," she said. "Be right there."

Jim not only seemed to understand, he helped her get her things out of the check-room and thought of calling the garage to have her car ready for her.

"I'll drop by later if I can," she called back on her way out through the doors.

The drive to Mercy, despite the ice, took only ten minutes; changing to surgical-white and straw sandals in the women's

locker-room took three. Joe was already in the doctors' scrub-room. With him was a girl, very attractive in a brittle, impatient sort of way, but looking very much out of place in a bouffant skirt.

"Storm," Joe said overheartily, "this is Muriel." Joe had become engaged two weeks before.

"Oh, I'm very glad to know you."

"How nice," Muriel said. "She's going to watch us work," Joe said. "I might have known our plans for dinner out wouldn't get far. Surgery's like this, though, isn't it, Storm?"

He wanted her to help him impress this on Muriel. "Yes," she said, "it's like this."

Muriel decided not to watch after all. She would wait for Joe in the doctor's lounge.

"Knockout, isn't she?" Joe asked as, holding his own hands high, they walked together to Surgery J.

As always, from the moment the scalpel drew blood, the intense need to concentrate drove all but the task at hand from her mind. Her fingers and Joe's worked with their usual precision. Exposure of the appendix showed how right Joe had been in deciding to operate now. A young nurse had come in from the corridor.

"Dr. Halstead," she said, "Miss Foss would like to know how long it will be."

Storm did not look up at Joe in case the red might be showing through his mask. "Soon," she heard him say.

When the job neared its close she said, "You run along, I'll suture." He only muttered his thanks.

Washing in the locker-room, changing back to the clothes she had so hurriedly doffed, she remembered the promise to see Jim again. But her mind dwelled less on Jim than on Joe and Muriel. Joe was going to have a little trouble educating Muriel to his way of life—if, indeed, she didn't edu-

cate him to hers. Joe would probably find himself drifting into some specialising that wouldn't interrupt carefully planned dinners.

She paused in the act of pulling on her stockings, hit with a thought like a blow. She had no right to criticise Joe. What about Don Price? Don understood even less of her kind of life than Muriel. Nature, she thought, is such a fool. Here they were, herself and Joe, the perfect couple. For a moment the wild notion came of rescuing herself from both Don and Jim, and Joe from Muriel. As she left the locker-room, bag in hand again, she knew that was all it was, a wild thought.

She stopped at the nurses' nightroom for a cup of the coffee always brewing there. What she ought to do, of course, was decide not to see Jim at all but go home, spend the evenings as usual with Anne, get some sleep. Jim could be told about Don tomorrow. She still debated seeing Jim when she parked before the Waubanakee Hotel. Still undecided, she called him on the house phone.

"Shall I come down?" he asked after a moment's hesitation. The Hawaiian Room was dark, the lobby looked even more cheerless.

"I'll be up," she said.

The elevator man looked at her curiously. She was glad she had the doctor's bag. Jim had been working at papers on the little desk. He took her coat and she stood at the radiator, warming her hands. She would stay 10 minutes, she told herself. He came back from the closet. They stood a moment, looking at each other . . .

She should, she knew, feel angry with herself but when he released her, there was only the feeling that it was useless to argue, with herself or with Jim. It would have been arguing with nature and with nature

she was suddenly very tired of arguing.

"I'm not going to stay long, Jim. I shouldn't."

"I know," he said. "I'm grateful for this much."

It was 10 o'clock, and she had stayed half an hour when she pressed the elevator button. She had told Jim nothing of Don Price. Just why, she was not sure. She seemed caught in some stream and the only thing was to go along with it. In the lobby she went to a booth and called Don. Old Charles must have gone to bed, for Don answered.

"I'm just reading," he said. The pause after she asked if she could come to his apartment now showed his surprise.

"Why, yes, of course. I suppose it's important, especially on a night like this. Will you be right up?"

Don threw a fresh log on the fire in the living-room. "Drink?"

She shook her head. "Sit down, Don. I have to tell you something. It will take a while but I want you to hear me through. And try not to be angry with me."

At first, as she told him about Jim, he leaned forward, elbows on knees, his head with its shock of white hair turned towards her. Then slowly he leaned back and looked into the fire.

"And now," she concluded, "as perhaps you know, Jim's in Waubanakee."

He nodded slightly. "I know. He applied to Sid Haggerty for a job."

She sat back, waited for the explosion. It did not come at once.

"In all this," he asked, "is there some implication. I wouldn't allow this man to work for me?"

"Why—" she faltered.

He studied her. She felt her face flush.

"Don, I didn't mean—" She

had to stop again. Everybody in Waubanakee knew that if Don Price didn't like a man he didn't work long for Waubanakee Oil.

He rose, paced.

"This is a good deal of an insult to me as an executive, Storm. I don't know where you ever got the impression I let personal considerations interfere with hiring anybody." Oh, he was angry now. He was angry and hurt and he was pretending to be angry and hurt about an insult to his executive judgment. "To the best of my recollection, Connover's credits are good, Storm. Anyway, he's Haggerty's department and I don't interfere with my subordinates." He was forever interfering with his subordinates.

"Since you yourself brought up the personal element, however, I'll tell you this. That fellow Connover is the last man you ought to be mixed up with." He was hurt, too, because he felt a fool for never having guessed. "I know his kind. Our business is full of them. Unstable, won't stay put. I concede we've helped a few of them get that way, made it too easy for them to skip all over the map when they're dissatisfied, but there it is. You're a surgeon." In all their acquaintance, it was his first direct admission of this.

"Think of all the success you've been winning. That's a big responsibility. What are you going to do, follow him? You watch, he won't stay. I'm surprised at you, Storm. Thought your head was screwed on straight." She sat, the child deserving the scolding. "Storm, think this thing over. As your friend and—" He hesitated, then added lamely, "As your well-wisher—think it over."

She drove home very slowly, appalled at what she had done. Don's blunt forthrightness had taken what satisfaction there might have been out of the fact she had finally been honest

with him. If, and she was not certain this had been clear intention, she had managed to bar Jim from Waubanakee she had crossed up that promise. Don had been trapped into a promise. He promises religiously. Jim can work for Waubanakee Oil as long as he wanted.

By the time she was in her bedroom undressing, the response she had always had for Jim outweighed all other feelings. Everything he had said about Jim was true. Jim was a warmer, like her own father. It would be a miracle if he could stay put in Waubanakee. As she did not believe in miracles, she was going back to New York to clear up his business. There was even a chance that might never want to return to Waubanakee.

"Go on, Jim," she whispered and gave him a nervous little push. "They're waiting."

He looked around at the liner outlined in the field floodlights. The hostess at the door, the crew at the loading steps waited impatiently. He laughed with all the confidence of a man who had taken a thousand flights.

"They'll wait a second longer." He kissed her. "Goodbye. I'll see you in no more than 10 days."

"Goodbye, Jim," she whispered. "Goodbye."

On the loading steps she turned and waved. She waved back. She still waved as the ship taxied across the field. Her hand came down only when the motors roared for the take-off.

The weather was clear and cold. She settled back in her car for the long drive between the snowbanks bordering the highway. She had tried telling Jim today at lunch that she was still undecided about marrying. Jim kept studying her queerly as she talked.

To page 84

# My HUSBAND had Rheumatism

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## "A WOMAN NAMED STORM"

intently that she began to falter. Finally he said, "Go on—you're just trying to give me a chance to get off the hook. But all you're doing is giving me that much more reason to stay. You evidently need a little supervision." His grin had come back, with that. "Without me around, you might do something foolish."

"Jim," she had told him vehemently, "I tell you—you won't be happy."

"At all times? Of course I won't. Neither will you. We'll be cross with each other very often. But I'll tell you that in the past couple of days the knowledge that I've made a decision about myself has made me feel better than I have for years. I feel of real use at last. It's a nice feeling."

They had dined this evening at the farmhouse restaurant again. His good humor had been high. Everything was set at Waubunakee Oil. Sid Haggerty had told him to take his time closing out his New York affairs, to come whenever he was ready. He would take the midnight flight east, there being no reason to delay.

"Do you know," he said over their coffee, "I've been sniffing this air of competition and success that permeates Waubunakee. I feel myself filling with lust for the battle. I may yet gouge and kick with the rest of them in the struggle for recognition. And who knows? As the reward for my labor and devotion to the company I may some day be made president of Waubunakee Oil. Even Mr. Don Price can't hold his job forever."

"Now, wouldn't that be a terrible thing," she said, trying to match his lightness, but she felt a pang. Again, strongly and suddenly, she had the feeling of seeing an old friend go down to defeat. And he bid for that defeat, throwing away that which had made him uniquely Jim. There was, clearly, no use arguing. No use at all. He was going to do it. He would try all he promised. Almost she was willing to undergo again the ache and pain of losing him if only he would signify that he meant none of it and was only joking.

The restaurant had to close eventually, and because Jim still had a lot of time before taking his plane, she decided Mrs. Mulcahey might as well be confronted with Jim now as later.

Mrs. Mulcahey remembered Jim and was coolly polite. Anne made up for that. Hearing the voices, she came flying downstairs, her small bathrobe streaming behind her as she yelled, "Jim?"

He tousled her hair roughly and said, "So you remember me." Anne was persuaded to go back upstairs after a while, and Mrs. Mulcahey said she guessed she would retire, too. Jim made a fire in the grate. "Do you mind, Storm," he asked, "if we don't live in this house? Not any longer than we have to, at any rate? I want to build a house."

"Build?" To his own surprise, he said, he had discovered he had been planning a house in his mind for years. He drew her a diagram. It had to have a library, naturally, a very large library, and it was all on one floor, a little like a ranch house, only it wasn't exactly a ranch house, either. It was fronted by a broad terrace and at the back there had to be a patio. The grounds would be large. He wanted a vegetable garden.

Storm proved to know more than he did about the cost of building, though, and he was disconcerted at hearing the figure she named as the prob-

able initial investment. It took some time to convince him she might be correct. Then, scowling, he added up what he had in the bank and in bonds and what he could expect as his severance pay. He then added in a whole year's pay from Waubunakee Oil and saw that it would still be two years before they could even start building.

He threw the tablet into her lap with the remark, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow."

She could see how much disappointment his flippancy concealed.

"Darling," she pointed out, "you forgot to add in what I make."

"I know the kind of fees you charge," he said, smiling. "And you've still got to pay off your office equipment. No, the house is my problem."

Any further discussion they might have had on this point was cut short by her dismayed notice of the time. And they still had to go to Jim's hotel to pick up his luggage before going to the airport.

Now Jim was gone and she drove home again. Now she could think, without his nearness to distract her. She didn't understand her own confusion, her feeling of having been let down by him. It wasn't that she was ashamed of Jim, but something about him was lost. His uniqueness.

Yet he was right; there was no other solution. Not unless he allowed her to go and live his life and that he would not do. If she went with him she would cease to be Storm Harrison. But then he would cease to be Jim Conover. Well, someone had had to give. And it was Jim who had given.

A WIRE came next day from New York. He had arrived safely, he loved her. Every day that week brought a wire from Jim. He packed books, he crated furniture, he had found somebody to take over the lease, he would get all the severance pay due him, he loved her. Still her mixed-up mood did not change.

She must have showed nothing but pleasure when Jim's telegrams came, however, judging by Mrs. Mulcahey's tight-lipped silence when the old woman saw her reading them. But one evening Mrs. Mulcahey said, "If you think he's a good man, Storm, then I'm sure he must be." It was a handsome admission and showed her abandonment of all hope in Don Price.

Don called her at the office on Friday.

"Just wanted you to know, Storm—" He had to clear his throat and start again. "Just wanted you to know that if there's ever anything I can do, you mustn't hesitate to let me know." He was being very kind and she said so and because he sounded so very lonely she told him that, if he wanted

to, she'd love to have dinner with him.

She wore the gown he liked best. It was hard, though, to make conversation. Neither, it seemed, had much to say. After one long silence Don asked, with the air of one at last discovering completely safe ground, "Had any interesting cases lately?"

The telephone rang and that stopped conversation again. Don merely looked patient when old Charles came out of the library and said it was for her. As usual, the housekeeper had been informed where to transfer her calls.

Not until she sat at Don's great desk and had the receiver at her ear did she know it was New York calling.

"Jim!" It was really wonderful to hear him. He sounded gay, exuberant.

"I've just come across the most terrific break, Storm. A way to finance the building of that house we planned. And I can do it in just thirty days." He had run into a friend, somebody with an oil commission of the Mexican Government. They planned a new refinery down there and needed advice on certain technical details. No reason on earth he shouldn't fly down to see about it. All expenses paid. He was free of his old firm. He had already phoned Haggerty, who had given him a go-ahead. Thirty days, one month. That was all it would take.

"Yes, darling. Yes, of course," she heard herself saying inanely, over and over. "Yes, that's wonderful."

"You think so, really?" And then she knew how worried he had been about the way she might take it.

"Yes, dear. I think it's fine." "Well. As I told you, we don't want to have to live in that house you now have any longer than we need to."

She cradled the receiver slowly, then sat a long moment in deep thought. He had fibbed about that project needing only thirty days, of course. Suddenly she foresaw the pattern of her life, if when he returned—and he would return—she married him. There would often be times he would want to leave for thirty days, and heaven only knew how long each absence would last. Well, she had to go back to Don in the living-room, but there was no use telling Don now. He would learn soon enough.

It was a shock to hear Don ask, as she sat again and picked up her drink, "Good news?"

"Good?" She must be looking pleased. Why, she was pleased. She felt absurdly, intensely proud of Jim. He was surrendering nothing. He had, in fact, solved the dilemma of their two characters in the only way it could be solved. He would be back, that was the certain thing. He would always be back.

"Yes," she told Don. "Very good news."

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**NEXT week's complete novel, "THE DAUGHTER OF BUGLE ANN," by MacKinlay Kantor, will appeal to all readers . . . whether they like dogs or not. Its heroine is a dog, "Little Lady," a famous fox-hunting hound born and bred in the wild Missouri countryside. But it is also the love story of two young people, Benjy Davis and his lovely wife, Camden, who own her.**

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Give YOUR hair  
silky loveliness  
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**SUPERFLUOUS  
HAIRS HOME TREATMENT**

Permanently banish hair with "Vanix." A few applications hair is less able.

**VANIX**

"Vanix" is painless and has a curious effect on the hair. "VANIX" is only 7/11 a bottle. All branches of Washington, Pattinson & Co. Ltd., Sydney, Newcastle, Swift's Pharmacy, Little Collins St., Melbourne, Emporium, Melbourne, Boots Ltd., 57 and 77 Strand, Adelaide, and Boons Ltd., Mail Orders 9/- including postage from above or direct from The Co., Box 38-A, G.P.O. Melbourne.

**No COLDS for us . . . we take ANTI-BI-SAN**

A 3-day course of Anti-Bi-San now can help you and your family to safeguard yourselves from colds. Anti-Bi-San acts through the blood stream and reinforces natural resistance during the treacherous winter months. Anti-Bi-San protect you against infection this winter. In the majority of cases Anti-Bi-San provides protection against colds within 10 days of the start of treatment.

**'ANTI-BI-SAN'**

GUARDS AGAINST COLDS. OBTAINABLE IN ADULT AND CHILDREN'S PACKS.

Send for Free Leaflet to the Distributors: POTTER & BIRKS Pty. Ltd., 120 Pacific Highway, St. Leonards, N.S.W.

**Speedy relief from BACKACHE**

Does every move you make cause agonising backache? Do legs throb even after a short walk? Then lose no time in trying Doan's Backache Kidney Pills. Lazy kidneys can cause leg-pains, aching joints, disturbed nights, rheumatic pains, headaches, etc., because you are neglecting their essential of cleansing and purifying the blood. Doan's is a famous natural diuretic, promoting healthy kidney action, which has brought relief to sufferers all over the world. No need to put up with discomfort—get Doan's today!

**FOOT ITCH HELPED INSTANTLY**

Do your feet itch so badly that nearly drive you crazy? Does the crack and peel? Are there blisters between your toes and on the soles of your feet? The real cause is a fungus which you must kill to rid of the trouble. At last it is possible to end these foot troubles with an American Hospital product called Windex. Windex stops itch in 7 minutes, kills germs, fungus, and in 24 hours the skin begins to heal clear and smooth. Windex from your chemist. No under positive guarantee to cure your foot itch or money back.



—Slender-line two-piece  
turtleneck one of the new  
t-cut jackets. Sizes 32 to  
bust. Requires 3½yds.  
material. Price 4/6.

# Fashion PATTERNS

FASHION Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained  
immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris  
Street, Ultimo, Sydney (postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Syd-  
ney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D,  
G.P.O., Hobart; New Zealand readers to Box 666, G.P.O.,  
Auckland.

F4081.—Long-sleeved winter dressing-gown designed with a generous  
wrap-around front and self-material sash. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust.  
Requires 5½yds. 54in. material. Price 4/9.

F4080.—Figure-moulding  
bodice-top and wide skirt are  
combined in a chic autumn-  
into-winter one-piece  
dress. Sizes 32 to 38in.  
bust. Requires 3½yds.  
54in. material. Price  
3/9.

F4082.—Glamorous slender-  
line late-day dress and short-  
cut matching jacket. Sizes 32  
to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds.  
36in. material and ½yd. sequin  
for shoulder-straps. Price 4/6.



F4080

F4081

F4082

F4083

F4083.—Front-buttoned becomingly flared skirt. Sizes  
24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Requires 2½yds. 54in.  
material. Price 3/.

## BEGINNERS' PATTERN

F4079.—Beginners' pattern for a small girl's suspender-  
skirt and long-sleeved blouse. Sizes, lengths 23, 28, and  
34in. for 4, 6, and 8-10 years. Requires: Blouse 1½ to  
1½yds. 36in. material; skirt ½ to 1½yds. 54in. material.  
Price 2/6.

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

Needlework Notions are available for only six  
weeks from date of publication.

### No. 215.—MATERNITY SKIRT

Specially designed maternity skirt is obtainable cut out  
ready to make in grey wool flannel and in fine black wool  
jersey. The cut-out section ensures a straight hemline.  
Sizes 24½, 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist 45/3. Postage and  
registration 2/- extra.

### No. 214.—SMALL GIRL'S PEDAL-PUSHERS

The pedal-pushers, finished with a practical  
bib-top, are obtainable cut out ready to  
make. The material and color choice in-  
clude Wulchene in primrose, pale blue,  
reseda-green, grey, and junior navy. Sizes:  
2 years 22½, postage and registration 1/9  
extra; 3 years 24½, postage and registra-  
tion 1/9 extra; 4 years 26½, postage and  
registration 1/9 extra; 5 to 6 years 28½,  
postage and registration 2/- extra.

No. 218.—TAILORED SHORT-SLEEVED BLOUSE  
The blouse is obtainable cut out ready to make  
in Censora. The color choice includes cream, pink,  
blue, primrose, and green. Please make a second  
color choice.

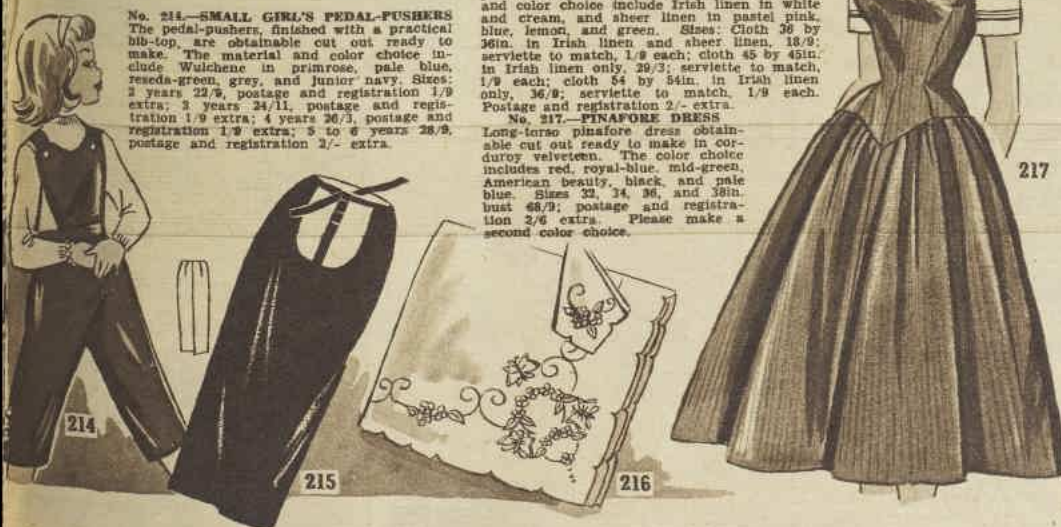
Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 34/3, 36 and 38in.  
bust 38/9. Postage and registration 1/9 extra.

### No. 214.—BUTTERFLY CLOTH AND MATCHING SERVETTES

The cloth is obtainable cut out ready to  
make and clearly traced to embroider with a  
pretty butterfly and flower motif. The material  
and color choice include Irish linen in white  
and cream, and sheer linen in pastel pink,  
blue, lemon, and green. Sizes: Cloth 36 by  
36in. in Irish linen and sheer linen, 18/9;  
serviette to match, 1/9 each; cloth 45 by 45in.  
in Irish linen only, 29/3; serviette to match,  
1/9 each; cloth 54 by 54in. in Irish linen  
only, 36/9; serviette to match, 1/9 each.  
Postage and registration 2/- extra.

### No. 217.—PINAFORE DRESS

Long-torso pinafore dress obtain-  
able cut out ready to make in cord-  
uroy velveteen. The color choice  
includes red, royal-blue, mid-green,  
American beauty, black, and pale  
blue. Sizes 32, 34, 36, and 38in.  
bust 48/9; postage and registra-  
tion 2/6 extra. Please make a  
second color choice.



214

215

216

218

217

## FOR 7 OUT OF 10



Wonderful  
Free Arm



Extension  
Table



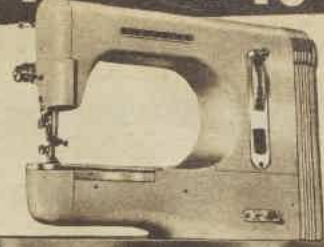
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Winder



Bobbin Wind  
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1 Sewing on. Sew "Rufflette" brand tape either side up,  
along top and bottom edge, allowing for suitable  
heading.



R23  
RING

2 Pleating. Knot  
drawcords  
firmly at one  
end and pleat by  
drawing from the  
other end. Never  
cut surplus cord.



R7  
HOOK

3 Inserting  
Hooks. Slip  
hooks or rings  
turnover fashion  
into woven po-  
ckets.

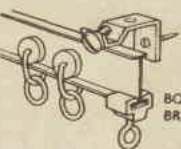
IMPORTANT: "Rufflette" brand curtain tape with hooks or rings  
simplifies both the making and laundering of curtains. To ensure satisfaction,  
be quite sure you are getting genuine "Rufflette" brand tape. Look for the  
brand mark stamped at every yard.

**'Rufflette'**

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BRAND

CURTAIN & DRAPERY TAPE.  
HOOKS, RINGS AND TRACK.



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brand curtain track. Fittings to  
suit all windows.

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You get **MORE FOR YOUR MONEY WITH WEET-BIX**  
-because it has

**ADDED VITAMIN B<sub>1</sub>**★



★ **A VITAL GROWTH FACTOR EVERY CHILD NEEDS**



Complete cut-out toys on every 24-oz. packet of Weet-Bix!

You get more food value—and more value-for-money—when you choose Weet-Bix Whole Wheat Breakfast Biscuits. This is because Weet-Bix are fortified with additional Vitamin B<sub>1</sub>... one of the growth factors that every child must have!

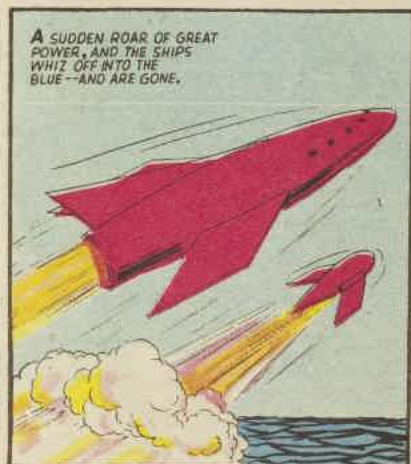
Weet-Bix are crisper, tastier too—yet they cost no more! Obtainable from all grocers...

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**WEET-BIX**  
*The Wonder Breakfast Biscuit*

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MANDRAKE: Master magician, with  
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, and  
PRINCESS NARDA: Meet a man-sized butterfly from outer space. The creature suddenly becomes excited as a spaceship appears and

crashes into the sea. Another smaller butterfly creature emerges from the ship. The strangers explain that they are sweethearts who have fled from their own planet, where they were forbidden to marry. They board Ocean Wind. NOW READ ON:





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**DIGESTION POWDER**  
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Proved over years  
thousands of cases  
**DIETING NECESSARY**

**MENTHOIDS**  
**NOW IN NEW ECONOMY SIZE**



Full 60-day treatment  
with FREE DIET CHART  
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Menthoid Adrenalin Creme  
**12/6 EVERYWHERE**

**DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS**

**Smart Set**  
The only setting lotion that  
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**36 everywhere**



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interesting and useful to all  
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**Fashion FROCKS**

• Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.

**"ANNETTE."** — Attractively designed full-skirted pinafore made in corduroy velveteen. The color choice includes pale blue, red, royal-blue, American beauty, mid-green, and black.

**Ready to Wear:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 89/6, 36 and 38in. bust 92/9. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 69/6, 36 and 38in. bust 73/6. Postage and registration 2/9 extra.

**"EVA."** — Tailored long-sleeved shirt blouse styled with an American-type peaked collar. The material is Cesora, obtainable in cream, lemon, pink, blue, and green.

**Ready to Wear:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 67/6, 36 and 38in. bust 69/9. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 49/6, 36 and 38in. bust 51/6. Postage and registration 2/3 extra.

**"DANIELLE."** — Long-sleeved maternity dress has a front-buttoned fastening and is finished with a flattering collar. The material is Raelange, the color choice includes gold-spice, turquoise-blue, college-grey, junior-navy, red-flair, and winter-brown.

**Ready to Wear:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 98/9, 36 and 38in. bust 102/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

**Cut Out Only:** Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 76/9, 36 and 38in. bust 79/6. Postage and registration 3/3 extra.

\* Note: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 85. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

**"Miss Photography" takes a bath**



"Miss Photography" takes a bath. Lovely Lorraine Pritchard, recently voted "Miss Photography", says: "Dettol has been in our home as long as I can remember. It's an old friend of mine—especially for my bath. Dettol is so refreshing that way." Yes, Dettol is very refreshing in the bath, and of course, pleasant, fragrant Dettol is harmless to everything but germs.

Dettol is used in our great hospitals, and is the chosen weapon of modern surgery.

Do as your Doctor does . . . use Dettol. Use it on the cut which may lead to blood-poisoning . . . in the room from which sickness may spread . . . in the all-important details of bodily hygiene (especially in the bath) . . . in every emergency where speedy, thorough cleansing of a wound is essential. Dettol is the safe, effective yet gentle antiseptic . . . a good friend in need at all times. Does not stain, does not pain.

**DETTOL**

Safe, pleasant to use and highly effective.  
AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS



**CLEAR COUGHS TWICE AS FAST!**  
—tastes good, too!

No wonder mothers everywhere use Vicks Cetamium Cough Syrup for their children's coughs! It tastes so good, little ones love it! And just wait until you see how fast it clears out a bad cough!

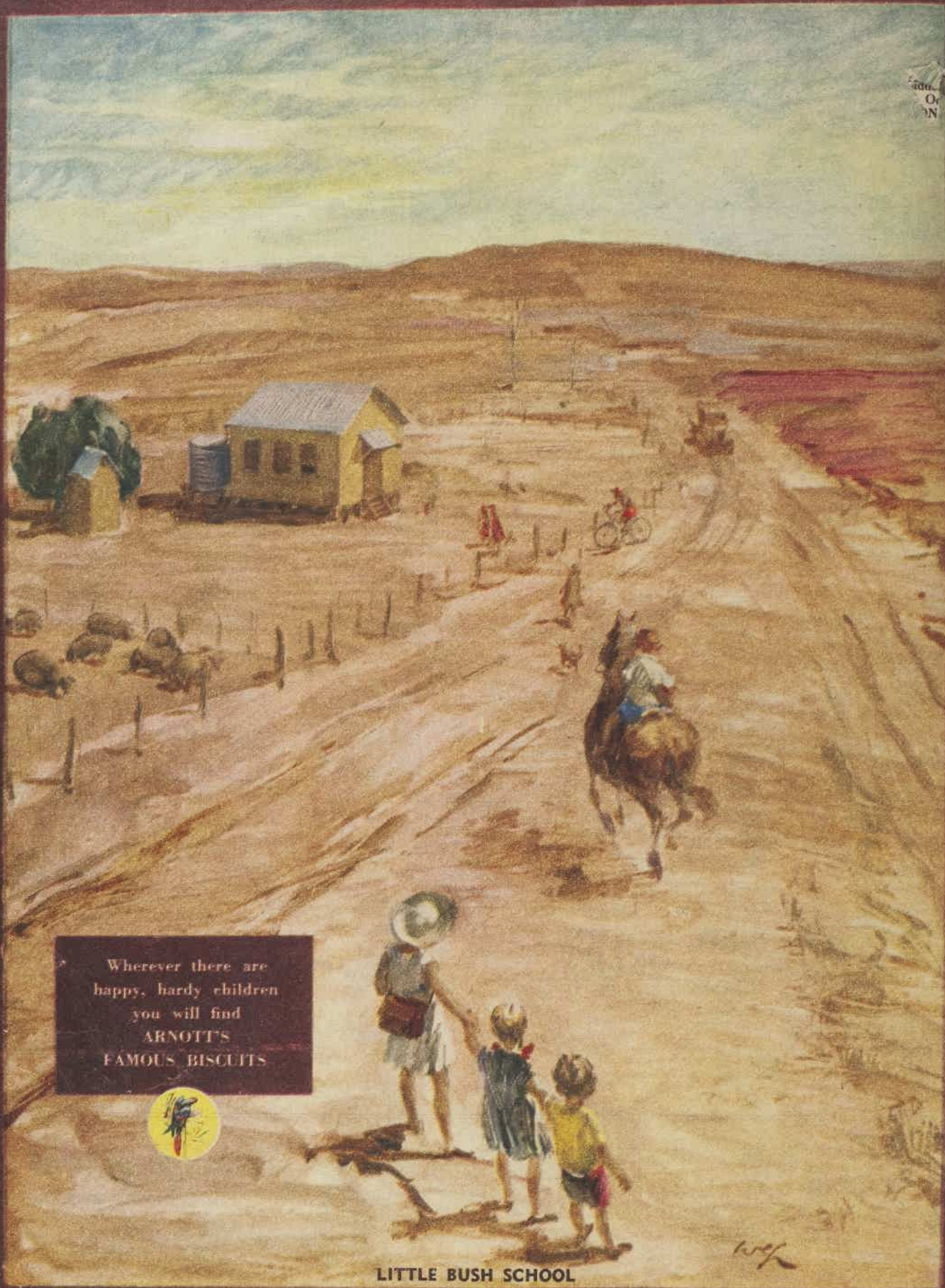
Cough Syrup works deep in your child's chest.

As proved in clinical tests, this 1-2 action relieves coughs twice as fast! For all your family's coughs, get new Vicks Cetamium Cough Syrup.

**Cetamium is the secret!** This new cough fighter carries medications deep into inflamed throat areas ordinary remedies can't reach! Then, Vicks

**VICKS CETAMIUM COUGH SYRUP**





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you will find  
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Arnott's *famous* Milk Arrowroot Biscuits

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